

Current Literature

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VOL XLV., No. 1 Associate Editors: Leonard D. Abbott, Alexander Harvey
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JULY, 1908

A Review of the World



MID a din that is described as blinding, deafening and stunning, "causing the senses to reel and almost bereaving one of the power of movement," the roll call began at Chicago on the nomination for President. All the speeches had been made and all the names presented, and then the ten thousand spectators made their nomination. Back of the press tables rose a man with a long stick, on the end of which was a lithograph of Theodore Roosevelt. The response was instantaneous. The delegates sat silent as the outburst in the galleries swelled and spread and deepened into a Niagara roar. Senator Lodge, the chairman, pounded his desk for order, but nobody heard his vigorous strokes. The day before a similar demonstration had lasted for forty-seven minutes, breaking all records. This second demonstration, on the eve of the balloting, was more significant. It was the long-expected effort to stampede the convention for a third term of Roosevelt. The uproar spread everywhere—except among the delegates. It was at times impossible to hear the voice of a man shouting at you two feet away. In the midst of it Senator Lodge, placing his mouth close to the ear of Secretary Molloy—him of the mighty voice—gave him directions to call the roll of states. Molloy began. He could not be heard, but he could be seen. The delegates understood his pantomime and announced the votes of the different states by holding up their fingers or sending up slips of paper. The spectators also understood, but persisted in their effort. Seven states had voted before the stampedes gave it up to listen to the roll-call. The danger was past. The Taft men breathed easily again. And in a few minutes the result was announced: 702 votes out of 980 were cast for Taft. Every state but Indi-

ana was represented in the Taft column. Fairbanks was the only man that had a solid delegation from his own state. James S. Sherman, of New York, was the next day nominated for vice-president.

WITHOUT a grain of doubt, the convention at Chicago was a Roosevelt convention. Mr. Taft is the nominee, but he was nominated, as he would be the first to admit, because he was considered the best representative of the Roosevelt policy, next to Mr. Roosevelt himself. The only real fear experienced at any time by Mr. Taft's supporters was the fear of a stampede for a third term. The only real hope that Mr. Taft's opponents had was the hope of such a stampede, to be followed by a declination and a resulting confusion from which somebody other than Taft might emerge victorious. The chief glory claimed for the convention by the friends of the administration was its loyal support of the President's program. The chief charge brought against the convention by the Democrats is that it was under constant domination from the White House. Friends and foes are thus agreed on the fact of the President's mastery of the situation. "The Republican national convention of 1908," says the *New York Herald*, "has the initiative of but one man and will record the final will of but one. Mr. Roosevelt is supreme. He is the absolute master of his party." Another independent journal, the *Springfield Republican*, remarks: "It is perfectly obvious that at the present moment, when the Republican party is about to receive its official leader for the next presidential term, the real, the unapproachable leader is Mr. Roosevelt."

AS has been the case with nearly every Republican national convention since the



THE CONVENTION.

—C. R. Macauley in *New York World*.

civil war, the activity of federal office-holders has scandalized the opposition press. This activity has been especially noticeable in the Southern states. In those states the Republican party exists chiefly to hold the federal



THE NEWS REACHES SOUTH AFRICA.

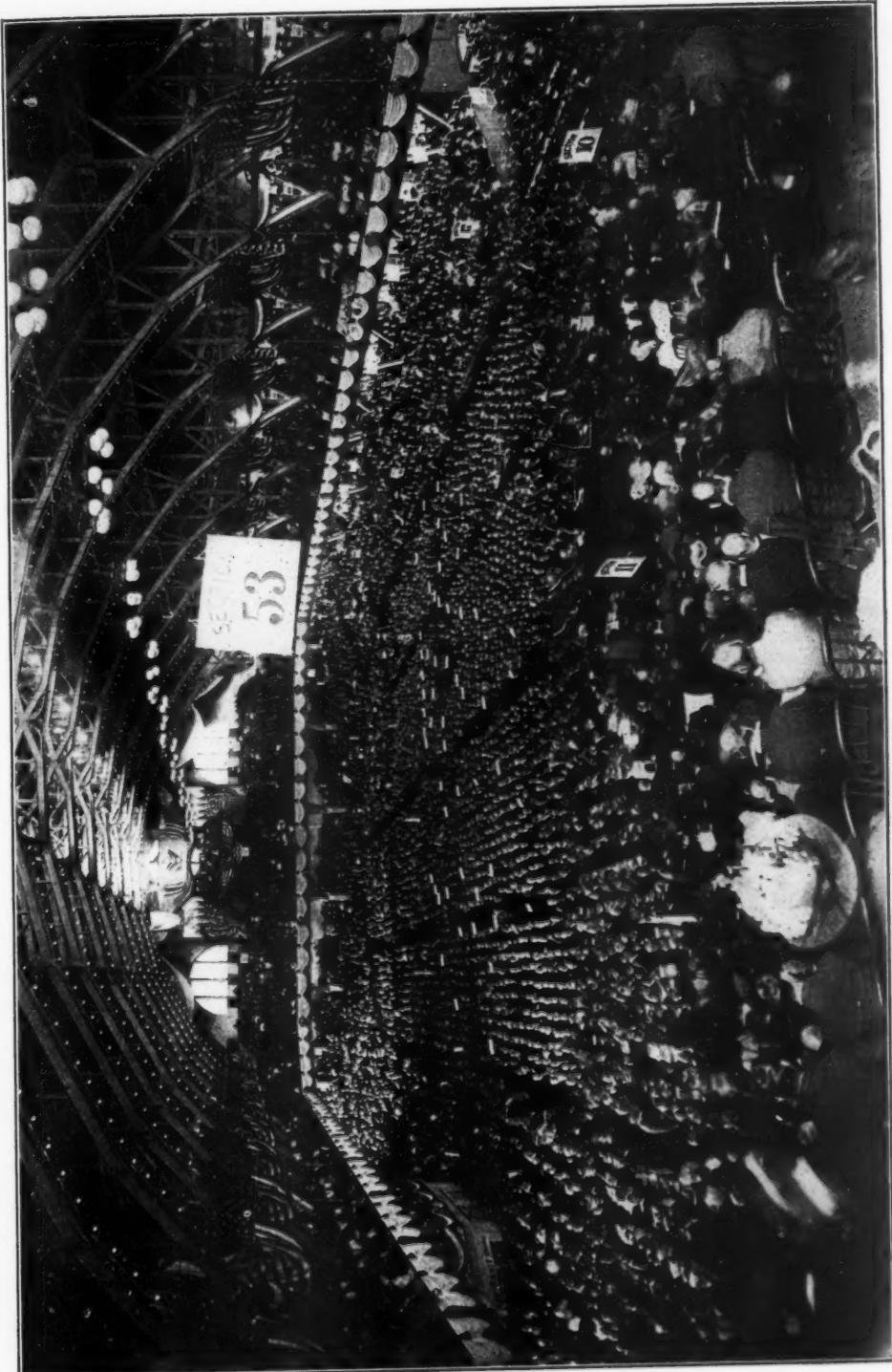
—McCutcheon in *Chicago Tribune*.

offices. There is little else it can do. When the time comes for the election of delegates to a national convention, it is almost invariably the case that the delegates from those states are named by the federal office-holders and controlled in the interest of the administration candidate. It has been a part of the Republican political game for a generation, and it seems to have been a part of the game this year. Of the 22 delegates from Alabama, for instance, 16 were federal office-holders. Of the 18 from Arkansas, 8 were federal office-holders. Seven out of 10 of Florida's delegates, 7 out of 24 of Kentucky's, 6 out of 18 of Louisiana's, 8 out of 24 of North Carolina's, 6 out of 24 of Tennessee's, 7 out of 36 of Texas's, 15 out of 26 of Georgia's, 5 out of 18 of South Carolina's, 7 out of 24 of Virginia's were in the same category. Of the 980 delegates, 125 are admitted to have been federal office-holders, 97 of whom were for Taft. The agitation among the negroes this year over the Brownsville incident made it necessary for the federal office-holders of the South to adopt more strenuous methods than usual to control the state conventions, and the contesting delegations were unusually numerous in consequence. The New York *American* published two pages of what it calls "evidence of fraud and corruption" in the selection of the delegates to Chicago, most of it pertaining to the Southern states. But in almost every case where there were contesting delegations, the Republican national committee found the Taft delegates regular and seated them. This action, sustained by the convention, practically ended the hopes of Mr. Taft's rivals for the nomination. The committee was controlled by Taft men, but even anti-Taft members, such as Senator Scott of West Virginia and Senator Heyburn of Idaho, assert that the contests "were decided absolutely on their merits." This recurrent scandal in connection with the Southern delegates reached such a point this year that a strong effort was made to reduce the Southern representation more than one-half. It barely failed of adoption in the open convention.

FROM the platform of the convention, a special wire went directly to President Roosevelt, and over it was flashed continuously the story of the convention proceedings. A phonographic attachment to a telephone wire from the convention hall made him a direct auditor of all the proceedings. Mr. Taft's manager, Hitchcock, had two direct

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FIRST SESSION OF THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

The convention assembled in the Coliseum, Chicago, with 980 delegates, an equal number of alternates and spectators whose number was variously estimated at from ten to twelve thousand.

long-distance telephone wires to Washington, one to Mr. Taft, the other to Mr. Roosevelt. Of every step that was taken, before and after the opening of the convention, both men were duly apprised. Nothing was allowed to go by haphazard. It was, perhaps, the best directed, most thoroly controlled national convention ever seen in this country. Writing on this phase of the gathering, Frank Basil Tracy, in the *Boston Transcript*, says:

"It is far better that our conventions should be 'cut and dried' than that they should be swayed by the passions of the moment. . . . A convention at best is an unruly and maudlin affair. The only way it can be made to conduct business is by holding it in a steel grip. Those weary auditors who pine for more individual freedom of expression in great conventions do not realize that almost every man of the nine hundred delegates has welling up within him any number of speeches, and the mere possibility of opening the bars to the free and unlimited coinage of these silver speeches makes the stoutest face blanch with fear and dismay. Things must be run in an orderly, hour-glass fashion if anything is to be done."

The steel-grip was not relaxed at Chicago. The convention was too obedient and orderly to present a very spectacular appearance, except when it broke loose during Senator Lodge's reference to Roosevelt and cheered for forty-five minutes. As a show, it was not

therefore much of a success. "The success of the measures adopted by Mr. Roosevelt," so runs a Democratic comment from the *Hartford Times*, "to convert the party organization into private property by the use of the government patronage and resources is apparently complete." A Republican comment on the same point is this from the *New York Press*:

"No other man in this nation, from Washington down, has ever possessed the power with his party and with its rival as well which President Roosevelt now possesses and exercises in the serene confidence that his will is supreme. And not the least interesting and important consideration of this irresistible personal sovereignty is his appreciation, with the tacit admission of the public, that there is no longer need for him to disguise either the extent of that power or his full exercise of it. . . . Theodore Roosevelt, measured by the force which he exerts, almost beyond the comprehension of the mind, is not only one of the greatest men in the history of our own country; he is one of the greatest in the annals of the world."

WHAT does Mr. Taft, the nominee for President, stand for? Evidently he stands for the Roosevelt policy. But aside from that, the man's own record and personality are far from colorless, and he goes into the campaign with a distinct individuality that is almost as well known as Roosevelt's. There is a marked difference in the characters of the two men, and from this there is expected a marked difference in their methods. Many of Mr. Roosevelt's enemies are disposed to be friendly to Taft; many of Roosevelt's friends are disposed to be hostile to Taft. For instance, all the academic politicians, whose chief mouthpiece is the *New York Evening Post*, who have been in a state of constant irritation over the President's method of doing things rather than with the things done, show a feeling of cordiality for Taft, whose speech is never explosive and whose acts are never spectacular. The *Boston Herald* also speaks for this class, and it says: "Mr. Taft has more than the respect, he has the admiration of the country, and, to a large degree, its affection. . . . There is no man who would have gladly greeted Governor Hughes's nomination to the presidency who cannot sincerely acclaim the inevitable nomination of Secretary Taft." The same paper speaks with invariable bitterness of President Roosevelt.



FEEDING THE ANIMALS IN PUBLIC.
—W. A. Rogers in *New York Herald*.

TO the corporate interests, Mr. Taft on a Roosevelt platform is far less offensive than Mr. Roosevelt on the same platform. For



WHAT AN APPETITE!

—Hy. Mayer in *New York Times*.

what chiefly offends the vested interests in Mr. Roosevelt is his unexpectedness. It is not only what he has done but the feeling of uncertainty as to what he may do next that has thrown the conservatives into confusion. The very essence of success in large business ventures is the ability to forecast the future. Capital is the most timid of all things, and a sense of insecurity frightens it more than any other thing. It can accommodate itself to almost any kind of condition provided it knows that that condition is to remain as it is for a definite period. President Roosevelt has been a maker of new trails and many of them. Taft is expected to follow these trails and to develop them into well-beaten highways; but he is not expected to make new trails. The corporate interests know, or think they know, what to expect from him for four years to come, and they can adjust themselves accordingly. "Taft on nearly any platform which is not repugnant to common sense," says the conservative *Philadelphia Ledger*, "will be welcomed as a harbor of refuge and a port of safety." It goes on in the same strain:

"The era of Taft is now almost universally regarded in the business world as an era of promise and hope. Good crops come to the aid of politics; the stocks of all commodities and products are low; the manufacturers are thinking of meeting that demand which is sure to come, and when the tide of confidence, of industry and trade sets strongly toward the flood the wheels will revolve, the mills will hum, and in an incredibly short time the man who tries to recall the black blight of the past winter will be regarded as the garrulous oldest inhabitant—so remote will the time seem."

FOR the same reason that Taft's temperament is more acceptable than Roosevelt's to the corporate interests, it is less acceptable to the more radical labor interests. But there is more than a temperamental objection to him on the part of labor leaders. Their opposition to him dates back to 1893, when he was a federal judge, and because of some of his decisions in that and the following year he has been dubbed by some "the father of injunctions." Two years ago Mr. Taft gave additional offence to the leaders of the Federation of Labor. They had marked out Congressman Littlefield, of Maine, for political destruction, and Mr. Gompers, head of the Federation, went on the stump in Littlefield's district to defeat him. Mr. Taft went to the Congressman's aid and materially helped to pull him through. To all appearances, therefore, the most dangerous hostility the Republican candidate is likely to encounter this fall is that of the labor unions. The talk among the Democrats of nominating John Mitchell, the labor leader, for vice-president shows that they appreciate the situation. The insistence of Mr. Taft and President Roosevelt on an anti-injunction plank in the Chicago platform shows that they also appreciate the situation. Not only because of Mr. Taft's record, but because of recent decisions of the Supreme Court adverse to the purposes of the labor unions, this question of curbing the power of the courts in the issuance of injunctions in labor disputes is likely to be the most live issue of the presidential campaign. It was

the center of the only real contest in the Chicago convention. It comes closer to the business interests and to the labor interests than any other issue now in sight. It has dynamite in it. It marks a crisis in the struggle between capital and labor.

THE law demanded by the Federation of Labor on the subject of injunctions is one that neither Mr. Roosevelt nor Mr. Taft can approve. The Federation is especially anxious to have the labor boycott legalized. It is now, by recent court decisions, especially that of the Supreme Court in the Danbury hatter's case, made illegal in cases affecting interstate commerce. To change this situation, which seriously hampers the labor unions in their methods of conducting contests against employers, the Federation of Labor demands a law to prohibit the issuance of injunctions in all cases arising out of labor disputes. The Civic Federation, with Seth Low at its head, drafted a bill on the subject which was urged by the President upon the recent session of Congress. It failed to pass because of the opposition to it on the part of Mr. Gompers and the other Federation of Labor officials. The contest was renewed at Chicago, the desire of Mr. Taft and his friends being to steer the same course taken by President Roosevelt and the Civic Federation. Mr. Gompers wanted much more than this. The manufacturers' associations wanted nothing whatever in the platform on the subject. The fight waxed so warm that Mr. Taft's supporters are said to have declared that Mr. Taft would refuse to be a candidate on a platform silent on the subject. His views prevailed and a plank was adopted as follows:

"The Republican party will uphold at all times the authority and integrity of the courts, State and Federal, and will ever insist that their powers to enforce their process and to protect life, liberty and property shall be preserved inviolate. We believe, however, that the rules of procedure in the Federal courts with respect to the issuance of the writ of injunction should be more accurately defined by statute, and that no injunction or temporary restraining order should be issued without notice, except where irreparable injury would result from delay, in which case a speedy hearing thereafter should be granted."

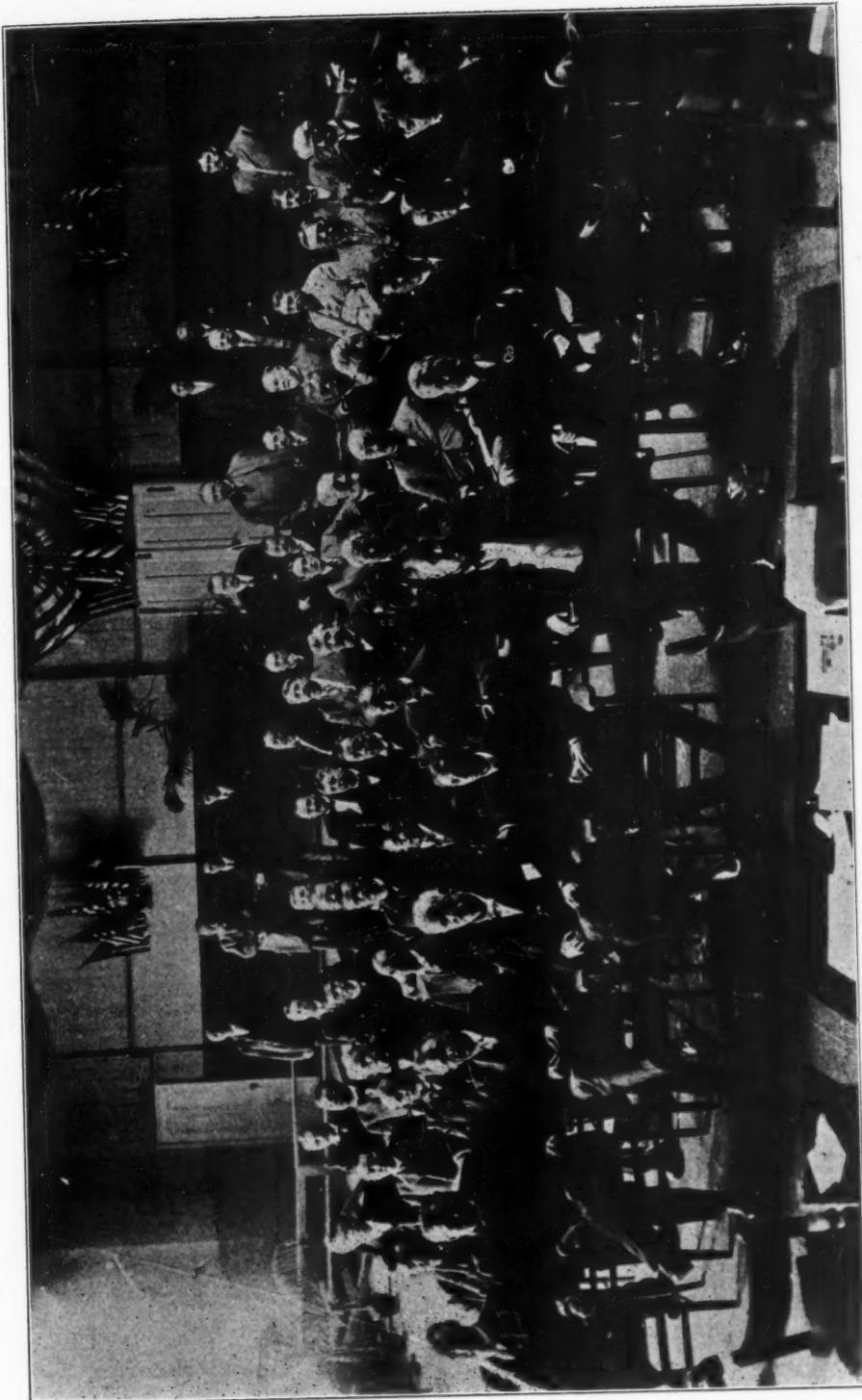
THE very pith of the injunction controversy is contained in the word "boycott." Strangely enough, that was also the pith of the controversies decided by Taft as a federal judge in 1893 and 1894. The first of these cases resulted from a strike of the engi-

neers on the Toledo and Ann Arbor railroad. The engineers on connecting railroads were directed by Chief Arthur, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, to refuse to handle any cars of freight from the Toledo and Ann Arbor road. A preliminary injunction was applied for to Judge Taft, by the railroad, on the ground that a combination had been made to prevent the road from complying with the terms of the interstate commerce law. The judge issued the injunction and for the first time in a judicial decision defined the rights and duties of railroad employees in interstate commerce. He held that such employees have a right to strike for the betterment of their condition; but while in the employ of a road they are bound to obey the statute compelling interchange of interstate traffic, and the failure of the engineers on connecting roads to forward the freight from the Toledo and Ann Arbor was punishable as a conspiracy against federal law. In other words, a strike was declared legal; a boycott—in the case of interstate commerce—illegal. Chief Arthur retracted his order, and the rule under which it was issued—known as Rule Twelve—was abrogated by the Brotherhood. It was this issuance of an injunction that has earned for Mr. Taft the sobriquet of "the father of injunctions." His decision was a precedent for all similar cases, and has been sustained by the Supreme Court.

THE same principles were involved in the Phelan Contempt Case in 1894. The American Railway Union, with Debs at its head, was conducting its great strike against the Pullman Car Company. All railroads were called on to boycott the Pullman cars, on peril of a strike among their own employees in case of refusal. The Cincinnati Southern, then in the hands of a federal receiver, refused, and one of the Railway Union officials, Frank Phelan, started to organize a strike of its employees. The road applied to Judge Taft for an injunction against Phelan. It was issued, and Phelan, for disregarding it, was thrown into jail for six months for contempt of court. The judge again, in this case, decided against a boycott, not against a strike. In fact his words in vindication of the rights of railroad employees to strike for the improvement of their terms of employment and to organize in unions for that purpose have been quoted often since in the defence of labor organizations. Here is a passage from Judge Taft's decision:

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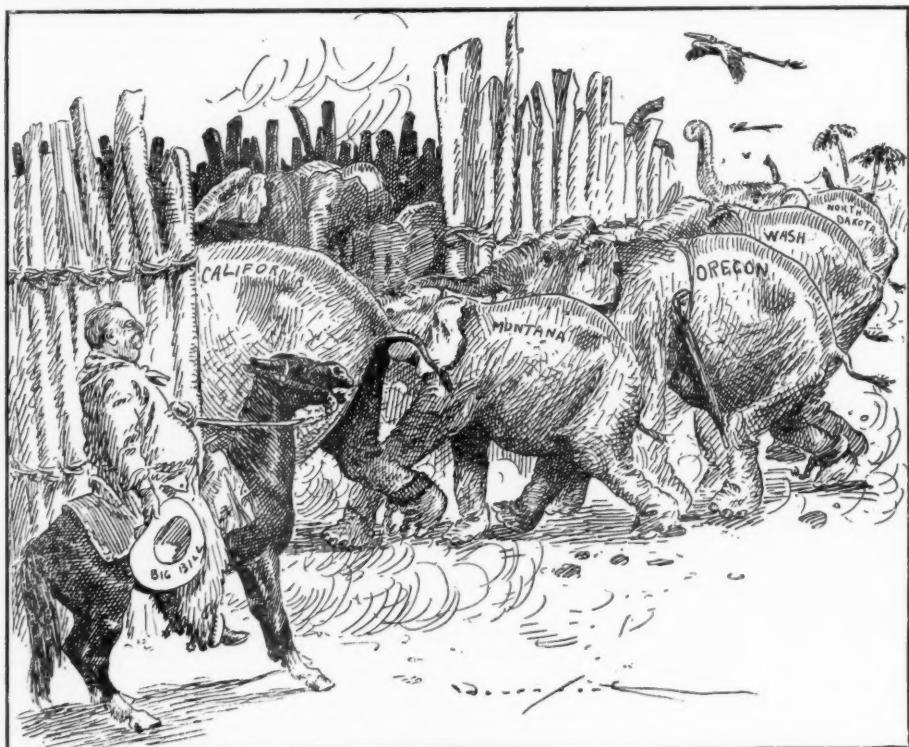
THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE IN SESSION.

It disposed of the contests among delegates by seating all but four of the Taft contestants, thus killing the last hopes of the "allies," and practically assuring Taft's nomination.

"It is a benefit to them and to the public that laborers should unite for their common interest and for lawful purposes. They have labor to sell. If they stand together they are often able, all of them, to obtain better prices for their labor than dealing singly with rich employers, because the necessities of the single employee may compel him to accept any price that is offered. The accumulation of a fund for those who feel that the wages offered are below the legitimate market value of such labor is desirable. They have the right to appoint officers, who shall advise them as to the course to be taken in relations with their employers. They may unite with other unions. The officers they appoint, or any other person they choose to listen to, may advise them as to the proper course to be taken, both in regard to their common employment; or if they choose to appoint any one, he may order them on pain of expulsion from the union peaceably to leave the employ of their employer because any of the terms of the employment are unsatisfactory."

ONE of the attorneys for the Brotherhood of Trainmen and the Brotherhood of Firemen in their contest in 1903 with the Wabash railroad, Mr. Frederic N. Judson, writing in *The Review of Reviews* a few months ago, stated that he had used the above quotation in defence of his clients and their right to call a

strike, and the court, in deciding for his clients, referred to Judge Taft's decision as the clearest and most acceptable decision ever rendered on the subject. "There is no foundation, therefore," says Mr. Judson, "for the suggestion that the decisions of Judge Taft were in any sense unfriendly to labor." It certainly has not been regarded as unfriendly to capital. The injunction plank in the Republican platform contains nothing not in line with Judge Taft's decisions fifteen years ago. The one thing it adds to that position is the provision that the courts shall not issue an injunction in any case without first giving the enjoined party a chance for a hearing unless there is good reason to believe that a delay in issuing the injunction would result in irreparable damage. It is claimed that this is the practice of the courts now. Others claim that while it is the ruling practice there are judges who have at times failed to follow it and have inflicted injustice upon labor unions. The subject is one likely to receive a thoro threshing out, especially if the Democratic convention takes the position asked by the labor leaders.



ROUNDING 'EM UP!

—Davenport in *New York Evening Mail*.

NOW at last must the flying machine be taken seriously. Darius Green is vindicated, and his question whether the wren and the phœbe are smarter' we be may be answered in the negative. Just as all scientific theorists must first reduce their theories to mathematical formulæ before we accept them, so inventors must first demonstrate the commercial value of their inventions in dollars and cents before we take them seriously. In Germany a company called the Aerial Transport Company has been formed. The name is, of itself, imposing. The capital stock is \$100,000, and the subscribers include "some of the most influential public institutions and private individuals of the land." Among them are the German National Bank, the German Bank of Commerce, Frederic Krupp, Privy Councillor Gans, Commander von Frankenberg, Herr Bleichroder and Herr Mumm. His Excellency von Hollmann is the president. One may smile at the enthusiasm of inventors and sneer incredulously at the newspaper's sensational headlines about aeroplanes, but when the German vons get to capitalizing a notion like this, smiles and sneers seem a little inadequate to meet the case.

THE Wright brothers have at last made public many (not all) of the details of construction of their flying machine, with which they have, according to seemingly reliable testimony, flown a score of miles or more at a time in light winds. Three important points seem to stand out in their invention. The first is the use of a rudder in front, formed of superimposed planes, which not only helps to maintain the sidewise equilibrium, but, in moving up or down, turns the machine not only up or down but also to the right or left as desired. Another point is that propellers operating in the same direction produce a gyroscopic force that aids in maintaining equilibrium. A third device for this same important purpose of maintaining equilibrium (which is *the* problem in flying) is a mechanical arrangement by which the rear portions of the main superimposed planes of the machine may be shifted to varying angles. On these three devices, and on the skill in handling them that can come only from practice, the Wright brothers seem to depend for the considerable measure of success that has come to them.

THE war departments of many nations, including our own, are expending considerable sums in experiments with flying machines. The crowned monarchs of Europe are personally attending exhibitions by inventors of such machines. The scientific journals are describing and diagramming and photographing the latest inventions. It is a subject that is certainly "in the air," which is, of course, a very appropriate place for such a subject to be. And one Ohio paper, the Cincinnati *Times-Star*, pauses in its efforts to insure the political flight of a three-hundred pound candidate into the White House, long enough to speculate on the effects that flying will have upon the mental and physical qualities of the race. It makes one feel that the time of flying is actually here to read such editorial remarks as these:

"Man will have to adapt himself to the new environment, and he will adjust himself to the conditions slowly. Another generation or two and we shall be a nation of flyers. One will begin to learn the art of aerial navigation young. And just as circus performers are trained from childhood, so the successful 'sky pilot' of the future will be taught.

"In course of time the very appearance of the human being may be changed. Sea-going nations and nations of horsemen take on certain characteristics. The automobile to-day is said to be producing noticeable changes in the expression and the manners of its devotees. When the airship finally comes into universal use we may expect a unique race of people. These will be people whose daring and whose nerve is unsurpassed—people with a penetrating vision; with clear eyes; with steady hands; with deep lines criss-crossing the face."

* * *

NOTHING happens but the unexpected, say the French. Who would have considered it possible a few weeks ago that the personal habits of General Ulysses S. Grant should enter into the presidential campaign this year? When Mr. Taft prepared his recent memorial day address, to be delivered at the Grant tomb in New York in the presence of the general's son and grandson, he must have been far from realizing that he was about to inject another issue into the political arena. His intention to pay a high tribute to Grant's character is evident enough in the speech. He did pay a high tribute, but he took his own way of doing it, and one that has caused offence to many. For instead of slurring over Grant's early weaknesses and

failures, he brought them out in sharp contrast with his subsequent success, in order to point out his victory over himself and its bearing upon his victories over the Confederate armies. "In 1854," said Mr. Taft, "he [Grant] resigned from the army because he had to; he had yielded to the weakness of a taste for strong drink, and rather than be court-martialled he left the army." The next seven years in Grant's life, the speaker went on to show, were discouraging years; but, "tho everything looked dark, Grant overcame in a great measure his weakness for strong drink." The purpose of the reference to Grant's appetite is thus explained in Mr. Taft's subsequent statement to the Associated Press:

"I referred to the matter only because it seemed to me that it was one of the great victories of his life that he subsequently overcame the weakness. The wonder of his life was that, with all the discouragements that he encountered before the civil war, including this, he became the nation's chief instrument in suppressing the rebellion. I venture to say that no impartial man can read my Memorial Day address and say I do not give to General Grant a place in history as high as that given him by any of his historians or his admirers. The lives of our great men belong to the country. If facts are told showing that they had weaknesses which they overcame, the force of their successful example is greater to lift the youth of the country up to emulate them than if they were painted as perfect without temptation and without weaknesses."

IT IS a dangerous thing to point out the frailties of a popular hero, even with the best of intentions; and when one is running a race for a presidential nomination, and takes Memorial Day as an occasion for pointing out such frailties, it is doubly dangerous. If Mr. Taft had been a Democratic aspirant for the Presidency such a mistake might have cost him dear. Even as it is, the reference has brought down upon him a quantity of criticism from G. A. R. men and from the press. The New York *Press* has no doubt that he intended to express unqualified admiration for Grant; but it was "neither good taste nor good judgment" to speak as he did upon such an occasion. The New York *Evening Post* has a liking for Taft's plainness of speech, considering him to be "one of the frankest and most outspoken of men"; but his taste in making this particular speech in the presence of Grant's descendants and his old soldiers it regards as "shockingly bad," and auguring ill for his success as a tactful candidate. The

Cleveland Plain Dealer both excuses and accuses Taft as follows:

"Historical study is one thing; eulogy quite another. Comment that would be readily excusable and perhaps expected in a biography grates harshly on the ears of a crowd gathered at the tomb of a popular hero on the great patriotic day of the year to hear an oration on his life and achievements. The people assembled on Riverside Drive expected eulogy, and they were given an over-critical analysis of the character under consideration. The result may be to brand the critic a tactless speaker, but it cannot be construed into a wilful attack on the memory of one of the constructive Americans."

A QUESTION has been raised as to the historical accuracy of Mr. Taft's references. Grant in his "Personal Memoirs" attributes his resignation to the fact that he saw no chance of supporting his family, consisting at that time of a wife and two children, on the Pacific coast, where he was stationed, out of his pay as an army officer. He concluded, therefore, to resign. Mr. Taft's authority for his statements is, apparently, Hamlin Garland's work, "Ulysses S. Grant: His Life and Character." Mr. Garland enters at some length into Grant's habits at that time. Altho Grant had been deeply impressed, after the Mexican war, by one of John B. Gough's lectures, and became for a time a total abstainer, helping to organize a lodge of the Sons of Temperance at the barracks at Sackett's Harbor, he later took to drink, even at rare intervals indulging to excess. This lapse came when he was stationed at Fort Humboldt, California, far from his family, and under an uncongenial officer, Brevet Colonel R. C. Buchanan. Garland quotes Rufus Ingalls, Grant's most intimate friend, as furnishing to Colonel Thomas Anderson, later commandant at Fort Vancouver, the following account of Grant's resignation:

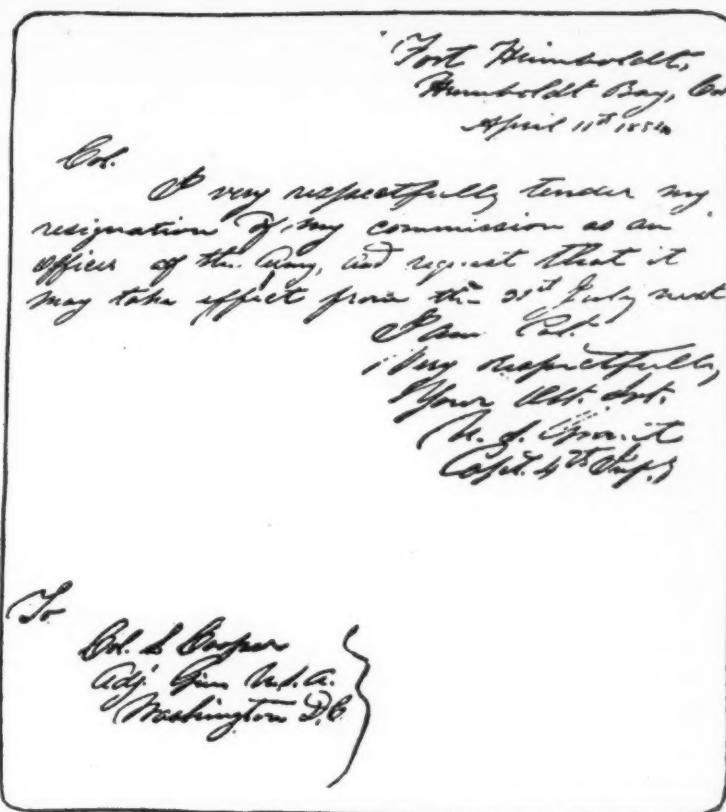
"Capt. Grant, finding himself in dreary surroundings, without his family, and with but little to occupy his attention, fell into dissipated habits, and was found one day too much under the influence of liquor to properly perform his duties. For this offence Col. Buchanan demanded that he should resign or stand trial. Grant's friends at the time urged him to stand trial, and were confident of his acquittal; but, actuated by a noble spirit, he said he would not for all the world have his wife know that he had been tried on such a charge. He therefore resigned his commission and returned to civil life."

The next few years of Grant's life, according to Garland, were years of struggle

against the appetite. Whiskey-drinking in the West was well-nigh universal, and Grant's greatest temptations came when he met old army friends in St. Louis. "His safety lay in absolutely abstaining from its use, and for the most part he kept clear of blame."

CONFIRMATION of Garland's account has been brought out since Mr. Taft's speech. *The Army and Navy Journal* publishes a letter written to its editor ten years ago by an officer who was in Grant's confidence at Vancouver. According to this letter, Grant would go on two or three sprees a year, and one of these, indulged in just as Brevet Captain George B. McClellan was making arrangements for an expedition for the survey of the Northern Pacific railway, annoyed McClellan exceedingly and brought about a personal estrangement between the two men that lasted for many years. As to Grant's resignation we are told:

"His commanding officer was the major of the regiment, Brevet Col. R. C. Buchanan, a very good officer, but a martinet and 'sot in his ways.' It seems that one day while his company was being paid off Gen. Grant was at the pay table slightly under the influence of liquor. This coming to the knowledge of Col. Buchanan, he gave Grant the option of resigning or having charges preferred against him. Grant resigned at once. In my opinion the regiment always thought that Col. Buchanan was unmercifully harsh and severe in his treatment of Capt. Grant: he had known Grant for a long time, he had served with him in the field and in garrison, and it seemed as tho he might have overlooked this first small offence at his (Buchanan's) post. In his [Grant's] private life he was all that he should be—devoted to his family, true to his friends. He never uttered an oath nor a vulgar



CAPTAIN ULYSSES S. GRANT'S LETTER OF RESIGNATION.

By reason of Secretary Taft's recent reference to Grant's personal habits in early life and his enforced resignation, the document of which the above is a facsimile may, this written fifty-four years ago, have some political significance in the campaign this year.

or unclean word that I ever heard of; his chastity was beyond all question, and his modesty beyond compare."

To the Philadelphia *Ledger*, this story of Grant's life just as it was is "wonderful and fascinating and more delectable than the finest fairy tale," all the more so from his weakness in early life and the way in which, despite it, he conquered over his enemies within and without. "What there is in Taft's address," it remarks, "that can wound a sound American, passes belief."

* * *



NEW term has been added to our financial vocabulary. It is the term Currency Association. The name stands for a new institution that comes into existence as the net result of many weeks of congressional travail, and, back of that, many months

of travail on the part of the country at large, including the panic of last fall. The Currency Association is not greeted with admiring acclaim. About the best that is said of it is that it is probably better than nothing at all. "Faugh!" says the *Columbia State*, looking upon the child. "Preposterous," says the *New York Times*. "Degrading and humiliating," says the *New York Journal of Commerce*. Even those responsible for the birth of the infant are so doubtful as to its character that they have provided that it shall be put to death six years hence. It will be seen, therefore, that the Currency Association is not born under happy auspices. But the work assigned to it is on the Herculean order. Hercules strangled snakes before he was out of his cradle. The Currency Association is assigned the task of throttling the next panic as soon as it shows itself, of removing the vestiges of the late panic, and of saving the political situation for the Republican party. The bankers are already forming the new associations and the Treasury Department is busy getting the new currency ready.

EVERYBODY knows that when the panic last fall reached its height, the banks of New York, Chicago and other cities got together and issued what were called clearing house certificates. Those certificates had no legal warrant or standing, yet they saved the day and passed current from hand to hand. The Currency Association is designed to do, by explicit legal warrant, what the clearing houses did without it. At least ten national banks are required to form an association. The banks must deposit securities approved, first, by the association itself; second, by the United States controller; third, by the United States treasurer. The securities can be apparently of "any" kind—bonds, stocks, bills of lading or commercial paper—provided they are thus triply approved. On bonds, the banks may issue "emergency circulation," identical in form with the national bank note, to the extent of 90 per cent. of the face value of the bonds. On commercial paper, the circulation to be issued may be but 75 per cent. of the face value. Of course there are various checks and safeguards, but this gives the main idea of the work of the new institution. The amount of this emergency circulation to be issued in the whole country is limited to \$500,000,000, and the amount to be issued in any one section is proportionate to

the capital and surplus of the national banks of that section. State banks and private banks can not form a Currency Association. That fact forms the basis of one of Mr. Bryan's objections to the institution.

WE SHALL probably hear a good deal about this measure in the political campaign of the next few months. The Democrats in Congress opposed it. The Democratic leader in the House, John Sharp Williams, said it ought to be called "the Aldrich-Cannon political emergency bill." It was a majority measure, only thirteen Republicans in the House voting against it. The bill as finally passed was a combination of the Aldrich bill that had already passed the Senate and the Vreeland bill that had passed the House. The Aldrich bill provided for an emergency circulation to be issued on national, state, and municipal bonds by individual banks. The fight of the Western and Southern men was to make commercial paper available for the same purpose. This was the principal difference between the two bills. The compromise measure agreed on by the conference committee of the two houses incorporated in its provisions both kinds of securities, and added others—railroad bonds for instance—not included in either bill. It incorporated also Mr. Vreeland's measure for the creation of currency associations, placated Mr. Burton by providing that the new law shall expire June 30, 1914, and yielded to the general demand of the country's commercial interests by providing for the immediate appointment of a currency commission, limiting its membership, however, to members of Congress, but giving them power to call in experts on finance for advice and information.

THE principal opposition to the measure is because of its inclusion of railroad bonds as security for the emergency circulation. A spectacular finish was given to the session of the Senate by Senator La Follette because of his opposition to this provision. He had already seen that clause stricken out of the original Aldrich bill, and when it came back in the Aldrich-Vreeland bill he prepared for a filibustering fight to the limit of his powers. For eighteen and a half hours he held the floor, talking almost continuously or reading long extracts from a novel or two, from government reports, and various other ponderous volumes. When he wanted to eat he raised

the point of "no quorum," and while the roll was being called he regaled himself on thin sandwiches, sterilized milk, and new-laid goose eggs. He broke all the records, and his voice was in good condition when he ended. Senator Stone, of Missouri, took up the filibuster. When Stone finished, Senator Gore, the blind senator from Oklahoma, took up the task. When he finished, erroneously supposing that Stone was present to resume, Senator Aldrich promptly got the floor and called for a vote. The filibuster was at an end, having accomplished nothing except, as the *Hartford Times* sarcastically remarks, to advertise Senator La Follette and his lecture business. A number of Western papers commend La Follette's course, but the *Brooklyn Eagle* thinks a filibuster of this kind is wicked, and, in its possibilities, appalling. It remarks: "They call themselves parliamentarians, but what they are trying to effect is anarchy within parliamentary rules, which should be changed to make anarchy impossible." The general purpose of Senator La Follette, however—to make the physical valuation of railroads the basis for any railroad bonds to be used as security for an emergency circulation—is commended by many journals that do not approve of his filibuster.

THE weight of opinion that has so far found expression in the columns of the press is adverse to the new bill, some of it violently adverse. The *New York Times* condemns the bill as "wholly political in its origin and operation." The *Cleveland Plain Dealer* characterizes it as "inadequate, a hopeless jumble of questionable principles that may well be considered provocative of amusement among those who understand the currency problem." The *Boston Herald* also charges that it was voted for "as a political measure without regard to its financial effect." The *Baltimore Sun* takes the same view. So do the *New York Evening Post* and the *New York World*. All these papers, it may be noted, are anti-Republican. The Republican press defend the measure, but defend it as a temporary makeshift only. The *Boston Transcript* calls it "a hurried piece of compromise" made much more acceptable by the clause limiting its life. The *New York Tribune* reminds its readers that the measure does not pretend to be a "solution" of our currency problem. The *Philadelphia Press* thinks the emergency circulation provided for will be

at least as well secured as the present banknotes. The *Philadelphia Ledger* thinks the passage of even an imperfect bill was a public service. It says:

"We have thus introduced for the first time the idea of bank credits as a security for circulation notes, but under such restriction and supervision as to give such notes practical parity with any others bearing the Treasury imprint—except as subject to a heavier tax to insure their early retirement. This is so great a step in advance that its adoption alone should go far to lessen the liability to another currency panic, even tho the system provided might prove slow and difficult in operation."

The *Cincinnati Times-Star* (owned by the brother of Secretary Taft) says it would have been sheer madness for Congress to adjourn without passing any bill. The *New Orleans Times-Democrat* is one of the few Democratic papers that approves the action of Congress. "The country is, we think, to be congratulated on the outcome," it remarks, "for the measure with all its faults is better than none, and should suffice to avert the peril of panic." The *New York Herald* (Ind.) also congratulates the country on the outcome. It calls the bill a "measure of insurance," which, it thinks, simply legalizes and extends the relief measures adopted last fall by the clearing house associations. It adds: "There is, however, one vast difference. Heretofore it was not practicable to adopt measures to ease the monetary strain until a panic was under way—until a panic was actually raging; hereafter it will be possible to forestall a threatened crisis."

* * *

FOR two reasons the fight against race-track betting in New York State has been of national interest. For one thing, the outcome of the fight was thought to affect seriously the chances of Governor Hughes as a figure in national politics. For another thing, the movement links itself up to similar movements that have been seen in the last few years in a number of states—Illinois, New Jersey, Ohio, Missouri, and Louisiana, and the District of Columbia. The fight in New York is part of a national tendency, therefore, and the hard-won success in this state is the greatest victory yet achieved for the opponents of this form of legalized gambling. The fight was a hard one because the invested interests affected were very large.



A SCENE THAT HAS PASSED INTO HISTORY

This is the first successful photograph ever made of the interior of a betting booth at a race-track in New York State. This photograph was made at Gravesend, N. Y., just before the new law was enacted. Those taking part in such a scene hereafter render themselves liable to one year's imprisonment. To enact such a law Governor Hughes has had a long and desperate battle. It was won at last by the heroism of Senator Foelker, who left his sick-bed and risked death to go to Albany and cast his vote.

It is estimated that they aggregate over \$80,000,000, and that the new law affects a revenue from racing events amounting to \$26,000,000 a year. There is reason, therefore, to suppose that the victory over such a well intrenched "sport" may presage a time in the near future when race-track gambling will follow the Louisiana Lottery and prize-fighting as a national outcast, to be indulged in only in shifty, secret and evasive ways. With the crusade against gambling and the crusade against the liquor traffic winning such notable victories as have been seen lately, the "moral reform" forces of the nation are making the first decade of the twentieth century a notable one in their annals.

WITH hands trembling so that he could not hold the glass of water handed to him by his wife; with knees so wobbly that he could hardly get into his clothes; with the doctor's grave warning that he was imperilling his life, and his wife's pleading question "Why don't you give it up?" sounding in his ears, Otto G. Foelker, state senator from Brooklyn, operated on for appendicitis one month before, made his preparations for a sixty-mile trip to Albany to cast his vote for the bills against race-track gambling, drafted in com-

pliance with the clear mandates of the state constitution. The man's devotion to what he considered an important public duty is described as "without parallel in the state's history." According to Governor Hughes, his act was of the sort that in another land would be honored by the bestowal of a Victoria Cross. When he reached Albany he nearly collapsed. "I am almost all in," he whispered to a fellow legislator who met him at the station; "but I will be in my seat tomorrow morning to vote for the bills. I will be there if there is breath in my body." He was there, and without his vote the bills would have failed again, as the balloting stood 26 to 25. "It will be a long time to come," says the *New York Evening Post*, "before a greater moral triumph is won in this state, or a better leader [than Governor Hughes] sounds the call to arms." And the man who literally took his life in his hands to ensure the triumph of the Governor was not many years ago a poor and almost penniless immigrant lad from Germany, unable to speak English, and considering himself lucky when he was able to obtain employment in Troy as a baker's apprentice. It was only a year or two ago that his struggles to get a legal education and to be admitted to the bar were successful. Now you will

find in the newspapers headlines suggesting him as a candidate for Governor. And some people think the days of romance are over!

* * *

THAT intellect of "tempered steel" which Mr. W. T. Stead ascribes to Prime Minister Herbert Henry Asquith did not fail the head of his Majesty's government when he faced, the other day, a deputation of members of the Commons who approached him on the subject of woman suffrage. Mr. Asquith, all Britons are assured by the alarmed London *Spectator*, surrendered. Five months have not passed since Mr. Asquith defied the ladies in the presence of a lovelier but less influential deputation, that approached him over his garden fence and climbed in his front window. The London *Times* is free to confess, it says, that "quite apart from the particular merits of this question," it prefers his former answer, when suffragettes were under escort to the lock-up, to what he has just affirmed to Liberal politicians subjected to feminist suasion. More than one gentleman in the Commons deputation had been embarrassed by ladies who refused to stop ringing his front door bell at inconvenient hours. On the previous occasion Mr. Asquith defended the refusal of the government to grant the prayers of the suffragettes on the ground that "such an important constitutional change as this should be referred to the opinion of the country deliberately expressed." Not the least doubt exists even in the mind of the unfriendly London *Times* that Mr. Asquith was considering at that time solely and simply the attitude of the ministry of which he was a prop. At this day he is found affirming that his government will not "collectively oppose" woman suffrage. But it must be "perfectly obvious," insists the British organ, that the permission by a government to allow an amendment in a woman suffrage sense to an impending bill on the franchise is indistinguishable from complete surrender to the suffragettes.

SURRENDER is likewise the one word commanding itself to the London *Spectator* in its interpretation of Mr. Asquith's proceedings last month. "To all intents and purposes," it observes, "the Liberal government and party must now be said to be pledged to the extension of the suffrage to women—

certainly the most momentous event that has ever taken place in the world of politics in the present generation, possibly the most momentous in the whole of our political history." Edith Palliser, parliamentary secretary of that National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies, which conducts the door bell ringing and street rushes of the propaganda, is quoted to somewhat the same effect. This national union, by the way, comprises some thirty societies in Great Britain. Their sole purpose, of course, is to secure the parliamentary franchise for women. Each society is independent in its local action, the ladies who knocked the Chancellor of the Exchequer down last winter enjoying a hegemony with which the women who chained themselves to the Prime Minister's fence can not interfere. The affairs of the union, notwithstanding, are managed and its policy guided by a representative council elected by local bodies.

IN THE parliamentary elections of late this union, at the suggestion of that stalwart suffragist, Mrs. Millicent Garrett Fawcett, has abstained from interference whenever all the candidates are equally favorable to votes for women. If one candidate is in favor of woman suffrage, while others are against it, or if one candidate is much more clearly and strongly in favor of a practical measure of woman suffrage while others are lukewarm or shelter themselves behind general declarations as to adult suffrage, the union, if taking any part, supports the candidate whose views seem most favorable. That is why Winston Churchill is twitted by Mrs. Fawcett with losing his seat at Manchester. He sheltered himself behind general declarations. Mrs. Fawcett, who is the president of the general body, has adopted the policy of running a woman's candidate—that is a man who urges votes for women—whenever a suitable opportunity occurs at a by-election. The suffragists have not yet adopted the policy of opposing Liberal candidates simply because the government had until last month refused to bring in a measure of the kind they want. Mrs. Fawcett has always said that by the election of members pledged sincerely to woman suffrage Mr. Asquith's government would be brought to perceive that the country is disposed to acquiesce in legislation on the subject.

IT MAY be that the busy Mr. Asquith is not in the least concerned about the whole question of woman suffrage. He hails the

agitation the ladies are creating because it tends to thrust the Irish question into the background. If he can put off the Home Rulers by setting the House of Commons into chaos over theories advocated by Mrs. Fawcett, how happy he would be! The Irish leaders are said to have some suspicion regarding what is passing in the mind of the Prime Minister. They sent Mr. Redmond to him last month for information on the subject. He is said to have told the Irish leader that there is not the slightest reason to fear the relegation of Home Rule for Ireland to any limbo for the mere sake of votes for women. The explanations of Mr. Asquith so pleased Mr. Redmond, it is said, that he and his following have promised to go over bodily to the cause of the ladies. This, again, is denied. The Irish people continue to hold their demonstrations in Ireland over the remains of "patriots" slain in riots by the police. They are making politics an embarrassing theme for Mr. Asquith. They are telling him that woman suffrage and old age pensions and a licensing crisis combined shall not be allowed to shelve Home Rule.

THE cordial recognition of the value of the support given to the woman suffrage movement by the present Prime Minister inspires suspicion of what we Americans call a

deal. Secret negotiations between Mr. Asquith, whose temperament fits him for subtleties, Mr. Lloyd-George, long an ardent supporter of the suffragette idea, and Mr. Winston Churchill, who attributes the loss of his Manchester seat to this agitation, and Mrs. Fawcett have been going on for several weeks. *The Spectator* says that flatly, and it has ample facilities for finding out a great deal. "Lady Carlisle, a noted leader in favor of the movement, begged a meeting of radical ladies to hold their hands and have patience till Mr. Asquith had given his answer to the deputation of Liberal members of parliament." The answer has now been given. It does not, indeed, satisfy such militant ladies as Miss Christabel Pankhurst, who has eaten bread and water in Holloway Jail for the cause. But the supreme gratification of Mrs. Fawcett proves to the Conservative periodicals and dailies that, in the words of *The Spectator*, a pact has been entered into. Herbert Henry Asquith does not merely withdraw his sometime academic opposition to woman suffrage, but vows "in fact if not in name" to embrace the heresy in the scheme of franchise revision which he means to make the final achievement of the present parliament.

THE terms of his reply to the deputation convince Mr. Stead that the Prime Min-



WHAT THE PRIME MINISTER MUST CONTEND WITH IN IRELAND.

The patriots of Belfast are here interring one of their number who lost his life in the late disturbances in the north of Ireland. The Irish are using the obsequies of slain rioters as political opportunities.



ROUSING THE ENGLISH RURAL MIND ON THE SUBJECT OF VOTES FOR WOMEN

The van is one of the best devices from a women suffragist standpoint to which the agitators led by Mrs. Fawcett have yet resorted. There are dozens of the vehicles going up and down and across the country.

ister has not married the cleverest political woman in England for nothing. Mr. Asquith has aged greatly in the last few years, and when he alluded to "the antics of certain women" there was nothing sprightly or facetious in his manner or words. His own position, he explained, was a "somewhat delicate one." The present state of the law, he went on, with its artificialities, its unreasonable delays in obtaining the qualification for the franchise, its indefensible classifications of the categories of voters, and above all the power of double voting which was at present conferred upon the class which needed it least—all these things urgently demand reform. No Liberal government and no Liberal House of Commons would be performing its duty if it did not make every effort to get rid of a system such as he had described. This being the government's intention, it would be clearly within the competence of Liberal members of the House to seek to introduce by amendment or by "extension" the scheme of woman suffrage. "The government could hardly resist such an amendment for the simple and sufficient reason that probably some two-thirds of my colleagues in the ministry are in favor of it." If it were approved by the House, it could not be any part of the duty of the cabinet, Mr. Asquith said, to oppose such an

amendment, and therefore the matter must be left to the decision of the Commons. In conclusion, he did point out, none the less, that a measure of woman suffrage such as the deputation had in mind must have behind it the overwhelming support of the female population of Great Britain.

AMID the rejoicings of Mrs. Fawcett and her sisterhood at such a stultification of himself—or so the opposition leaders call it—by Mr. Asquith, the irreconcilable Miss Christabel Pankhurst, who leads the extremists among the ladies, insisted that the Prime Minister's words should confirm the suffragettes in their determination to "fight the government." Amid one of the most turbulent sessions at which the opposition between Mrs. Fawcett's tact and Miss Pankhurst's enthusiasm ever displayed itself, the spinster called the Prime Minister doublefaced. In the first place, she said, Mr. Asquith refuses to deal with the question this session, either on his own initiative or by giving precedence to the bill of that champion of woman everywhere, Mr. Henry Yorke Stanger. Mr. Asquith, Miss Pankhurst says, is simply reverting to "the old Liberal policy of delay," the results of which the ladies have seen so often before. In the second place, Mr. Asquith has but made



THE CAPTURE OF A LEADING WOMAN SUFFRAGIST IN LONDON

Miss Irene Miller, who is revealed in the embarrassing situation which she brought upon herself last month, is known far and wide throughout England for her skill in organizing the demonstrations which have given vitality to the cause she has endured arrest for time and again.

it clear that he has no intention at any time during the existence of the present parliament of introducing a measure of woman suffrage. What he means to do is simply to effect the passage of a scheme of electoral reform for the benefit of males.

THE ladies in the extremist suffragette set are not in the least reassured by Mr. Asquith's statement that a woman suffrage amendment, moved by a private member of the House, would not, under certain conditions, be opposed by the government. Mr. Asquith is "too negative and vague" to be trusted. Nothing short of a definite pledge of action this session will satisfy the National Women's Union, which, according to the gossip of the month, Miss Pankhurst may capture from the moderates headed by Mrs. Fawcett. Miss Pankhurst is very magnetic, she is thoroly skilled in the tactics which have filled all England with excitement over votes for



MISS CICELY MOLONY RUN IN AGAIN FOR RIOTING

This martyr to the cause of votes for women is an effective public speaker and an organizer of no mean capacity. Her speeches have been interrupted by the police in London more than once, and she is the lady who knocked off the hat of the Chancellor.

women, and the suffragettes are wondering if Mr. Asquith's surrender is of the pantomime sort. Miss Pankhurst is absorbed in preparations for another demonstration of women in Hyde Park. She is quite disgusted by the cessation of those storming expeditions at front doors which have so embarrassed the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the President of the Board of Trade. Such tactics are described by Miss Pankhurst—who despises deputations to Prime Ministers—as the only effective form of pressure on the government.

THE letter which Mrs. Humphrey Ward has addressed to Miss Ermine Taylor, leader of an anti-suffrage movement now striving to neutralize the energies of Miss Christabel Pankhurst, aims to state the fundamental objection to the whole principle of female suffrage. It is a letter which all the Conservative organs in London have hailed with delight. The haughtiest of the suffra-



THE PRIME MINISTER WHO IS ACCUSED OF SURRENDERING TO THE WOMAN SUFFRAGISTS

Herbert Henry Asquith, as this recent picture of him shows, is aging very much in appearance. He has created a sensation by announcing that he is willing to permit the passage of a bill giving votes to women provided the members of his party agree. He has also gone over to the old age pension agitators, and is suspected of even more revolutionary intentions regarding Home Rule.

gettes can not pretend, says the London *Times*, to look down upon a Mrs. Humphrey Ward from the heights of intellectual superiority, "as they too often affect to do in the case of other women every whit as clever and as well educated as themselves." For Mrs. Ward's writings have appealed to the most cultivated and most powerful minds of our time. Her practical work has revealed exceptional gifts of management and organization. Of that work, care for the interests of women, she reminds her correspondent in her letter on woman suffrage, has been a large part. She has devoted much thought and labor to the promotion of the higher education of women, and she has studied the conditions and surroundings of the women of the working classes.

THE concentration of the energies and capacities of women solely upon the care of their families and children is no part of Mrs. Ward's plea. She desires to see them fully represented upon the local administrative bodies which perform so many important functions in municipal life. But she expresses at the same time the earnest hope that they may not gain the parliamentary franchise. The reason she thinks it wise and right that women should have local franchises is that they are as well able as men to form their opinions by actual experience on the issues presented to local electors, and to take an active practical part in the administration of local affairs. On some, indeed, of those issues which more particularly affect children and members of their own sex they are better qualified than any man to judge with intelligent sympathy. But in the wider domain of general politics women are not as well able as men to judge or to act. In this sphere, Mrs. Ward observes, women can not hope ever to possess that "responsibility of action" which is the best corrective and the best check upon the use of power.

NOTHING could exceed the indignation of Miss Pankhurst and her friends when they read this utterance. When Mrs. Ward proceeded to say that the suffragettes can not possess "responsibility of action" simply "because they are women," and because there are many kinds of political action which women can not undertake, the Pankhurst faction in the franchise movement organized a boycott of the novels Mrs. Ward has written. Women

can and do, Mrs. Ward adds, exert very great indirect political power by reason of the weight which the opinion of educated ladies justly has with educated men. But to grant women the franchise would be to grant them direct power without responsibility—a step which Mrs. Ward condemns as injurious to their own interests and to the welfare of the state. Nor is Mrs. Ward insensible to the ability and distinction of many of the women who disagree with her upon this subject. For many of them she feels respect and admiration, excepting only those who engage in fist-cuffs with the police. On this question Mrs. Ward thinks that Mrs. Fawcett and the other ladies who want the parliamentary vote are perfectly egregious.

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F THOSE Olympic games which are to open in London this month—forming the fourth of the series of Olympiads which was inaugurated in Athens in 1896 and continued at Paris in 1900 and St. Louis in 1904—King Edward observed that they must prove the "final glory" of his reign. To the personal influence of his Majesty, at any rate, is attributed not only the fact that more than twenty-five nations will participate in the great contests of the Stadium, but that the effort attributed in some London prints to the jealousy of William II to "boycott the fourth Olympiad" has been brought to confusion. Olympic games are the chief factor in the Olympic movement which was initiated in 1896 by Baron Pierre de Coubertin, President of the International Olympic Committee, in the hope that it might perform for the modern world the same services which were rendered to the Hellenic communities by the Olympic games of Elis. The movement has attained so prodigious an international development on its purely athletic side that King Edward, so far as his personal influence can be exerted, will emphasize this month the fact that the Olympic games are intended to include, beside athletic sports, contests in art, literature, music, and so forth, as well as periodical conferences on physical education and development. Such conferences were held with great success in connection with previous Olympiads. But to the man in the street the fourth Olympiad is associated mainly with the \$250,000 Stadium just completed in London to accommodate over 85,000 spec-



A MARCH OF THE ATHLETES WHO WILL COMPETE IN THE FOURTH OLYMPIAD

The track in London has been carefully prepared for this month's international events. The teams have been arriving in the British capital for weeks past, and they have the privilege of testing the ground at the Stadium before the contests actually begin. The team here shown is from a London institution.

tators, and within the oval of which will be held the most extensive and most representative Olympic games in history.

THE British monarch has evidently made up his mind that this Olympiad shall eclipse them all. He personally saw to it that as many forms of athletics as practicable were included in the programs. He insisted that Lord Desborough, the famous sportsman who is practically in control of the fourth Olympiad, exclude from the contests all who do not come within the legitimate sense of the word amateur. The prizes will consist solely of medals, with the exception of certain challenge cups—another strong point to King Edward. The athletic scope of the Olympiad exceeds that of the Athenian affair, for archery, cycling, football (association and Rugby), fencing, gymnastics, lacrosse, lawn tennis, motoring, military riding, polo, rifle shooting, rowing, swimming, wrestling, yachting, and even billiards are on the long list. The Olympic games appear, therefore, to be on the eve of a most successful opening, the presence of many royalties among the spectators promising to invest them with special brilliancy.

THE magnitude of the scale upon which the Stadium for the fourth Olympiad has

been constructed in London was the inevitable result of the entry into the competitions of a minimum of twenty-two nations and rather more than two thousand picked amateur athletes from all over the world. The Olympic games of this new month will be far more impressive from an international standpoint, therefore, than were those in the Athenian Stadion. Nor is the arena that has risen so swiftly in the past few months unworthy of so notable a gathering. The length of the turf inside its running track is greater than the external long diameter of the Coliseum at Rome, for it is 235 yards from one end of the grass to the other. The breadth of this grass plot, just under a hundred yards, is as large as the external measurement across the marble stadio at Athens. The greatest contest of all, perhaps, the Marathon race, must necessarily take place outside, for the major portion of its course, only the finish of the twenty-five miles being visible to the spectators in the great arena. This important race will start from the dwelling place of the King.

THE intense popular interest inspired by the prospect of this long run induces the London *Telegraph* to remind us that it is impossible, of course, to reproduce in the modern world the spirit of the old Olympic games

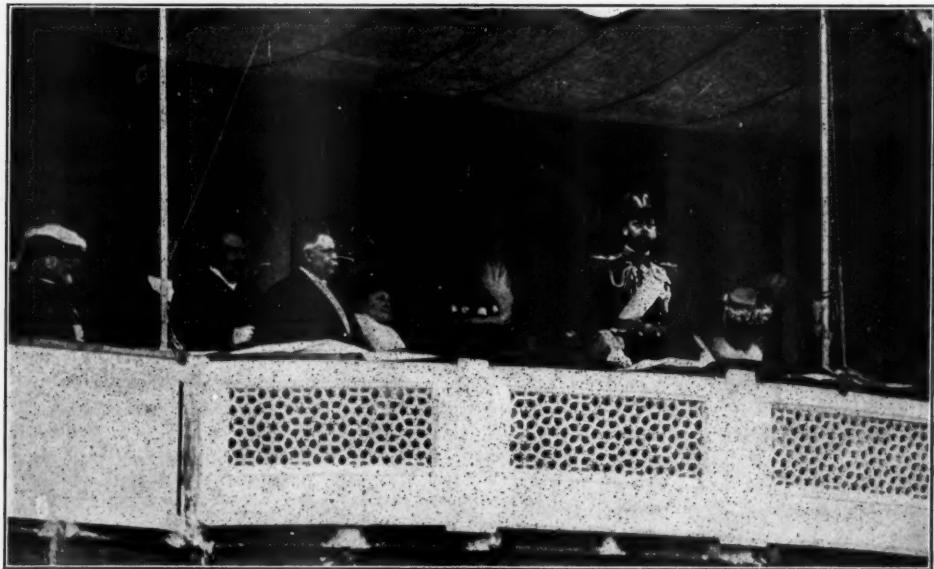


THE COURT OF HONOR AT LONDON'S GREAT SPECTACLE

The electric light effect is the result of half a million lamps combined into one simultaneous glow. The Franco-British Exhibition attains its greatest splendor in this night feature of its most conspicuous architectural detail. Here the President of the French Republic and the King of England met and officially recognized the binding nature of the agreement at present uniting the two nations in the field of diplomacy.

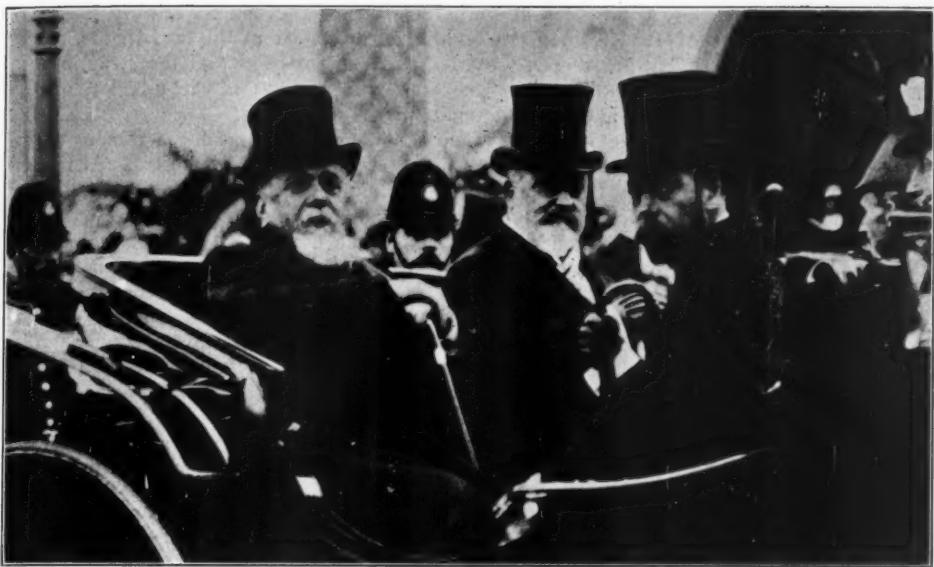
as they were at the height of their renown. They formed an intensely serious as well as an intensely joyous festival. The soil of Elis,

on which they were held, was considered holy, and for an entire month a sacred truce was observed throughout Hellas. All the furious



THE PRINCE OF WALES OPENING THE LATEST INTERNATIONAL SHOW

The Franco-British Exhibition, just opened in London, was graced by the presence of his Highness and the Princess, who, in the presence of the diplomatic corps, spoke of the occasion as one cementing an alliance between France and Great Britain. The unreserved style in which the Prince mentioned the pact between the two countries has made a deep impression abroad.



PRESIDENT, PRINCE AND KING

The scene is London, and the time that of the visit which M. Fallières paid to His Majesty to impart greater cordiality to the "entente" between France and England. The Prince of Wales is seated opposite the two rulers, Fallières wearing the western American type of beard dating back to pioneer times, while the King has a Van Dyke beard which dates as a fashion centuries back.

intestinal quarrels of the Greek tribes and cities fell into abeyance. Arms were laid aside. The essential unity of the Greek race

and religion was realized in those recurring intervals as at no other time. The arts of poetry, sculpture, architecture and music met



THE PALACE OF MUSIC AT THE FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

This building was not completed in time for the opening ceremonies the other day, but it is now practically finished. The acoustic properties of the building are said to be unexampled in the history of temples of music. The French are incensed because this building is not left open on a Sunday, the one day, according to them, when a visit to it would be of most moral importance.

in the hallowed temple of Olympian Zeus at Elis, and all the elements of Hellenism and Paganism at their choicest and best were brought to a focus during the five days that the Olympic games lasted. "It is idle," says the London *Times*, "to try, as some Hellenic enthusiasts have tried, to confine the Olympic games rigidly to their ancient scope. Archaeology has laid bare the monuments of the most famous of Greek festivals, but modern life," adds the London daily, "has passed by the scene and left it desolate." Neither on the historic site of the Olympic games nor on the spots where the hardly less glorious Pythian, Isthmian and Nemean festivals were celebrated could a great concourse of modern athletes and visitors find food and lodging. The prosaic needs of bodily comfort, if nothing else, oblige the games to be held near a city if the modern world is to enjoy them at all, while the games themselves had to be modernized to become intelligible to the man in the modern street.

VISITORS and participants will have but a step or two from the Stadium to that Franco-British Exhibition which President Fallieres and King Edward opened together in London a few weeks ago, and which is the greatest in area of anything of the kind yet opened in England. It covers some hundred and fifty acres. The great exhibition of 1851, when the famous Crystal Palace came into existence, covered twenty-one acres only. The site of the Glasgow Exhibition in 1901 was under seventy acres. The cordial understanding which has for the time being rendered France in world politics the elective affinity of Britain is architecturally realized in the Franco-British Exhibition. Instead of a mass of irregular and slightly jejune buildings in which exhibits are huddled together with but little regard for order and effect, are seen twenty palaces worthy of the name and eight halls on a scale of magnificence never excelled in any country. Instead of narrow paths bordered with booths and encumbered with wares are noble avenues with wide stretches of green turf, luxuriant flower beds and sheets of water. King Edward and President Fallieres have between them made the exhibition a success already.

THE court of progress, as it is dubbed, contains the largest edifice in this exhibition. This is the "Palace of Machinery,"

where is on view every electrically propelled and impelled wonder of the last decade. Most unique, in some ways, of all the structures in the court of progress is the pavilion of the municipality of Paris. The architect, the famed Bouvard, has reproduced famous specimens of the architecture of the French capital—for example, the facade of the Hotel de Ville and the Arc de Nazareth. Andre Delieux is the creator of a pavilion in which are shown, as the official announcements claim, genuine specimens of the French arts—no mere forgeries of the kind seen at expositions and world's fairs in the past. The Canadian Pacific and the Grand Trunk railroads have each in this court splendid buildings to represent them. Wide avenues lead to the colonial section, a vast area divided between the colonies of Great Britain and France. Canada, New Zealand, Australia, Ceylon, India and the crown colonies are each represented by splendid buildings. The French colonies, including Indo-China, Algiers, Tunis and West Africa are likewise to the fore.



IEWING the rebellions of the past month or two in China with all the optimism which makes his temperament so attractive, Yuan-Shi-Kai, the potent adviser of the Empress Dowager, attributes everything to the success of his efforts to suppress opium. He is enjoying the first fruits of a movement far exceeding in magnitude of design, as the London *News* says, any experiment of the kind recorded in history. There is some doubt in the mind of the Paris *Débats* regarding the opium crusade as the cause of the tendency to ravage and destroy which has just asserted itself in so many dwellers within the eighteen provinces. Evasion and not rebellion would be the nominal resource of Chinese opposed to the crusade, especially as, on the whole, the results attained so far appear to be distinctly creditable to the Chinese government and to the moral fervor of large numbers of the Chinese people. The operation of the repressive edicts has, however, been extremely partial, and in most provinces poppy cultivation has not yet been appreciably restricted, as is evident from the reports which the well informed Peking correspondent of the London *Times* sends to that daily. But a definite advance seems to have been made. Unimpeach-

able proof is given that in numerous districts the consumption of opium has been curtailed. More has certainly been accomplished than most onlookers expected, considering that it is some two years only since the first edict was promulgated. Large numbers of opium dens have been shut up, much to the disgust of a restless population which is now recruiting the forces of rebellion.

FROM the first hours of the anti-opium crusade, Yuan-Shi-Kai saw to it that in all government colleges and schools, in the police force, and in the army a rigorous prohibition was enforced. Numbers of the mandarins, none the less, persist in disregarding the edict so far as it applies to themselves personally. "The most gratifying feature of the movement," says one first hand observer, "is the strong force of public opinion which lies behind it. Several British consuls testify that in their particular districts popular feeling favors the prohibition." The London *Times* correspondent says that respectable Chinese are now coming to regard opium smoking in public as "bad form." There is ample evidence to this observer of a genuine moral awakening in this respect, "which may be ascribed in no small degree to the reflex influence of the imperial decrees." Nevertheless it would be a quite too hasty assumption that the spiritual regeneration of the Chinese is actually under way in consequence of the hieroglyphics at the end of the anti-opium rescript. The evil enslaves too many rebellious millions. Yuan-Shi-Kai admitted lately that success is not certain.

IN AN endeavor to discern the possible political and moral results, the London *Times* takes into account the probable continuance of the craving for narcotics or stimulants which history shows the Chinese always to have possessed in common with many other nations. One well informed and competent student, Professor Giles, recently collected a long series of proofs that the Chinese were not always, as now, a sober nation. Their literature contains many indications that drunkenness was once rife among them and it may be so again. A missionary in one province has lately reported that the high price of opium induces people to take to drink in China. The growing tendency to resort to morphia has called for special official measures to cope with that evil. "The swift growth of

the cocaine habit in India," says the London *Standard*, "gives a startling glimpse of the rapidity with which the degenerates in an Oriental race will acquire a new vice." Such apprehensions should not, the Paris *Figaro* observes, be permitted to deter Yuan-Shi-Kai from proceeding with his gigantic labor of eradicating the opium enslavement of his countrymen.

UNTIL Yuan-Shi-Kai has shown greater good faith than some skeptics credit him with, his opium crusade and the theory he advances that recent rebellions grow out of it will, perhaps, be taken lightly in Europe. "It must be pointed out very clearly," says the London *Times*, which has the utmost faith in some features of the anti-opium movement, "that sincerity of intention can not be accepted as a substitute for efficiency in prevention." No one expects, least of all in such a country as China, the immediate eradication of the opium habit. "But if we accept without demur Chinese protestations of good faith we are justified in seeking larger indications of vigor in performance than are now visible." The burden of carrying into effect the imperial rescripts rests upon the local provincial officials. Where they are vigilant and energetic, something is being done. Where they are lax and indifferent, the edict remains practically a dead letter. The real test of the movement, our authority says, lies in the reduction of the area under poppy cultivation. There are forcible efforts by natives to protect their poppies.

RETURNS transmitted to Peking six weeks ago and scrutinized by Yuan-Shi-Kai revealed so slight a gross diminution in the poppy crop of the past year that he caused two viceroys to be dismissed. That is one story, told in the Paris *Figaro* and denied in the London *Times*. There has not been time, the latter insists, to ascertain how far reduction in cultivation has been enforced. It is thought ominous that the mandarins in the capital have done nothing to provide for the deficit certain to ensue in the budget if their anti-opium edicts are enforced in spirit as well as in letter. "No preventive service has been formed, and no provision has been made for compensation to poppy growers and owners of opium houses." Hence the rebellion, smothered in some provinces, open in others. Meanwhile some quarreling goes on between

London and continental dailies regarding Great Britain's share of responsibility for the spread of the opium habit in China. India is said to be supplying opium surreptitiously to the Chinese, a charge repudiated in all London dailies, which aver that ever since Yuan-Shi-Kai began his crusade he has been encouraged from Calcutta.

STIMULATED by the urgent need of diminishing the introduction of cargoes of opium in the Philippines, and impressed by the growing demoralization of the natives through the drug, our own State Department investigated the whole question not long ago. President Roosevelt's government thereupon sent a circular note to the great powers in the course of which the existence of a sort of opium crisis was made plain. Several European governments answered sympathetically. Washington next invited the powers to an international conference to consider "the limitation or the total prohibition of the importation of opium." The consent of all the European countries with tropical colonies to send delegates to an anti-opium conference has been secured by Secretary of State Root. It is not too much to say that "a broad agreement" has been arrived at among the powers. Yuan-Shi-Kai regards the action of Washington as additional evidence of that benevolent attitude towards his own country which he appreciates so highly. The meeting place of the international gathering may be Shanghai, but the Paris *Figaro* doubts if it will find a solution for the opium question.

* * *

TWO shots, fired point blank at Major Alfred Dreyfus at the conclusion of the splendid ceremonies incident to the sepulture of Zola in the Pantheon at Paris renewed throughout France a fortnight back the storms of passionate indignation dating back to the time when the "affair" was the burning theme in party politics. President Fallieres had just shaken hands with Zola's widow when Dreyfus got the bullet in his arm. The guard of honor at the catafalque made the would-be assassin a prisoner then and there. He turns out to be a military expert on the staff of a local weekly, and an occasional contributor to that most widely known of monarchist organs, the *Gaulois*. The President of the Republic seems to have had

a somewhat narrow escape, as did the American ambassador, Henry White, the only member of the diplomatic corps to appear at this tremendous demonstration of respect organized amid intense political strife in memory of Zola. Dreyfus emerges but slightly harmed from the episode, but it seems to the dailies of Europe that France must pay another heavy price for its consequences. Many exciting weeks have come and gone in Paris since the Chamber appropriated some seven thousand dollars for this transfer of Zola's remains to the stately Pantheon, where repose so many illustrious sons of France. When, rather more than eight years ago, the Rennes court-martial concluded, amid bitter discord within France, it might well have seemed impossible, as the *Temps* says, both to participants and onlookers in the warfare of protest to picture a time when the Dreyfus case would stir scarcely a ripple on the surface of French political life. But that time came, and, as our contemporary says, it has passed away. The blame is laid on the Dreyfusards.

IT WAS the trumpet call of Zola's *J'accuse*, to quote the words of the London *Times*, that rallied the Dreyfusards into life as a political force. They seem to feel that they constitute one great family. They hold together as compactly as ever. The League of the Rights of Man is the formal bond of union, and it is this body regularly organizing demonstrations in the deceased novelist's honor which is accused of provoking the fanaticism of last month. So furious were all monarchists and clericals at the honor accorded Zola that the Duc de Montebello, asking to remove the remains of his grandfather, Marshal Lannes, from this same Pantheon as a place about to be polluted, gave the signal for whatever has happened since. The Pantheon, said the Duc, bears on its front a legend consecrating it to the remains of great men only. "Now this temple, with the ironic facade, is about to receive Zola, the insulter of the French army." In the name of all his illustrious family and of his indignant friends, as well as in the names of "all who respect the memory of the illustrious," the Duc protested, and took his grandfather's body to the family vault.

APILGRIMAGE to Medan, that Zola country house which was the scene of the social evenings that made the names of Maupassant and Huysmans famous, was the in-

stant reply of the Dreyfusards. The transfer of the remains thus became a political issue of magnitude, and it never downed. Among the distinguished persons who filled the special trains at this pathetic festival were Colonel Picquart, who stood near Dreyfus when he was shot; MM. Charpentier and Fasquelle, Zola's publishers; M. Finot, the editor of the *Revue*; countless painters, poets and critics, and Theodore Duret, the friend and biographer of Whistler. Monarchical and reactionary patriots noted the demonstrations with fury. Duret, in his address delivered from the porch of the house at Medan, where Madame Zola welcomed her late husband's admirers, sought to show that the great novelist's final act, his championing of Dreyfus, was but the logical and consistent conclusion of a life devoted to what he regarded as the truth. Major Dreyfus was ill and unable to go to Medan. The anti-Semites said he was afraid of a bullet. The Dreyfusards were enchanted by their own inspirational griefs for Zola.

THE immense hall of the Trocadero in Paris has been filled more than once with thousands of Dreyfusards assembled to acclaim the name and memory of Zola. Ringing cheers were raised when, on opening one of the meetings, the eminent Protestant leader, M. de Pressense, read the letter which Anatole France had penned to inspire the projectors of the Zola obsequies in the Pantheon. Zola accomplished a revolutionary act of incalculable power, Anatole France said. The beneficial effects of that act had not ceased to be experienced in the moral and political life of the third republic. Zola's courage and his rectitude placed him in the front rank of that little group of men who in evil days struggled in the cause of justice. "The Dreyfus affair rendered to our country the inestimable service of gradually bringing together and revealing the forces of the past and the forces of the future—on the one hand commercialized despotism and Catholic theocracy, and on the other hand Socialism and free thought. The victory of organized democracy is beyond doubt. Let us render to Emile Zola the homage which is due to him for having courageously taken part in the struggle and shown us the way." The man who shot Dreyfus replied, at the time of these events, with a series of inflammatory utterances in the *Gaulois* that made the period immediately pre-

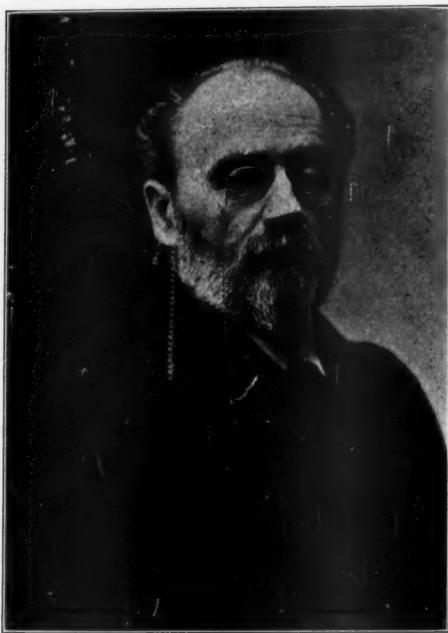


DREYFUS AS HE LOOKS TO-DAY

The hero of the most thrilling episode in the history of the third French republic now has the title of Major. He is quite unassuming in his manners and mode of life, but he takes part in all ceremonies of the Dreyfusards, irritating monarchists and clericals exceedingly. He escaped with only a slight wound from the recent attempt to kill him.

ceding the ceremonies in the Pantheon one of ferment and fever. The subject overflowed into the columns of other dailies in Paris until Zola's remains became as famous as his fictions.

THESE uproars were transferred to the Chamber of Deputies when Maurice Barres, the academician, and Jean Jaurès, the Socialist leader, found themselves the spokesmen, the one of the conservative and reactionary elements in the house and the other of the republican majority. In transferring the body of Zola to the Pantheon, Barres assured the deputies, they accomplished an act certain to have the worst direct social and political consequences. The man they meant to canonize had described the various classes of the French nation—the peasant, the working man,



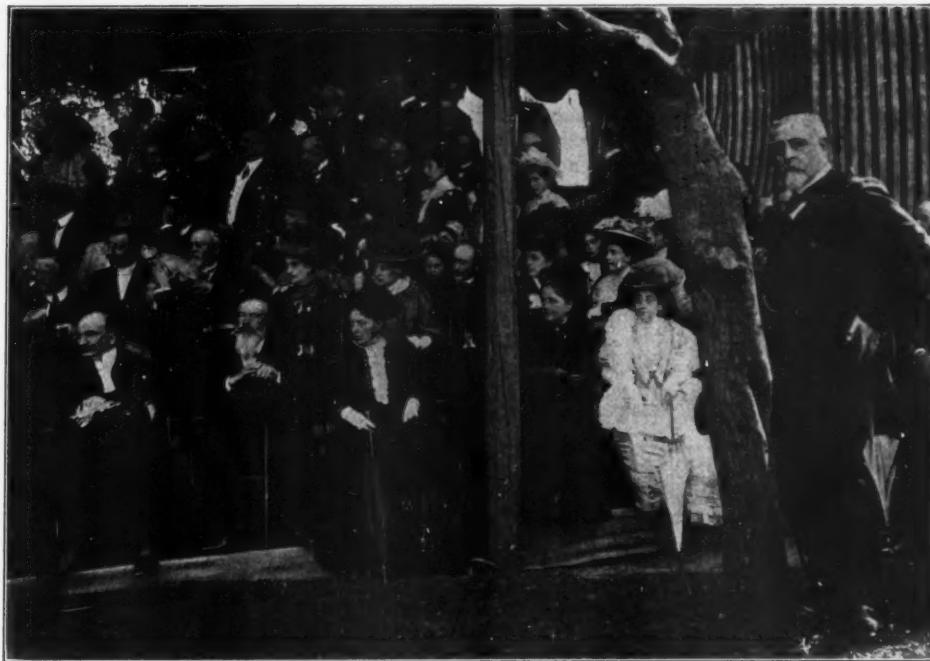
CAUSE OF THE LATEST PARIS OUTBREAK

Emile Zola, the illustrious French fiction writer, is shown here in a photograph which those who knew him deem very faithful to the original in the period preceding his death. The fame of Zola depends for the moment upon what he did for Dreyfus rather than upon what he did for literature.

the middle rank, the soldier. His work has been read all over the world. It was his "pretension" to give a complete and accurate picture of French life and society. But one has only to travel in a foreign country, Maurice Barres added, to discover how difficult it is to correct the false impressions produced by Zola's panorama of France. "By transferring his ashes to the Pantheon you virtually countersign his calumnies with the national signature." Yet French deputies do not recognize their own constituents in the picture Zola has drawn. "Not only does he degrade us in the consciousness of the foreigner—he abases as well the French conscience." To permit a reading of the most characteristic pages of Zola in the Chamber it would be necessary for the presiding officer to clear the tribunes beforehand. Maurice Barres next intensified the excitement of the deputies and spectators by reading the well known passage in the critical essays of Anatole France in which that writer says no one had ever done more than Emile Zola to vilify humanity, and that it were better the author of "Nana" had never been born.

HOW did it happen that this Zola, who only a few years before was execrated by every true Frenchman, suddenly won the approval of so many? It was, Barres affirmed in reply to his own query, which had produced a tumult on the benches, through his article *J'accuse*, the pamphlet written in behalf of Dreyfus. When Zola wrote it he had expressed his entire thought. He saw in the Dreyfus affair an opportunity of entering upon a life of action. It was to him a mere matter of writing one or more articles that would make a stir in the ardent polemics of the hour. The article *J'accuse* had been enveloped in a kind of cloud of mysticism, and had been given an exaggerated importance. It was because of that article, opening the campaign that vindicated Dreyfus, that it was planned to place the ashes of the writer in the Pantheon, "where no name should figure save those which do honor to France." There is a gross indelicacy, Barres said with emotion, in placing Zola by the side of Hoche and Marceau, between Victor Hugo and Berthelot. In accesses of uncontrollable emotion, Barres showed the deputies a copy of the German edition of the "Debacle," on the cover of which a Prussian soldier is seen rolling a French standard bearer in the dust.

AS HE rose to reply to this storm of academic passion, Jaurès, the most forceful wielder of French idioms in political life at Paris, received an ovation from all the radical groups. No one in France now pretended to suppose that the interment in the Pantheon had the least thing to do with the author's greatness as a writer of fiction. The ceremonies were to consecrate not a character but a political policy. It was the atheistic republic spitting in the face of Jesus Christ, to give the impression derived by the monarchist and clerical *Gaulois*. "Red sin," as our contemporary put it, "grins in mockery at the ruin of what was once French ideality. Zola—bah!—it is Satan." Jaurès referred ironically to these outbursts in the clerical organs, and accused Barres of making them his own. It was Zola's love of truth that made his life so harmonious. Zola's magnificent act in becoming the author of *J'accuse*—"that effort in behalf of justice and truth"—enlightened a great many as to the nature and power of real literature. Zola's cult was mankind. Jaurès, who, it should be remembered, is a graduate of the classical and distinguished Ecole Normale, took apparently a malicious pleasure in



A DREYFUSARD CEREMONY

This represents one of the numerous tributes to their fellow workers which the champions of Dreyfus have made provocative to the monarchists and clericals. It is the unveiling of a statue to the memory of the late Senator Traneux, a prime mover in the Dreyfus agitation. Madame Zola is seated in the second row at the spectator's left, and beside her is Madame Dreyfus. In the foreground and in front of the two ladies is Madame Fallières, wife of the French President. Major Dreyfus holds his silk hat in his hand at his wife's left. Madame Loubet is in white in the front row.

meeting a rival colleague on this neutral ground of literary criticism in the battle area of politics. He went on to deplore the efforts of clerical factions to fan the embers of the Dreyfus controversy to the detriment and danger of the republic. In a long and luminous argument, which occupied the best part of two sittings of the Chamber, the brilliant socialist orator expounded convincingly, as far as the deputies were concerned, the case for Zola's consecration. The Chamber voted, by an immense majority, to put "the master" in the Pantheon.

THE lobbies of the Chamber of Deputies and the whole Paris press still rang with the echoes of these fierce contentions when the arrangements for the elaborate ceremonial in the Pantheon were finally approved by Madame Zola, who has by this time become the heroine of all Dreyfusards. She remains what she always was, a quiet, retiring woman, passionately devoted to all that makes for the glory of her husband's name. Her escape

from the bullet of the fanatic, who seems to have really aimed only at Dreyfus, is referred to in some despatches as narrow. Madame Zola is responsible for the care of the now celebrated house at Medan which has witnessed the origin, rise and climax of this latest Dreyfus crisis. Medan is ten miles or so on the Rouen side of St. Germain, the little town having become a sort of Mecca to anti-clericals. The Seine once flowed in comparative purity past the Zola home. It had become a veritable sewer thereabout by the time Zola was suffocated by the gas that nearly killed his wife as well. The island opposite his garden used to be to Zola a literary paradise, but it later stood in chronic need of being deodorized. It is one of the widow's homes to-day.

MADAME ZOLA is so apotheosized by the Dreyfusards that they cherish a little vial containing some ounces of her blood. This is denounced sarcastically in the *Gaulois* as diabolism. This blood was extracted from the

lady's veins for the purely scientific purpose of ascertaining what the cause of the great author's death might have been. Certain reactionary papers are not yet tired of asserting that Zola really committed suicide. The blood analysis showed that the tragedy resulted from suffocation by carbonic acid gas. There is much sympathy between Dreyfus and Madame Zola, who incarnate between them all that certain anti-clericals in France hold dear. Dreyfus is personally not very popular, his personality being cold and unmagnetic. He speaks haltingly and with much nervousness. In the past two years he seems to have aged greatly. The *Temps* infers that had he been shot no grief in any anti-clerical bosom would have been intensely personal. "Nobody loves so coldly respectable a type of man." He bears himself always with great modesty, refraining from all exploitation of the immense fame the "affair" has brought him.

UPON the highly respectable, smiling and placid personality of President Armand Fallieres, the winging of Dreyfus with the fanatic's shot has conferred as near an approach to glory as it will ever attain. Fal-

lières stood with Clemenceau and Ambassador White by the side of Madame Zola when the firing of the revolver exemplified the splendid acoustical capacity of the Pantheon. The echo is described as deafening, but the President did not flinch or even, it appears, interrupt his conversation with the lady. He had just got back from that visit to London which French dailies aver cemented the cordial understanding between Paris and London into an alliance—almost. British dailies have printed many appreciations of the President in the timeliest journalistic style. His unsatisfiable integrity, his high administrative capacity, and his probity in office are dwelt upon at length in the London *Times*, while the London *Mail* has had much to say of his absolute simplicity. Even the cold shower bath he never misses when he gets up in the morning, and solitary walks through the streets of Paris after sundown, have been exploited in the interest of the "cordial understanding." Any incidental political consequences which the shooting may have will presumably be made much of by clericals and by Dreyfusards, who are alike eager, the *Aurore* says, to rescue the Dreyfus affair from oblivion.



SCENE IN THE PANTHEON AT PARIS DURING THE ZOLA CEREMONIAL, JUST BEFORE THE SHOOTING OF DREYFUS.

The discourses were listened to by the exalted dignitaries of the French republic, including the President, the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies. The French Academy honored the occasion by turning out in uniform and the military were everywhere inside and outside. The speeches by men of eminence in literature had all been made and the dignitaries were filing through the aisles when the anti-Semitic fanatic fired at Dreyfus.

Persons in the Foreground

THE INGRATIATING MR. TAFT



VER the telephone wire came a message for Mr. Taft. It ran about as follows: "Tell the Mr. Secretary that the Philippine Assembly is waiting for him."

Over the telephone wire went back a message from Mr. Taft: "The Assembly will have to wait a little longer. Mr. Taft is watching the baseball game, and it is not ended."

This incident happened on the recent visit of our Secretary of War to the Philippines, when he was a specially invited guest to a series of athletic contests conducted by the Filipinos. After the baseball game was concluded, Mr. Taft asked if there was anything else on the program, and was told that there was one other event, a foot race. So he stayed a little longer to see that, and went down from his seat to hold one end of the starting tape. Then, and not until then, he went to attend the first Philippine Assembly.

This little event, never before told in print, helps to illustrate the dominant note in Mr. Taft's nature. He is a very human sort of man. "You are the Father of the Philippines," a friend said to him a few months ago. "Oh, no," he answered, "but what I would like to be is the Father of the Filipinos." In other words, as Dr. Lyman Abbott comments, "it is the Filipinos, not the Philippines, that interest him; it is not the islands but the islanders he wishes to develop." Mr. Taft's passion is not for theories but for people. He is never swept off his feet by ideas. It is not truth in the abstract but truth embodied in two-legged creatures that most interests him. That may, in part, be due to his Unitarian training. The Unitarians have always laid special stress upon conduct rather than creed. There is not so much difference between them and other denominations on that point as there was when Taft was a youth. Taft is a Unitarian, as his people were before him. Thirty years ago that fact might have made him impossible as a presidential candidate.

The magazine literature about Mr. Taft is abundant, and no writer seems to feel that he has done his duty by the subject until he has

expatiated on Taft's enormous capacity for work, on his wide training in governmental affairs, on his physical size, the infectious character of his laugh, his Yale record as a scholar and an athlete, and the thrashing he once gave a Cincinnati editor for libelling his father. By this time all of us ought to know, for instance, that he was the champion wrestler of Yale, and stroke in the Freshman crew. Has not even President Hadley, of Yale, deigned to tell us these facts, and to remark thereon that "the manner in which 'Bill' Taft got into the heavyweight wrestling and the way he stroked the freshman crew satisfied me that he was the man for about anything, even for running the country." He began to carry off prizes for scholarship in his freshman year, and kept up this family proclivity all through his course. His father did the same sort of thing, and now his son Robert is following the examples set by his paternal ancestors. Mr. Taft, by the way, has two sons and a daughter: Robert Alphonso is nineteen, Helen Herron (which was also the maiden name of Mrs. Taft) is seventeen, and Charles Phelps is eleven.

Many people think that Mr. Taft is a big fat man. That has been counted on as one of the few settled historical facts, like the homeliness of Lincoln and Washington's inability to tell a lie. Now comes along Mr. Arthur Brisbane to unsettle the world on this point. He denies that Mr. Taft is fat. He admits that he is big, but he declares, with capital letters, that "he is NOT a fat man." He has only one extra chin, and that is a small one. He has an unnecessary roll of flesh in the back of his neck, but that also is small. There is a semi-circle below the chest, but "it isn't the kind of a round stomach that comes from dissipation or self-indulgence." It is due, we are told, to a strong constitution that is insufficiently exercised. But he stands straight and has a broad chest. He is "not nearly as fat as Grover Cleveland was in his second term." His resemblance to Cleveland Mr. Brisbane finds remarkable, but Taft has a better skin, a better temper, and better health. Mr. Hearst's high-priced editor goes on to complete his portrait of Taft as follows:



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HELEN HERRON THAT WAS; MRS. TAFT THAT IS.

She has a keen sense of humor, is regarded in Washington as a charming hostess, and her home is the center of attraction for artists as well as statesmen. She used to be president of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra.

Mr. Taft's back head is not as good as it might be. About two inches back of his forehead the head slants downward. The wrinkle on his neck just over his collar was the farthest point south in his anatomy, as he faced toward Harlem. The big backhead of the average American is often the best part of him. But Mr. Taft's head is strong at the sides. He is a good brachycephalic type (you needn't look that word up, it means wide-headed). There is room for a good, big brain in there, and there IS a big brain in there, altho part of it has never been used.

"Mr. Taft's chin is small—about two-thirds as big as it ought to be to balance his head. If he

runs for President he'll miss that cubic inch of chin before the campaign is over. What a good, deep keel is to a racing boat in a storm a strong chin is to a man in a fight.

"Mr. Taft's ears are a little higher up on his head than they might be. The lower the ear the better the brain machine as a general rule. There is no brain below the ear, you know. But in that respect he is not below the average.

"In one way Mr. Taft looks like all of our Presidents (except Chester A. Arthur) since the knee breeches days. Mr. Taft's trousers bag at the knees; they are about as wrinkled as the front legs of an elephant.

"Altogether, Mr. Taft is a man agreeable to look at. He is a good, average type of the well-meaning, honorable, proud and fairly intelligent American business or professional man. He doesn't remind you of Lincoln, with his earnest, uncouth determination to follow the line of duty, to represent the unheard majority whence he came. He doesn't remind you of Jefferson's more highly triturated intelligence and culture. He hasn't the lean, fighting strain of Jackson, or the aristocratic, heavy push and changeless will of Washington.

"All men, we are told, look like some animal. Mr. Taft looks like two animals. Look straight into his face, and he looks like a chicken—a rooster, not a game rooster with fire in his eye and comb cut short; but a good, honest Dominick, conscientious, prompt to squawk when he sees a hawk, even if unable to fight a hawk. Look at him sidewise and he looks like an American bison, a gentle, kind one, minus the thick hair in front."

Already the tradition-makers are at work on Taft. His capacity for mental and physical exertion, as described by our writers, would cast into the shade the powers of Nietzsche's superman. A man in the Philippines, we read in one sketch, took Taft out to play a game of golf in the hot sun, the man still being under the impression (not having read Mr. Brisbane's article) that his companion was a fat man, and that a little of the hot sunshine would go a long way with him. The Secretary took him over nine miles on the golf links and then five miles additional to a plantation house on the mountain side for tea. Taft was strong and fresh at the end; the other man went to bed and stayed there all the next day. We don't vouch for the story; we simply record it to show how tradition begins. By the time our grandchildren read the tale the nine miles will probably be nineteen and the five miles fifteen. Another similar story is told of Taft in Canada. Some friends bribed a French Canadian guide to get Taft lost in the woods in the upper reaches of a trout stream. "That evening Taft came swinging in calling for a square meal in a hurry. Behind him tottered the guide. When the other men got the guide out back of the house to ask him what happened, he was in a

rage. 'Wot fool you mek wis me? Hey git lose, shure Mike, hey git lose; but holly mackarelle, she walks me 'roun dey dam Canada.'"

Taft's character, according to Walter Wellman, writing in *The Review of Reviews*, is not complex or difficult to analyze. "It is large, massive, plain, strong, simple." There is within him something that compels him, in every situation and at every task, to give forth his best, reserving nothing of his powers, but throwing himself into his work with all his might for the sheer love of the doing. When Taft first went to the Philippines, we are told by Mr. Wellman, he had a native prepare for him a diagram of the native rigadon, or Spanish quadrille, that he might study its movements and be able to lead the wives of the presidents through its mazes in a creditable manner. In forty days he attended a score of state balls, "literally dancing and smiling his way into the hearts of the people." He is a happy half-way, in Mr. Wellman's opinion, between Roosevelt and McKinley. He may never fire the hearts of the people as Roosevelt has, and may never be looked upon as a paragon of unpicturesque goodness as McKinley was; but he will be master without carrying a whip, he will take infinite pains to get at all the facts, and he will obtain results.

Mr. Lincoln Steffens, who also has studied Taft at close range, is afraid that he will do his work too quietly. He will carry out the Roosevelt policies, but he will not, in doing it, arouse the people as Roosevelt has aroused them, to a consciousness of what those problems are, and to the necessity of their being solved by the people themselves. That, Mr. Steffens thinks, is the chief result of Roosevelt's work—"the encouragement of a people to solve their own problem." Mr. Roosevelt has uncovered the enemy before the eyes of the people. Mr. Taft will not do that, even tho he may find the real foe (Mr. Steffens is rather cryptic on what the real foe is) for himself, and assail him with fearlessness, truth and justice. Serene, sure, just, absolutely unselfish, and not merely courageous but careless of personal consequences—such are the phrases Mr. Steffens (in the *American Magazine*) applies to Mr. Taft.

William Allen White, in the same magazine, adds many interesting touches to the composite portrait the country is getting in these days of its Secretary of Peace. He is pictured, in the negotiations over the friars' lands, as "rigid with anger" at one point, and striding over to a cardinal who was representing the



AN ILLUSTRIOS SON'S ILLUSTRIOS FATHER.

Alphonso Taft, who preceded his son by many years in the offices of Solicitor General and Attorney General of the United States, once examined John L. Sullivan's muscles and pronounced them inferior to those of his son Bill.

Pope, and was asking for too great concessions from the American people, with the words, roared out so that the servants could



"EVERY GREAT MAN HAS A GREAT MOTHER."

She was Louise M. Torrey before she became Mrs. Alphonso Taft. She rocked William H. to sleep, nursed him through the measles, spanked him when he needed it, made him comb his hair and brush his teeth when he didn't see any sense in that sort of thing, and has lived to see him honored by the nation as his father was before him.



HALF A CENTURY OF MR. TAFT.

The pictures represent the rise but not the decline of a now historic figure, from the ringleted three-year-old cherub (1), the darling eight-year-old Willie (2), the budding eleven-year-old Will (3), the manly fifteen-year-old Bill (4), the twenty-year-old junior "old Bill" (5), His Honor the Judge of the Circuit Court (6), His Excellency the Governor General of the Philippines (in white), the Great Pacifier, the Governor of Cuba (8), the robed academician Doctor Taft (9), the Secretary of War (10).

hear him: "No sir, no sir; that is unfair, that is un-American, and never on earth will we yield an inch in that direction." And of all Taft's friends, we are assured, none is now more loyal than that cardinal.

Here is another interesting view of Taft in a predicament. The story is not new, but is worth repeating. Taft was to meet the Czar at nine A. M. Having a sleigh-ride of about two hours to take to reach the place of appointment, he rose early to make his toilet,

and struck no light for fear of waking his tired wife. In pulling on his trousers he lost his balance, and in recovering it stuck his toe through the trouser knee. It was the only pair of black trousers that he had. He called a bell boy and gave him the garment to take to a tailor to be mended at once. When the trousers were returned he was not satisfied with the job of repairing, and tried to improve on it. Zip went a second tear across the knee. There was no time for further repairs. He

cogitated, then acted. Taking a black sock, he cut off the foot and pulled the leg up over his knee. Then pulling on the trousers and fastening the ripped piece with a pin, he marched proudly out to the sleigh, and met the Czar—a "gentleman unafraid."

Mr. White thinks that Taft is just the sort of man that ought to follow Roosevelt in the White House. He writes:

"There is enough unfinished business in the executive branch of this government to keep an active man in the presidential office busy night and day for half a dozen years, if he does nothing else. Indeed, the most rapid progress toward a more equitable distribution of the common wealth of this nation may be secured not by piling up new work on the executive desk, but by cleaning off the desk. The times demand not a man bear-

ing promises of new things, but a man who can finish the things begun. Such a man is Taft, a hewer of wood, who has no ambition to link his name with new measures, but who, with a steady hand, and a heart always kind and a mind always generous just, can clean off the desk."

"He knows the desk is cluttered up. He knows that it may take six or eight years merely to get down to the mahogany under things now pending. But the American people know that some way this must be done before this nation can go further. And hence, in the Mississippi valley at least, there is a belief that the man who can make the Hepburn railroad law as much a part of our common life as the postal regulations, who can grind the rough edges off the Sherman law through the courts, who can finish the canal, and deal with Cuba kindly, honestly, and firmly, who can lead the brown men of the islands further into the light, is this big, hard-working, soft-hearted, fair-minded, unselfish man, Taft. He can clean off the desk."

DEBS—THE "LIVING LINK"

HE ecstatic exclamation of a young lady at a Socialist mass-meeting in New York recently to the effect that Eugene V. Debs, the chief speaker of the occasion, is "the living and not the missing link between God and man," is typical of the sort of adulation heaped upon him by his admirers. It sounds amusing to most of us, but it evidently comes from the heart. No man in the radical movement in America to-day has so many idolatrous friends as Debs has. For a quarter of a century he has been traveling over the country making speeches, and in every State of the Union he has won a loyalty based on personal affection. Even those who regard him as an unbalanced agitator, a fanatical extremist, acknowledge the charm of his personality. The poet, James Whitcomb Riley, felt it when he wrote:

And there's 'Gene Debs—a man 'at stands
And just holds out in his two hands
As warm a heart as ever beat
Betwixt here and the Judgment Seat.

And Eugene Field once said: "If Debs were a priest, the world would listen to his eloquence, and that gentle, musical voice and sad, sweet smile of his would soften the hardest heart."

Debs has just been nominated, for the third time, Socialist candidate for President. In 1900 he received 97,000 votes. Four years later the figure rose to 408,000. This year his followers hope for a million. He came to

New York a few weeks ago to inaugurate his campaign and to celebrate the first publication of a new Socialist daily. All who listened to his speech in Grand Central Palace must have been impressed by two dominant qualities in the man—his working-class sympathy and his intense radicalism.

The working class created and nurtured Eugene V. Debs. He was born in Terre Haute, Indiana, in 1855, and at the age of fifteen obtained a position as a railway employee in the Vandalia car shops. In 1871 he became a fireman on a freight engine. Soon after, he joined the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and took an active part in its councils. He was twenty years old when that organization made him editor of its magazine, and twenty-four when elected its grand secretary and treasurer. "With all the fire of youth," he has written in an autobiographical article published in the now defunct Socialist monthly, *The Comrade*, "I entered upon the crusade which seemed to fairly glitter with possibilities." He says further:

"For eighteen hours at a stretch I was glued to my desk reeling off the answers to my many correspondents. Day and night were one. Sleep was time wasted, and often when, all oblivious of her presence in the still, small hours, my mother's hand turned off the light, I went to bed under protest. Oh, what days! And what quenchless zeal and consuming vanity! All the firemen everywhere—and they were all the world—were straining:

To catch the beat
Of my tramping feet.

"My grip was always packed; and I was darting in all directions. To tramp through a railroad yard in the rain, snow or sleet half the night, or till day-break, to be ordered out of the roundhouse for being an 'agitator,' or put off a train, sometimes passenger, more often freight, while attempting to dead-head over the division, were all in the program, and served to whet the appetite to conquer. One night in midwinter at Elmira, N. Y., a conductor on the Erie kindly dropped me off in a snow bank, and as I clambered to the top I ran into the arms of a policeman, who heard my story and on the spot became my friend.

"I rode on the engines over mountain and plain, slept in the cabooses and bunks, and was fed from their pails by the swarthy stokers who still nestle close to my heart, and will until it is cold and still.

"Through all these years I was nourished at Fountain Proletaire. I drank deeply of its waters and every particle of my tissue became saturated with the spirit of the working class. I had fired an engine and been stung by the exposure and hardship of the rail. I was with them in their weary watches at the broken engine's side, and often helped to bear their bruised and bleeding bodies back to wife and child again. How could I but feel the burden of their wrongs? How could the seed of agitation fail to take deep root in my heart?"

In 1884 Mr. Debs was elected to the Indiana legislature, where he gained a reputation as a speaker and a champion of labor measures. But he seemed to feel that he was a misfit in politics, and he soon returned to the trade-union movement, inspired by a dream of working-class organization that has haunted him to this day. He yearned for larger fields for his activity than those afforded by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. He wished to organize *all* the railway workers into one great union, and in 1894 he took a long step toward the realization of his ideal. The American Railway Union was founded; Debs was elected its president; and a year later the union grappled in a desperate struggle with the Great Northern Railway. "The victory," says Mr. Debs, "was complete—the only railroad strike of magnitude ever won by an organization in America."

In 1894 came the great Pullman strike in Chicago. The whole country was disturbed by the stress and turmoil of that bitter struggle. Train service was blocked; rioting occurred between the strikers and the United States marshals; President Cleveland sent troops, over the head of Governor Altgeld, into Chicago; injunctions were issued, and finally Debs and several of his associates were imprisoned. For the moment Debs became a national figure. By many he was regarded as the evil genius of the strike, and an agitator

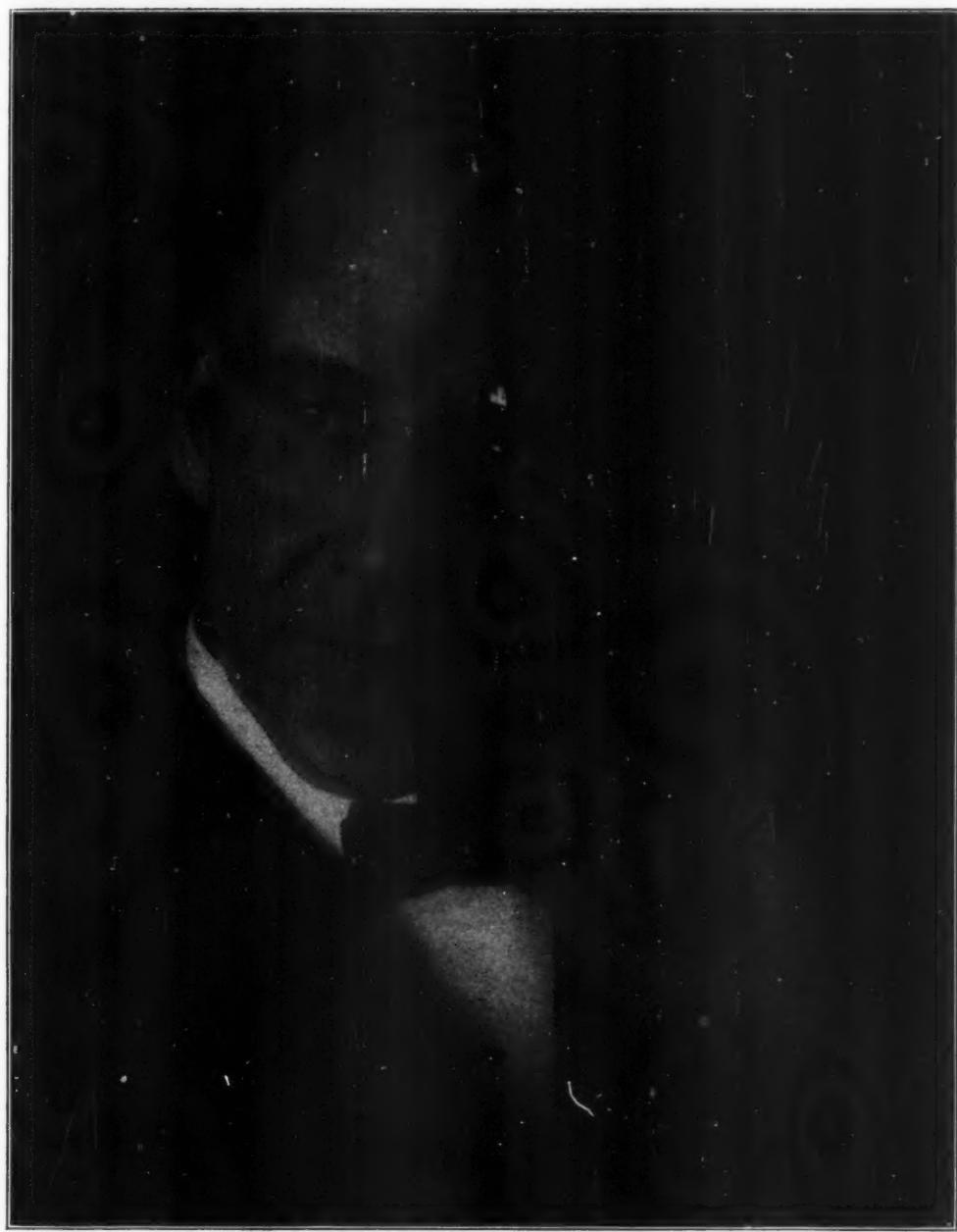
of peculiarly dangerous caliber. The radicals however, made him their hero, and on his release from Woodstock he was tendered a reception the like of which Chicago had never seen.

During the hours of inactivity imposed by his prison sentence Debs's convictions underwent a change. It was in prison, he says, that he first saw the economic question in its largest aspects. Books and pamphlets and letters from Socialists came by every mail, and he read and thought and dissected the anatomy of our present social system. The writings of Edward Bellamy and Robert Blatchford especially appealed to him. The "Cooperative Commonwealth" of Lawrence Gronlund also impressed him. One day Victor L. Berger, the Socialist and labor leader, of Milwaukee, came to see him, with a copy of Karl Marx's "Capital" under his arm. Debs read that, too.

He entered Woodstock a trade-unionist. He came out of it a Socialist.

The American Railway Union went the way of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. It was not large enough to fill Debs's new horizons. On June 21, 1897, the "Social Democracy of America" was founded, with Debs as chairman of the National Executive Board. The "Social Democracy" was in time supplanted by the "Social Democratic Party," and later by the "Socialist Party," and Debs took an active part in every transformation. He is now lending his support to an organization more radical than them all, the "Industrial Workers of the World," a rival to the American Federation of Labor, which aims to supplant old-style trade-unionism entirely and to build up a revolutionary organization embracing the whole working-class.

No one can deny the logic of this development tho many question its wisdom. Debs himself has pursued, and is likely to pursue, his own course regardless of praise or blame. He has made mistakes and admits them. He lacks poise, but he is passionately sincere. In political warfare he is a bitter fighter. Socialism, he says, is not a rose-water affair; it is a deadly struggle between two classes—the exploited working class and the exploiting capitalist class. His whole point of view pivots on this belief, and is elucidated by his statement: "Capitalism denies the class-struggle in order to perpetuate it; Socialism points it out in order to abolish it." His campaign speeches are sprinkled with fierce denunciations of Bryan, Taft and his other political opponents. They are all alike, he declares,



Photograph by Clarence White.

AGITATOR AND DREAMER.

The personality of Eugene V. Debs, the Socialist candidate for President, is complex. The world at large has been disposed to regard him as a dangerous agitator. His friends regard him as a dreamer and idealist.



MAKING A POINT.

A caricature of Eugene V. Debs by Ryan Walker.

"champions of the capitalist system and of wage-slavery." President Roosevelt in one of his letters afterward published referred to Debs as "an undesirable citizen," and he in

turn attacks Roosevelt unsparingly. He indicts such labor leaders as Gompers and John Mitchell on the ground that they hobnob with the capitalists and "betray" the working-class interest.

On the public platform Debs is distinctly a romantic figure. He is an agitator with the heart of a poet. Robert Burns and Walt Whitman are his favorite bards, and he loves to recite Edwin Markham's "Man with the Hoe." Victor Hugo is another of his admirations. Debs is greatly in demand as a lecturer, and has spoken in all sorts of places—at Chautauquas, in churches, in opera-houses, and in sordid working-class halls. One of the most effective speeches of his career was made before the exclusive and aristocratic "Nineteenth Century Club" at Delmonico's in New York. He cultivates the Ingersoll style of oratory, and his short, sharp, epigrammatic sentences break into flowery climaxes. He is bald and gaunt, and he stoops. As he speaks, he ranges up and down the platform with the quick, lithe movements of a panther. His speeches have little construction and are apt to be interminable in length; but he holds his audiences. People who come to his meetings in a hostile or scoffing frame of mind often leave them with the comment: "He is a remarkable man."

Debs is an incessant writer as well as a speaker, and his writings all have to do with Socialism. For several years he conducted his own publishing house in Terre Haute. At present he is working in co-operation with J. A. Wayland and *The Appeal to Reason*, in Girard, Kansas. *The Appeal* has the largest circulation of any Socialist paper in America, and Debs's articles are its leading feature. Debs writes as he speaks, with great intensity and poetic frenzy. Here is his tribute to Laurence Gronlund, the intellectual pioneer of Socialism in America:

"In spirit I stand at the grave of Laurence Gronlund, the Socialist and the martyr. In fancy I see his magnanimous face, hear his earnest voice and feel the grasp of his friendly hand—and my heart is in my mouth as I write this feeble tribute of my love and veneration for one whose life was a ceaseless sacrifice to a cause to which he gave his ripest thought and unrelaxing energy, and which, with the inspired vision of a prophet, he saw would eventually baptize the world with effulgent and perennial glory.

"Was our comrade a visionary? So was the old Hebrew prophet, who saw the full-orbed millennial era when nations should 'beat their swords into pruning-hooks and their spears into plow-shares' and 'learn war no more,' a condition for which Laurence Gronlund labored and

suffered in shine and storm, sounded all the depths of poverty and walked with unbowed head in the valley and shadow of death. His great soul soared infinitely above all discouragements. He lived and wrought on the highlands of hope. He worked for a perverse generation, and whether sleeping in a garret or when his couch was a bench with heaven's starry mantle over him, or crouching under some sheltering stairway, his heart throbbed, until death stilled it, only to the battle march of human progress."

Tributes past numbering have been paid to

Eugene V. Debs, the man. "In Terre Haute," says his fellow-townsman and fellow-Socialist, Stephen Marion Reynolds, "everybody admires him. All who know him personally love him. He has no personal enemies; he has enemies, but they do not know him. He has none in Terre Haute. Many here would like to hang his ideas, but the man, the strong personality, the gentleness and cordiality of his greeting when he meets his neighbors and fellow-citizens, disarm all prejudice."

THE CHARMING PRIME MINISTER OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA

BRILLIANT and conspicuous as are all the personalities associated with this month's celebrations of the three hundredth anniversary of the founding of Quebec, it is Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Prime Minister of the Dominion, who, by a tacit recognition, remains uncontestedly the most brilliant and the most conspicuous of them all. To Sir Wilfrid, more than to any other one man, is ascribed the prodigious success which has attended every arrangement from the appropriation of the necessary funds to the enlistment of the Prince of Wales, who, as all now know, will honor the occasion with his presence.

To a combination of the skill of the greatest diplomatists with confiding simplicity of manner must we ascribe, say his admirers, the hold Sir Wilfrid has secured upon the affections of his countrymen. The mere sight of this man is sufficient, declares an enthusiast in the *London Standard*, to kindle the friendliest glows in the coolest and least demonstrative bosom. His open countenance is wholly free of characteristics summed up by physiognomists as combative. The face is equally free from enthusiasm and from the traits of the man of action. It is delicately, even pensively, defined, studious, suggesting a tendency to absence of mind—from which Sir Wilfrid suffers—and the thing known to Germans as "world-pain." The Prime Minister, that is to say, usually looks tired, even bored. The face is thin, the mouth having all the width that denotes intelligence, while the lips have that suggestion of thickness which is supposed to be evidence of a humane disposition. The chin is deficient in length—evid-

dence this, say some, of weakness of the will, altho Sir Wilfrid's friends point out that he simply lacks obstinacy. From the very wide forehead an even wider expanse of shining baldness towers to the apex of the cranium, which is padded on both sides by thick and gray hair. Networks of fine lines up and down the countenance remind the world that the Prime Minister is no longer a young man.

The circumstances of his career are succinctly put in the numerous character sketches of this statesman to which his success in promoting the Quebec festivities has given rise. His father, from whom he inherited his sweetness of disposition, according to the *Toronto Globe*, was a somewhat impoverished land surveyor in the county of L'Assomption. His mother, who died when the present Prime Minister was a mere child, was a lady of exquisite beauty, talented in the old-fashioned sense, for she wrote pretty French verses and sketched daintily. Her voice was among the inheritances handed down to Sir Wilfrid, who speaks so well because she conversed so brilliantly. Both the father and the mother of Sir Wilfrid possessed that graciousness of manner for which the rural inhabitants of the province of Quebec are famous. The fact seems to our authority well worth noting, since Sir Wilfrid owes all or nearly all his political prestige and success to his enticing manner, his distinction of presence, and the kindness of his demeanor. Altho the Prime Minister impresses beholders as a man now somewhat worn out, and altho as regards physical health he is anything but robust, he is still one of the most distinguished-looking of Britons. The natural grace of his courtesy and the winning effect of his unforced smile grow rather than

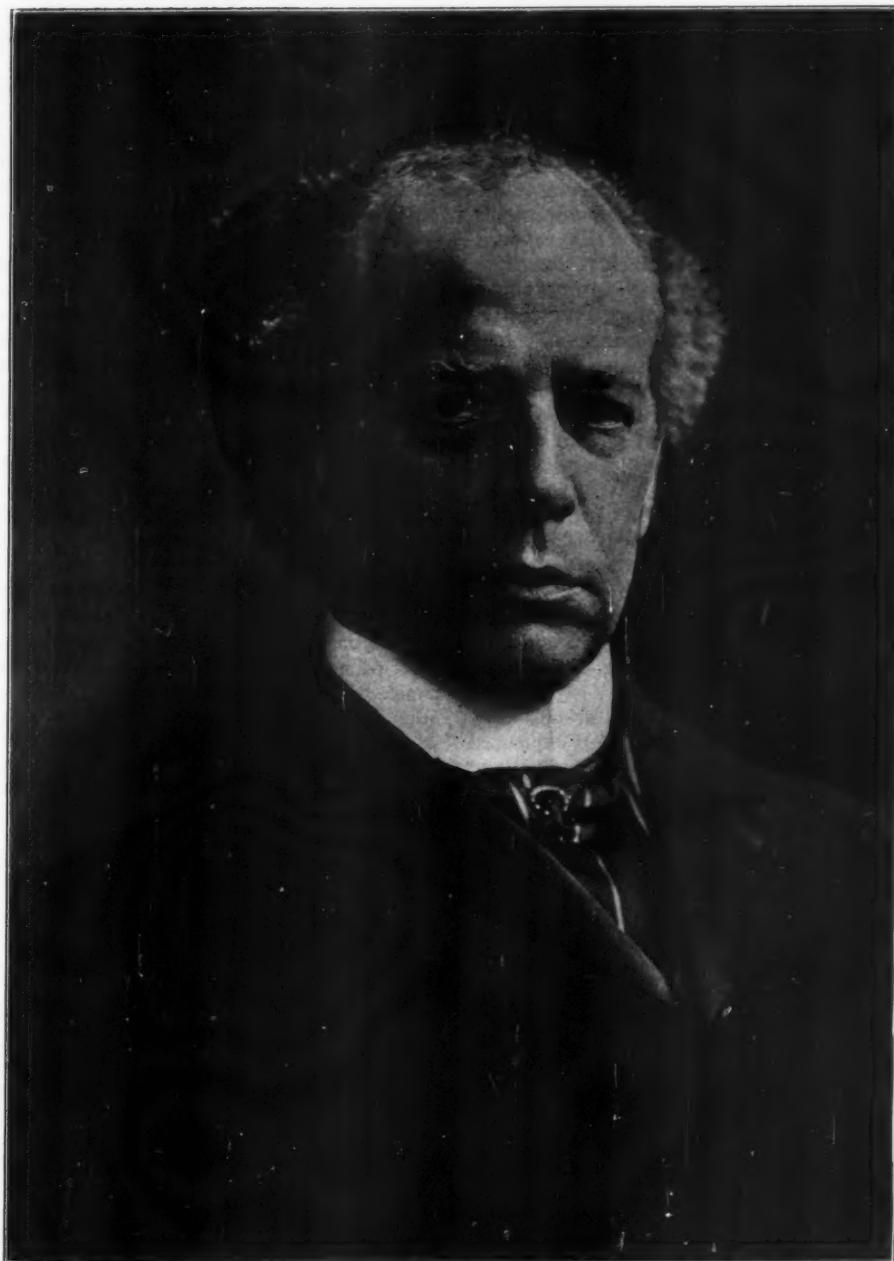
fade with the passing of many years. His strength of character has nothing aggressive in it, in the opinion of his more or less inspired biographer, Mr. J. S. Willison, who has given two stout volumes to his subject.* Sir Wilfrid comes into view in Mr. Willison's pages first as a gentle, studious youth at McGill University. He is next a young lawyer at Montreal, impressing an ever widening circle with the promise of future greatness, a member of the Quebec legislature at the age of thirty, "making speeches with the unmistakable note of intellectual distinction, and exhibiting a natural gift of persuasive oratory"—in brief, as the London *Standard* says, a charming and attractive figure who won men to him without conscious effort, and passed rapidly and easily up the slope to fame and power.

Sir Wilfrid's brilliant progress, we are assured, was solely the reward of his own toil and self-discipline, for he possessed neither wealth nor adventitious influence. Indeed, as a young man he created obstacles to his own advancement, putting himself in opposition to all tendencies of the clerical kind. The ripeness of his judgment was proved by the address with which he avoided an open rupture with his own church, by the tact with which he reconciled the liberalizing fervor of early manhood with submission to the spiritual authority of an ecclesiastical organization historically opposed to liberal ideas. That, at any rate, is how it strikes the London *Standard*, as well as the Toronto *Globe*. To the London *Mail*, on the other hand, Sir Wilfrid seems "hardly rich-blooded enough for a great orator," altho he has fine gifts of mellifluous if not of magnetic speech. "It can not be said," urges our contemporary, "that his name is linked to any great and epoch-marking measures." That, explains his biographer, is because Sir Wilfrid allows all others to appropriate a credit that is rightly his alone. As regards oratory, too, this friendly authority insists that while Sir Wilfrid's French speeches would delight the Academy in Paris with their purity and grace, his English is scarcely less nervous and polished, altho the London *Mail* will have it that the Prime Minister's English, easy and perfect tho it be, manifests the care and finish of the man to whom the language of Shakespeare is a foreign idiom. In truth, Sir Wilfrid thinks in French before he speaks in any other tongue.

**SIR WILFRID LAURIER AND THE LIBERAL PARTY.* By J. S. Willison. London: John Murray.

After all, Sir Wilfrid is no political leader of the masterful Roosevelt type, nor an administrator of the Taft sort, nor any debater in the rough-and-tumble party sense. He is charming merely, the defect of that quality, lack of force, showing in the man plainly. "There is not enough iron in his blood to allow him to rule in stormy times," observes the London *Mail*. It concedes his entrancing manner, but observes that he "represents the decorative side of politics." He says always the right thing, and says it at the right moment and in the right way. There is nothing sordid about him. "He happily symbolizes that political concert of races which, tho it is far enough from being a living union, is yet the ultimate fact in Canadian politics." His air of bored and overtaxed patience suggests to this not very friendly observer that Sir Wilfrid Laurier may be tired of public life, possibly regretting that he ever devoted himself to it. It is even insinuated that the Prime Minister once cursed the fate that made him what he is. His objection to his brilliant career is that it has meant hard work at every stage, very little in the way of prizes, a certainty of poverty in the end, and ultimate oblivion. For Sir Wilfrid has no illusions whatever on the subject of his own greatness. He has likened himself to a big frog in a pond.

Intellectually, the life of Sir Wilfrid is richer than that of most statesmen. It has been said of him that he would have made a brilliant French essayist. His French prose is lucid but full of historical allusions borrowed from the chronicles of Canada, which he has studied profoundly. He can illustrate any argument with an apt citation of the record of the French Canadians in the new world. It is complained that his spirit is too destitute of that commercialism which has impressed itself so strongly upon the character of twentieth century Canada. He is said to get along ill with Americans, for whom, in fact, his feeling is not cordial. He deems our women too unquiet and our men somewhat lacking in that fineness and chastity of honor of which Burke made so much. Sir Wilfrid's long and disappointing labors to bring about some form of reciprocity between his country and our own is said to tinge all his ideas of Americans. He thinks the statecraft of Washington politicians somewhat unscrupulous. Many years have passed since first he condemned the project of a commercial union between Canada and the United States, but the hostility of that time survives in some respects. But he can be



CANADA'S PERFECT GENTLEMAN.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Prime Minister of the Dominion, embodies the courtesy of a French gentleman of the old school with the capacity to manage men without which he would never have become leader of the Liberals in the greatest community now ranking as a British colony.

so very charming to all classes of our citizens that he remains on the whole popular with those Americans who know him personally.

He is quite lacking in the athletic instinct. No one has commended his golf or his horsemanship or his growess with rod or gun. He does not live much in the open air. He seems most at home in the social side of life. The charm of his after-dinner conversation is deemed indescribable, for he can argue subtly on any theme, maintaining his own view stoutly but never giving offence. His favorite medium of expression is French, a language which he has done much to bring into vogue at Canadian social gatherings. Pictures, poetry, philosophy and the elegances of existence find in him their discriminating patron, and he makes much of the fact that so many illustrious living physicists are Canadians. Sir Wilfrid deems the discovery of radium a Canadian one, and he insists that the regeneration of Egypt was made possible by the genius of the Canadians who worked under Lord Cromer. He is firmly convinced that the Dominion will never be absorbed by the United States. He is, to sum him up in a word, a talker rather than a doer, a delightful, urbane charmer of the social world with no taste for detail, and the most enchanting manners in the world.

One of Sir Wilfrid's earliest and most brilliant speeches, as has been hinted, expressed his pride at being in the British Empire, and his belief that the man who sought to sever the union was unworthy of the privileges of British citizenship. That is the cardinal doctrine of his political creed in the estimation of the London *Standard*, and any variation the creed of Sir Wilfrid has undergone has been only in the direction of greater intensity. Next in importance ranks his disbelief in the efficacy of protection except as a means of

raising revenue. But he also seems to regard moderate protection as a means of facilitating trade in the peculiar circumstances in which Canada finds herself as the next door neighbor of a great protective nation, and, as Sir Wilfrid fears may be added, politically hostile to Canada—politically because there is much historical evidence to show that the incorporation of Canada into the United States has been the ultimate aim of many Washington statesmen.

Were Sir Wilfrid Laurier to sum up in one short sentence his conception of the British Empire, he would say in the words of John Bright: "England, the living mother of living nations." The British Empire Sir Wilfrid defines as a galaxy of living nations, and England has had the good sense to give to every one of her possessions the freedom to rule itself which, he was politic enough to intimate, Ireland—but he was interrupted at this part of his speech, and would not finish it. Sir Wilfrid has a genius for rushing to the brink of a political precipice without toppling over. He gets all the glory of daring without the risk.

There is in the attitude of Sir Wilfrid to his supporters very little of the self-consciousness which renders eminent political leaders pompous without realizing it. He looks very quiet, his manner is quiet, his tone is quiet when he takes some fractious member of the Liberal party in hand on a question of discipline. Seldom has he failed to quell, with exercises of his fine tact, the rebellions against his authority which have been frequent. He forgives the rebels, and wins them to himself instead of driving them out of the party. In that way he has built up a following that consists largely of men who originally set out to overthrow him. His best friends have been his worst enemies.

THE IRRESISTIBLE WEAKNESSES OF EMPEROR WILLIAM'S FALLEN FAVORITE

NO INFLUENCE, political, personal or social, with which Philipp, Prince zu Eulenburg once swayed the mind and heart of his sovereign, William II, seems to have survived his sensational arrest upon the gravest accusations that can be brought against the moral character of any man. Ever

since the refusal of the court which heard his appeal to release him on prodigious bail, the prince has pined in humiliation upon a hospital bed, comforted only by the visits of his wife and children, and soothed by those sentiments of affectionate veneration with which his dependents and retainers have long regarded him. For the time being his ener-

gies—such as they remain—are devoted to preparations of that defence which is to be the climax of the most sensational state trial modern Germany has yet known.

Prince zu Eulenburg is understood to find consolation in his irretrievable fall through the medium of that Christian Science, to which he has consecrated all the forces of his soul's mysticism since the institution of his renowned Round Table in the castle of Liebenberg. His tall and now slightly plump frame stoops somewhat with the weight of his sixty odd years, and the grayness of the beard and hair seems to accentuate the lines of suffering in the strongly marked countenance. The personality has only been sweetened by the experiences of the past year, however, and Philipp Friedrich Karl Alexander Both, Prince zu Eulenburg and Hertefeld, remains the same synthesis of all that is irresistible in aristocratic weakness that he proved himself in the days of his spiritual orgies at the castle of Liebenberg.

Weakness in its seductive form has always been the foundation of this illustrious courtier's character. There is weakness in the placidity of his temper, weakness in the indulgence he has ever manifested for the escapades of his unconventional daughters and not less unconventional sons, weakness in the low, insinuating tone of his brilliant talk on all themes ethical or artistic, and a world of weakness in the expression of the gray, languishing and down dropping eyes with which he absorbs the esthetic qualities of his countless collections of books, pictures and musical instruments. His physique embodies, from the small, finely shaped feet to the roundly arched cranium, the irresistible weaknesses by which his character is rendered complex and original. There is the weakness of Narcissus in the man's absorption in himself, the weakness of Heliogabalus in his orgiastic mysticism, the weakness of Hamlet in his agonized vacillations between a purpose and a policy, and the weakness of a sick girl in his susceptibility to the sentimental. Only a temperament so inexpressibly refined as that of the prince could save itself from sheer absurdity in the mazes of its own impotence. The very wit of his absorbing talk is weak, tho flavored always with his childish originality. Even his weak health is without the repulsion of invalidism, for it clothes the delicacy of his nature like silk and makes him seem more interesting. It has been predicted of him in the *Zunkunft* that he will die weakly

but with all his perfect charm. The traces of incipient paresis he has manifested of late assume a dozen poetical forms like the evidences of tuberculosis in Botticelli's virgins.

Comparisons between him and Oscar Wilde are inevitably instituted by all who have had experience of both. The prince lacks the poet's gifts of expression on paper, but his talk, tho less paradoxical, is on the whole more coherent. If Oscar Wilde may be said to have committed the crimes of which he stood charged, the crimes alleged against the prince must be averred to have committed him. It was not that he embraced vice so much as that vice embraced him. In the same sense it must be true that the French philosophy he loves absorbs him, for he is too weak to absorb it. He dips into Diderot and Voltaire, Condorcet and Helvetius precisely as he toys with Mrs. Eddy and the sweets of Christian Science. The poetry for which he is famed reflects moods and nothing more. He turns the old Norse legends into dreamy verse and translates the skalds into a hodge-podge of mysticism and moonshine. He has treated all the arts alike. His statues are shapelessly pretty, and mean nothing. His paintings are blotches of melancholy against sick backgrounds. His architectural conceptions have made the famous castle of Liebenberg one gigantic toy. Esthetically speaking, he was born asleep, and is somnambulistically creative. The curios, canvases, and collections with which the halls, salons and galleries of Liebenberg are crowded derive their unreal and subliminal beauty from this trait.

For a man in a dream the prince shoots capitally. He delights to roam through his ancestral woods, gun in hand, bringing down a bird and making a sonnet upon its untimely end. He is angelically affable to his tenants, who are said to think him inspired—a little mad, it may be, but nobly so. He boats romantically adown the streams about his castle wearing a feathered hat and buckled slippers—that is to say he was wont to do so before the court refused that immense bail. He has never been in any sense a society man for all his aristocracy of soul, preferring rather the simple rusticity of the bucolic mind, which he can address in every dialect it knows. He has studied the Bavarian dialects until they are a mother tongue to him, and he holds colloquies with peasants from all over Germany in their local jargons. His linguistic attainments are amazing, likewise, for he has a brilliant career in the diplomatic service at the very

poetical court of Vienna, where archduchesses—not to say it disrespectfully—are as mad as he. It was the charm of his conversation that lured them. The cadence of his tone and the deference of his manner had much to do with the effect, for the way the prince says things has always been as sweet as the things he says.

His domestic life, but for the ravishing weakness of the man, would have been stormy. His wife, who happens to be some years younger than himself, has what is described in the Liebenberg environment as a soul, and to this is added what ordinary persons call a temper. The placidity of the prince neutralizes the provocations that would else be inevitable, besides establishing his relations with his three unconventional daughters on a basis beyond, as Nietzsche might say, good and evil. For these daughters are a species of superwomen. The oldest is about twenty-six, and is, like her father, in a devotional frame of mind on the subject of Wagner. The prince and his daughter can sing the "Ring" straight through. The younger—but not the youngest—daughter inherits the romanticism of her father's temperament, having run away with a young man of inadequate stipend who had been acting as the prince's literary adviser. The youngest girl is barely twenty, but her unconventionalities asserted itself long ago. The young ladies do not believe in marriage, it seems, as that term is understood by people on the practical plane still. They have all immensely stimulated the spiritual sentimentality for which the social life at Liebenberg is so widely known.

In addition to his three gifted daughters, the prince has a trio of stalwart sons, the oldest being twenty-five, and the husband of a wealthy woman. The next son, altho but twenty-three or so, is a musician of celebrity, engaged in the study of his art at Munich. The youngest scion of the house of Eulenburg is a youth of nineteen, who seems distinguishable from the rest of the family in that he is without a soul, being, it is said, commercial in all his instincts. The regular family gatherings at the castle reveal the prince in one of his least known aspects. There is usually an elaborate feast with the dreamer at the head of the board, his wife at the foot, and the progeny seated in order of age. Religious exercises are never omitted, and assume that mystical cast to which his highness is prone in all exalted moods. The spirits of his ancestors and of great crusaders are summoned at the conclusion of the meal, and bestow

their blessings indiscriminately. This communication with the departed embellishes all the prince's religiosity, being a sort of faculty inherited from a remote ancestor, and handed down in the family for generations. All the daughters are said to manifest this hereditary peculiarity at regular and inspired intervals. By a coincidence, of which much is made in the *Zunkunft*, the family feast is digested at a round table.

Of the real round table, at which, in the castle at midnight, the prince presided over political and religious mysteries, so much that is fantastic has been said and heard and so little that seems trustworthy is definitely known that the trial itself may form the only elucidation of these obscurities the outside world will ever enjoy. The prince exhibits himself in one account as Thor, the Thunderer, between whom and himself many have discerned a physical resemblance. He occupied an onyx dais with a handful of thunderbolts, while exalted dignitaries sat about until the spirit of Napoleon appeared. Political crises of the hour were submitted to the judgment of the spectre. The Emperor was on one occasion edified with a demonstration of the therapeutic efficacy for the soreness of his throat of a gargle prescribed by the spirit of Pericles. Hannibal was there, but Frederick the Great, altho summoned, would not come.

William II is understood to have associated the Round Table with the political activities of his favorite only. He never assumed for a moment that the advice he regularly asked and which the prince saw was taken had any practical connection with the occult. Eulenburg, in fact, was almost modern in the society of his sovereign, affecting a yachting costume and turning up regularly at Kiel for the races there. He then wore no halberd of wrought steel, but plain black and white trousers, the prince having a dandified strain in him, and making large purchases of a London tailor. Eulenburg was wittiest when William was a listener. It happened one day that he, with the Emperor and Count von Moltke, stood upon the forward deck of the royal yacht when its mast collided with a lock through which the vessel passed on its way along the canal. The tapering pole fell between his majesty and the prince, the former leaping in the affair affrighted by the shock. Eulenburg smiled. He hoped, he said, that this might never prove a symbolic incident foretelling what was yet to come between his sovereign and himself.

Literature and Art

THE TRADE IN BOGUS PICTURES

KIPLING once remarked that there are not ten thousand persons in the world who know a good picture when they see one, and the observation is worth recalling at this time in connection with the law suit brought against William Clausen, the New York art-dealer, by William T. Evans, a wealthy art-collector. Mr. Evans claims that three of the pictures bought by him from Clausen as genuine examples of the work of Homer Martin and George Inness, and intended as a gift to the proposed National Gallery in Washington, are forgeries. His suit has led to the publication of the fact that other collectors have compelled the same dealer to refund money on "suspicious" pictures attributed to well known American painters. There are rumors that at least one New York artist of ability devotes his entire time to the production of spurious paintings, and according to Samuel Swift, a writer in *Harper's Weekly*, "even Brooklyn has, or had, its salaried art forger, who for a fixed sum (such was the reliability and steadiness of his production) turned out a stream of monotonous imitations of Diaz, Corot, Inness, Wyant, Homer Martin, and other important and salable painters." Apparently the trade in bogus pictures is flourishing in America.

In view of these revelations, it is being asked: If three paintings responsibly placed in a public institution are not what they seem, what assurance have we of the authenticity of any paintings? Is it not likely that many of our collectors have been imposed upon, and that many of our museums and picture galleries are exhibiting spurious pictures?

The answer of Sir Purdon Clarke, of the Metropolitan Museum, is only in part reassuring. Of the pictures under his own care he speaks confidently. "I am not aware of any forgeries," he says, "among the paintings in the museum, nor have I instituted any investigation, so called, of the paintings here since the outbreak of what is called the Evans-Clausen scandal. There was no need of any such investigation." At the same time, he admits, the traffic in bogus pictures in this

country is enormous. He is quoted by a New York *Sun* reporter as follows:

"I have been told at the Custom House here in New York that 27,000 Corots have been entered at this port. When I repeated that to one man he said I was 10,000 shy. I have seen a good many Corots here. I have seen a good many private collections in this country and they all have their Corots. I should say that generations of Frenchmen have paid for their art education by painting Corots.

"And it's simple work, too. Almost any young student with a little talent can paint the Corots we know. . . . I have seen some forged Turners in private collections in this country and some Gainsboroughs too. Gainsboroughs seem to be something of a favorite, I should say. Do you notice that can do not see any forged Gérômes? Nor Cabanel, nor Bouguereaus, nor Meissoniers? A man who could paint well enough to deceive an admirer of those men wouldn't put their names to his canvases; he would sign them with his own name and reap the reward."

The New York *Times* makes the assertion that "the trade of faking is profitable all over the world in all branches of art." It comments further:

"Selling bogus Innesses and Homer Martins is a bad business, any way you look at it, and to argue that an experienced collector should know enough about pictures not to be fooled ought not to make the offense seem less despicable.

"It is an assured fact that an experienced collector can be fooled once in a while. Collecting works of art because of the makers' names, rather than for the appeal they make to the collector, is a perilous business. The newly enriched man who plunges into 'art' as a diversion, and goes around to the galleries and auction rooms buying what he likes, is much safer. What he likes may be bad art, but he is not fooled. As his taste and knowledge develop he gradually gets in a much more precarious position. It is always doubtful how far they can be developed by experience. The picture collector who takes up that avocation in his mature years generally needs expert advice, if not a guardian, as his collection will not otherwise be valued by his heirs, or the institution to which he may bequeath it."

The demoralizing effects of the bogus-picture trade are admitted by all, but very few practical suggestions have been made with a view to checking it. The St. Louis *Mirror* thinks that "if there were more honest picture buying there would be probably be less dis-

honest picture selling." The *New York Evening Post* says:

"Some protection would be afforded collectors if we had a few amateurs who would agree to meet from time to time and give their verdict on such pictures as might be submitted to their judgment. That judgment would not be final; agreed that it might be fallible; but, at any rate, it would prove a boon in many cases to art lovers who are not content to buy for the simple beauty of the picture, but want to be sure that the name attached is the right one."

A correspondent of *The Post*, Mr. Louis M. Elshemus, feels that much good may grow out of the present discussion if it serves to divert the attention of art collectors and buyers from the *names* to the *quality* of paintings. He writes:

"Every exposé that occurs in life has some value to the community at large. This is a truism when we regard the present proceedings taking place aenent the forgeries of paintings by dead masters or some artists still living. The value which it presents can be told in a few words. It should open the eyes of collectors, also of those wealthy citizens who buy works of art, to the

fact that their habit of wishing to possess paintings of a man who has a *name* does not always insure the genuineness of the work; also, that trusting to the importance of a dealer is not always reliable. They will learn that one man cannot have produced so many works as are in the dealer's market; they will be aware that the temptation to imitate (for pecuniary profit) a well-known *name's work* is all powerful—and they will, for once, pay tribute to works, just as worthy, of some artist who has no *name*.

"This untoward stir in the art world of New York city might bear good fruit to the many outsiders of the various clubs, societies, etc., inasmuch as collectors and buyers will now resort to the more just way of going to the studios, and there select works, which otherwise would lie neglected—buried deep in oblivious obscurity—works which can match those of the favorites, and worthy to be displayed in our museums. This would put a curb to the multifarious forgeries—would establish a higher status in the performances of our much-heralded artists (since in this way they would produce paintings that could not be so easily imitated by others), and insure more variety to the productions of one man (no more the manufacturing of the eternally same picture)—in short, would invigorate the art world whom the public already knows, and allow a ray of sunshine to those whom the present public altogether ignores."

FICTION AS A METHOD OF TRUTH TELLING



ARADOXICAL as it may sound, Mr. Clayton Hamilton, in a new work* on the materials and methods of the novel, makes the assertion that fiction has survived and flourishes to-day because it is a means of telling truth. "The novelist," he declares, "forsakes the realm of fact in order that he may better tell the truth, and lures the reader away from actualities in order to present him with realities." The full significance of this statement can only be grasped in the light of the author's definitions of fact and of truth. "A fact," he says, "is a specific manifestation of a general law; this general law is the truth because of which that fact has come to be. It is a fact that when an apple tree is shaken by the wind such apples as may be loosened from their twigs fall to the ground; it is a truth that bodies in space attract each other with a force that varies inversely as the square of the distance between them. Fact is concrete, and is a matter of physical experience; truth is abstract, and is a matter of mental theory."

The history of man, Mr. Hamilton asserts, is the history of a continuous search for truth. Science, philosophy and art are but three expressions of this universal instinct, the first endeavoring to discover the truths which underlie the facts that we perceive, the second to understand and to appraise these truths when once they are discovered, the third to utter them clearly and effectively when once they are appraised and understood. In order to write great novels, Mr. Hamilton contends, one must be something of a scientist, something of a philosopher and something of an artist. To quote:

"The fiction-writer differs from other seekers for the truth, not in the method of his thought, but merely in its subject-matter. His theme is human life. . . . He must first observe carefully certain facts of actual life, study them in the light of extended experience, and induce from them the general laws which he deems to be the truths which underlie them. In doing this, he is a scientist. Next, if he be a great thinker, he will correlate these truths and build out of them a structure of belief. In doing this, he is a philosopher. Lastly, he must create imaginatively such scenes and characters as will illustrate the truths he has discovered and considered, and will convey them clearly and effectively to the minds of his readers. In doing this, he is an artist."

**MATERIALS AND METHODS OF FICTION*. By Clayton Hamilton. The Baker and Taylor Company.

But although this triple mental process is experienced by every master of fiction, we find, says Mr. Hamilton, that certain authors are interested most in the first, or scientific phase of the process, others in the second, or philosophic phase, and still others in the third, or artistic phase. He continues:

"Evidently Emile Zola is interested chiefly in a scientific investigation of the actual facts of life, George Eliot in a philosophic contemplation of its underlying truths, and Gabriele D'Annunzio in an artistic presentation of the dream-world that he imagines. Washington Irving is mainly an artist, Tolstoy mainly a philosopher, and Jane Austen mainly a scientifically accurate observer. Few are the writers, even among the greatest masters of the art, of whom we feel, as we feel of Hawthorne, that the scientist, the philosopher, and the artist reign over equal precincts of their minds. Hawthorne the scientist is so thorough, so accurate, and so precise in his investigations of provincial life that no less a critic than James Russell Lowell declared the 'House of the Seven Gables' to be 'the most valuable contribution to New England history that has yet been made.'"

In one of his criticisms of Ibsen, Mr. William Archer has remarked that we "habitually and instinctively pay to Ibsen the compliment (so often paid to Shakespeare) of discussing certain of his female characters as though they were real women, living lives apart from the poet's creative intelligence." Such a compliment is instinctively paid to every master of the art of fiction. The great characters of the great novels—Sir Willoughby Patterne, Tito Melema, D'Artagnan, Père Grandet, Rosalind, Tartuffe, Hamlet, Ulysses—are true men and women in the highest sense. "They live more truly than do you and I," Mr. Hamilton avers, "because they are made of us and of many beside. They have the large reality of general ideas, which is a truer thing than the actual facts." From this it follows that "the great people of fiction are more real than many of the actual people of a bygone age whose deeds are chronicled in dusty histories." Mr. Hamilton argues:

"To a modern mind, if you conjure with the name of Marcus Brutus, you will start the spirit of Shakespeare's fictitious patriot, not of the actual Brutus, of a very different nature, whose doings are dimly reported by the chroniclers of Rome. The Richelieu of Dumas père may bear but slight resemblance to the actual founder of the French Academy; but he lives for us more really than the Richelieu of many histories. We know Hamlet even better than we know Henri-Frédéric Amiel, who in many ways was like him; even though Amiel has reported himself more thoroughly than almost any other actual man. We may go a step further and declare that the actual

people of any age can live in the memory of after ages only when the facts of their characters and their careers have been transmuted into a sort of fiction by the minds of creative historians. Actually, in 1815, there was but one Napoleon; now there are as many Napoleons as there are biographies and histories of him. He has been re-created in one way by one author, in another by another; and you may take your choice. You may accept the Julius Caesar of Mr. Bernard Shaw, or the Julius Caesar of Thomas De Quincey. The first is frankly fiction; and the second, not so frankly, is fiction also—just as far from actuality as Shakespeare's adaptation of Plutarch's portraiture."

If fictitious portrayals of historical characters are often truer than the historians' own accounts, so also, in Mr. Hamilton's judgment, is the novel more accurate than the careless report of actual occurrences published in the daily papers. He writes on this point:

"Water that has been distilled is much more really H₂O than the muddled natural liquid in the bulb of the retort; and life that has been clarified in the threefold alembic of the fiction-writer's mind is much more really life than the clouded and unrealized events that are reported in daily chronicles of fact. The newspaper may tell us that a man who left his office in an apparently normal state of mind went home and shot his wife: but people don't do such things; and though the story states an actual occurrence, it does not tell the truth. The only way in which the reporter could make this story true would be for him to trace out all the antecedent causes which led inevitably to the culminating incident. The incident itself can become true for us only when we are made to understand it.

"Mrs. Isobel Strong, the devoted step-daughter and amanuensis of Robert Louis Stevenson, once repeated to the present writer a conversation at Vailima in which the novelist remarked that whenever, in a story by a friend of his, he came upon a passage that was notably untrue, he always suspected that it had been transcribed directly from actual life."

From Mr. Hamilton's point of view, finally, the whole question of the morality or immorality of a work of fiction narrows itself down to a question merely of its truth or falsity. He says:

"To appreciate this point, we must first be careful to distinguish immorality from coarseness. The morality of a fiction-writer is not dependent on the decency of his expression. In fact, the history of literature shows that authors frankly coarse, like Rabelais or Swift for instance, have rarely or never been immoral; and that the most immoral books have been written in the most delicate language. Swift and Rabelais are moral, because they tell the truth with sanity and vigor: we may object to certain passages in their writings on esthetic, but not on ethical, grounds. They may offend our taste; but they are not likely to lead astray our judgment:—far less likely than

D'Annunzio, for instance, who, although he never offends the most delicate esthetic taste, sickles o'er with the pale cast of his poetry a sad unsanity of outlook upon the ultimate deep truths of human life. In the second place, we must bravely realize that the morality of a work of fiction has little or no dependence on the subject that it treats. It is utterly unjust to the novelist to decide, as many unreasonable readers do, that such a book as Daudet's 'Sapho' must be of necessity immoral because it exhibits immoral characters in a series of immoral acts. There is no such thing as an immoral subject for a novel: in the treatment of the subject, and only in the

treatment, lies the basis of ethical judgment of novel may be moral is that the author shall maintain throughout his work a sane and healthy insight into the soundness or unsoundness of the relations between his characters. He must know when they are right and know when they are wrong, and must make clear to us the reasons for his judgment. He cannot be immoral unless he is untrue. To make us pity his characters when they are vile, or love them when they are noxious, to invent excuses for them in situations where they cannot be excused—in a single word, to lie about his characters—this is, for the fiction-writer, the one unpardonable sin."

THE "ACHE OF MODERNISM" IN LITERATURE



METERLINCK, Lafcadio Hearn, Robert Louis Stevenson, Pierre Loti, Jack London, Cunningham-Graham, John Galsworthy, are a few of the names linked together by R. A. Scott-James, an English writer, in a new book of essays entitled "Modernism and Romance."* The grouping may seem incongruous at first sight; but from Mr. Scott-James's point of view it has an underlying unity. He finds in the authors named the supreme exponents of romanticism in our day; they represent for him both the "ache of modernism" and the effort to escape from it.

What we call "romance" was born in the effort to escape from the actual—to create an illusion. Mr. Scott-James uses the word not in its early meaning, as in the "Romaunt of the Rose," or later in the magnificent melodramas of Victor Hugo and his followers, but in its contemporary sense—as Joseph Conrad and Ford Madox Hueffer used it when they entitled a whole novel of adventure "Romance"; or as Stevenson meant it when he said, "I have been after an adventure all my life, a fine dispassionate adventure"; as we all mean it, says Mr. Scott-James, when suddenly "a thought, an action, the gleam of a moment makes us leap to our feet as at a vision, as at the promise of some instant fulfilment of life." "It is this," he adds, "which many all through their lives have sighed for and made the object of a chivalrous quest. It is this which most of us have desired at those rare times when we have been most perfectly ourselves. . . . To be lifted beyond the appalling sense of our own weakness, yet to remain human, is to experience that romance

which lures to quests and adventures, to hopes and bolder actions."

The most striking manifestations of modern romanticism, in Mr. Scott-James's sense, have been inspired by a spirit of revolt against the civilization existing around us:

"We have come to disbelieve in the success of our science, our improvements, our institutions, our civilization, and the literature and art which builds itself up on all these. Some, of the earth, earthy, are content to acquiesce in the chaotic combination of splendor and squalor which everywhere recurs in modern life. Some hate the artificialities which it engenders, but are not vigorous enough to combat it. Some, again, seek a refuge from the tumultuous scene by turning to other atmospheres of distant times and distant places, burying their heads like ostriches in the calm of a university, or, it may be, stopping their ears to all but the refrains of ancient music, it may be flying literally or in imagination to the peoples and cities of the Orient, or the wilds where primitive people and beasts still live in reverent terror of the unknown. Some, more bold if not more imaginative, face the turmoil, 'confronting,' as Walt Whitman put it, 'the growing arrogance of realism,' attempting to check the outward symptoms without always seeing that the cancer is inward and spiritual. Others there are who play with pleasant, Utopian dreams, conscious of the growing evil, and expecting to avert it by agreeable ingenuities. And there are yet others who have contracted the disease of modernism in its most virulent form, and, having accepted with open eyes the grossness, the artificialities, the *fin-de-siècle* weariness, the materialism, hedonism, and all the supreme selfishness, not only accept them but revel in them, wallow in them, soak themselves in them; and when they are labelled 'Decadents' they take it as a compliment."

Only a happy few can possibly escape this "ache of modernism"; but if one has felt it, and has a spark of virility in one's make-up, then, says Mr. Scott-James, one must either protest against it, or flee from it, or, better

*MODERNISM AND ROMANCE. By R. A. Scott-James. John Lane Company.

still, combat and transform it in the light of a new reason and a new romance. It is his contention that there does exist such a force in contemporary literature which, if it continues to grow, will regenerate the modern world. He recognizes this regenerating force in the studies of Hearn and of Pierre Loti, and in Jack London's sub-human "Call of the Wild" and "White Fang." He sees it in the tales of adventure written by Cunningham-Graham, the Scotch member of Parliament, who publicly damned the House of Commons for its hypocrisy, and sought a more congenial climate in Morocco. He finds it most completely alive in Robert Louis Stevenson, and in the rather baffling Slavic genius of Joseph Conrad. Stevenson, he says, was the first to accept the self-conscious spirit of his time without sacrificing in the least the spirit of romance. But the new romanticism is most highly developed, he thinks, in those writers whom he terms the "Borderlanders," because of their adventures into the spiritual Unknown. Stevenson, "instinctively, because of his genius, found a new channel for literature through the shoals of a scientific age." But these writers are doing more. What Stevenson did from instinct they are aiming at deliberately with a fixed philosophic purpose.

Chief amongst these mystic thinkers is Maurice Maeterlinck; and it is suggestive to note that Mr. Scott-James discovers the "*raison mystique*" of the Belgian genius illuminating the widely different younger art of Mr. John Galsworthy. Maeterlinck, he says, seems to be constantly warning us: "Clutch at the uncertain parts of yourselves; never deny any atom of experience; cherish your dreams and your fancies, for even if they are not real they cannot be less real than all your other illusions." He urges those who are not content with the present, and who have the courage of their convictions, to feel no fear of sudden revolution. He bids us cherish those vague impulses which we cannot fully understand, and search for the godhead beyond nature and its cruel forces. Precisely because we do not *know*, he urges us to see and feel vividly, thus gaining what light we can from the intermittent flashes which banish the darkness. This bold adventure to bring everyday life into touch with what lies beyond the border of ordinary consciousness, is for Maeterlinck and all of his school (if the possession of a common ideal constitutes a "school") the romantic quest of art and philosophy. Here, if anywhere, may be found an escape from the "ache of modernism."

TWO VACANT CHAIRS IN THE FRENCH ACADEMY

ITHIN the space of a few days recently, the French Academy lost two of its most distinguished members—Ludovic Halévy and Francois Coppée. They were both dramatists and romanticists, and, in striking contrast to prevailing tendencies in the French literary world, they were both men of very simple genius. Halévy will probably be remembered best by reason of his story, "L'Abbe Constantin," which has been translated into many languages, and owes its popularity to a certain pastoral quality and a spirit of joyous innocence; while Coppée's poetic vogue in France may be compared to that of Longfellow in America.

Coppée confessed frankly that he had no patience with modern decadent and symbolist schools. "I don't see," he said, "what these men are driving at. I like them; I try to appreciate them. But I can't appreciate a symbolist. I don't know what he means. I went to one of their gatherings once and

made a speech. There were a lot of verses read; they were pretty verses, but they left me cold; I didn't understand them."

Coppée's art was, indeed, at the opposite extreme from what is generally recognized as the modern spirit. James Huneker, writing in the *New York Sun*, goes so far as to dub him "naïve and tiresome"; but then Huneker is himself a man of the very sort that Coppée said he could not understand. The temperament of Coppée was all tenderness and pity for the poor and humble. He defined himself as "a man of refinement who enjoys simple people, an aristocrat who loves the masses." He defended Christianity even tho he could not believe in its dogmas. In his judgment, "Christianity is the most beautiful thing on earth—the purest, the noblest—and it is the very thing which will save us from destruction; for what," he asked, "is Christianity but sympathy for every poor wretch, and aid without asking any questions?" This was the spirit that went into his poems, "Les Hum-



FRANCOIS COPPÉE

He defined himself as "a man of refinement who enjoys simple people, an aristocrat who loves the masses." His poems, plays and stories are characterized by extreme simplicity and a spirit of democracy.

bles" and "Promenades et Intérieurs."

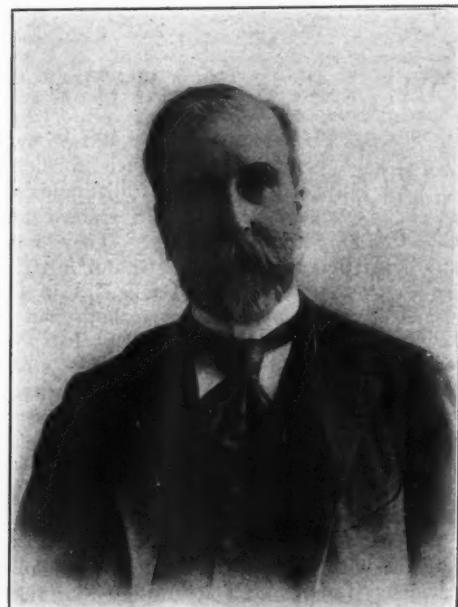
Of Coppée's achievements as a dramatist and story-teller, Mr. Huneker tells us:

"His versatility, without being extraordinary, was more than respectable. He wrote many comedies in verse, charming tales—the latter impregnated by a quality that recalls Dickens in one particular at least—delicious idylls; even a ballet can be set down to his credit ('La Korrigane,' in two acts, music by Widor, in the repertory of the Paris Opéra, 1881). It was 'Le Passant,' a versified drama in one act (Odéon, January 14, 1869) that brought Coppée before the world of Paris. His play was acclaimed as pure poesy. Lasting less than half an hour, it won critics and public alike. Albert Wolff in the *Figaro* (January 16, 1869) was positively enthusiastic in its praise—not a common failing of his. 'Le Luthier de Crémone' was also a success, while 'Pour la Couronne' was played here, tho not well received. Toward his 'Deux Douleurs'—another one-act piece represented on the boards of the Théâtre Français, April 20, 1870—the well-known critic Francisque Sarcey did not manifest too much good will. He called Coppée and his play mediocre, and when such an apostle of mediocrity as Uncle Sarcey could employ this phrase we must acknowledge the truth lurking in the accusation. Coppée wrote other plays, in one, two and four acts ('Severo Torelli,' for example), but never quite captured the unaffected rapture of 'Le Passant.' In truth he did not disdain the

familiar tricks of the theatre. He overworked the tear ducts of his audience; he was fond of juxtaposing vice and virtue in an antithesis too palpably familiar, and then his everlasting elegiac undertones!"

Ludovic Halévy, so different from Coppée in all his most characteristic work, was yet united with him in a certain French lightness and delicacy. "If one had been asked any time within the last twenty years," observes the New York *Evening Post*, "to pick out from among the forty members of the French Academy the one man who best embodied in himself what we generally call the Gallic spirit—the clear insight into things not always true, the half-satiric and half-lyrical appreciation of life, the facile artistry, the verve of dramatic action, the salt of style—the chances are that the selection would have fallen on Ludovic Halévy." *The Post* continues:

"Some writer once remarked that the true responsibility for the outcome of the Franco-German war rested on the shoulders of one Jacques Offenbach. How could a nation which delighted in the travesty of serious things, of love as in 'La Belle Hélène,' and particularly of patriotism and military glory as in 'La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein,' hope to make a stand against a people that takes life so seriously as the Germans? But



THE AUTHOR OF "L'ABBÉ CONSTANTIN"

Ludovic Halévy will undoubtedly be remembered best by his portrayal of the gentle French Abbé whose name has become a household word in many countries.



AT THE FUNERAL OF COPPÉE IN PARIS

François Coppée is mourned not merely in French literary circles, but by the people at large. His vogue in his own country has been compared to that of Longfellow in America.

if French frivolity, as consummately exemplified in Offenbach, the son of a Jewish cantor, brought the nation to defeat, the responsibility must be shared by Offenbach's librettist, Halévy.

"There is a scene in 'La Belle Hélène'—the beautiful Helen is, of course, she of Troy—in which the shepherd, Paris, is shown waiting for a letter from Venus. The message comes, carried, appropriately enough, by a white dove in its bill. Paris reads the note, and turns to the messenger. 'Any answer?' The dove shakes its head. 'Very well, then,' says Priam's son, and the dove flies out. This is undoubtedly good fooling; but it is something more than that. In its fancifulness and its suggestion of a familiarity with the classic world that is made to border on contempt, the incident is an assurance that our author is devoting to the art of vaudeville powers which in the course of time will land him in the Academy."

To a writer in the London *Times Literary Supplement*, Halévy seemed a fascinating combination of childlike idealism and a certain world-weariness. He says:

"J'étais née vive et triste," wrote Madame de Staël—the phrase might have been framed for Ludovic Halévy. Vivid and sad, he had seen through most of life's great and little ironies, had remarked the shallow fragility of human hearts, their incapacity to retain the great eternal passions which traverse them an instant; men seemed to him futile, but sincere—he saw them as idealists, ineffectual idealists, in the grip of Time, who makes short work of their sentiments. And the fun and the melancholy of Halévy's

vaudevilles, and comedies, and novels, comes from this sense of the disproportion, the inadequacy of the real to the ideal. Halévy was an idealist, but he was also a precise observer—nothing escaped him. His keen near-sighted glance perceived things (in an area which he chose restricted) with the sharp outline, often comic in its unexpected reality, of an instantaneous photograph. These vignettes of his will be more precious to the social historian of the Second Empire and Third Republic than the vast romantic frescoes of a Zola. The 'Famille Cardinal,' 'L'Invasion,' 'Criquette,' 'Princesse,' and that last favorite volume of his, 'Notes et Souvenirs,' are full of thumb-nail sketches, alive, alert, fresh, and fragile as life itself. We look into reality through a lens of singular transparency.

"It has been said, and wisely said, that Halévy was the heir of the eighteenth century. He reminds us of Marmontel, because he is facile, lucid, exact but he has a grace and a charm denied to Marmontel and something in his moral grace reminds us of Sedaine, and in his sense of youth, of childhood, of charming purity, he recalls Bernardin de St. Pierre. Was not 'L'Abbé Constantin' the 'Paul et Virginie' of the later nineteenth century? Did he not, in 'Criquette,' relate the love and the adventures of the Paul and Virginia of Montmartre?" . . .

"After the immense success of 'L'Abbé Constantin'—delightful to a jaded palate as a draught of new milk, or a meal of cherries and fresh eggs—after 'Criquette' and 'Notes et Souvenirs,' Halévy let his pen lie idle in his inkstand; but he had not finished with the services he rendered to literature. He was the spy of Fame, the Petit Manteau Blue of gifted obscurity, reading everything, penetrating everywhere."

THE CONFESSIONS OF A JOURNALIST



N ASTOUNDING revelation of American newspaper methods has lately been published under the title "The Career of a Journalist."* The author, Mr. William Salisbury, has served a chequered career in Western journalism—in Kansas City, Omaha and Chicago—and tells his story with childlike candor. There is some truth in *The Bookman's* charge that he "not merely betrays irresponsibility, he flaunts it joyously"; and the *New York Evening Post* refers to the narrative as "a vulgarly written account of vulgar experiences." Nevertheless, the book has real significance. It contains a great deal of "inside" information about the newspaper world. The *St. Louis Mirror* goes so far as to say: "'The Career of a Journalist' is to the newspaper business what 'The Jungle' was to the meat-packing industry. All newspaper men know he tells the truth—yet all will deny it, and therefore and thereby confirm it."

Mr. Salisbury's experience began thirteen years ago in Kansas City on *The Times*. He was a "cub reporter," and one of the first things he learned was that, if there is no news, it is a reporter's business to manufacture some. During a period when news was slow, he persuaded an alderman to introduce an anti-cigarette ordinance, "to save the youth of Kansas City from the cigaret smokers' grave." The ordinance passed, and led to a spirited discussion. On another occasion he went to an alderman and proposed that he father an ordinance prohibiting the wearing of hats by women in theaters. The alderman had never been heard of before his election and was wild for fame. "Do I get a big write-up on the first page?" he queried eagerly. "Sure," replied Salisbury; "and you'll go down in history as the author of a great law." This time the ordinance was *not* passed, but the new opportunities for discussion were utilized to the utmost by the Kansas City *Times*.

Mr. Salisbury soon found that there were some subjects it was permissible to discuss and others that must not be touched. He says:

"I could write columns about anti-cigarette and anti-high hat laws. But there were things that I couldn't write about at all, and other things that I had to write as the city editor told me, and as the owner or managing editor told him to tell

me. These included street railway and paving and gas and telephone, and other corporation measures, and anti-department store bills. And the City Hall reporters of the three other newspapers wrote of such things just as I did—from dictation."

After four years of newspaper work in Kansas City, Mr. Salisbury went to Iowa, and took a position at thirteen dollars a week on the Council Bluffs *Daily Nonpareil*. Council Bluffs, he tells us, was Omaha's Monte Carlo. Every night the town was filled with gamblers, and dishonest office-holders were among the regular visitors. But nothing was ever said in the *Nonpareil* about gambling. "We can't agitate against this gambling," the young reporter was told in the *Nonpareil* office; "it might kill the town. The gambling dens pay such a big share of the revenues that the leading citizens are willing to let them run." The *Nonpareil* advocated all sorts of reforms—excepting the abolition of gambling!

When Mr. Salisbury became a reporter for the *Omaha Bee*, he found himself in the same atmosphere. It is very evident, however, that he made himself the willing tool of his employers. As he tells the story:

"I resorted to making news. I had an anti-cigarette ordinance introduced, as I had done in Kansas City, and before it became a law I wrote a story about an imaginary mass-meeting of newsboys to protest against it as an invasion of their rights. At another time I described the visit to the Mayor's office of a woman and a little girl, who sought the Mayor's aid for something. The child, I said, sang pathetic songs until Mayor Moore shed a tear and granted their request. The Mayor must have been surprised when he read this, as the whole thing was news to him. But the next day his mulatto secretary told me the story had been pasted in the official scrapbook. 'It's good stuff for the voters,' said the secretary. 'It'll make 'em think the Mayor's a kind-hearted man.' Strokes of genius like this brought a promotion."

It was in Chicago that Mr. Salisbury saw the seamiest side of daily journalism. In the office of Mr. John R. Walsh's paper, *The Chronicle*, there was "a list of sixteen corporations on the desk of the city editor. These were all Mr. Walsh's corporations . . . about which nothing unfavorable was ever to appear in *The Chronicle*." The chief aim of the *Chronicle* office seemed to be to "protect Mr. Walsh's business interests." Mr. Walsh hardly ever came to the *Chronicle* building. He spent most of his time in his banker's

*THE CAREER OF A JOURNALIST. By William Salisbury. New York: B. W. Dodge & Company.

offices. But he often used the telephone, and he always talked to the point. "Walsh doesn't care much whether *The Chronicle* makes money or not," so young Salisbury was told; "he's worth from fifteen to twenty-five millions. What he wants principally is to protect the many corporation irons he's got in the fire. And he'd keep the paper for that if it lost a hundred thousand or so a year. It prevents other papers from jumping on him very hard, because, with a big newspaper at his command, he can get back at them." But in spite of *The Chronicle* Mr. Walsh was not able to escape from being "jumped on." He is now under sentence of imprisonment for five years, for violation of the banking laws.

Salisbury worked for the Chicago *Tribune* and for Hearst's *Chicago American*, as well as for *The Chronicle*. He says the watchword in Hearst's newspaper establishment was "We want stories, and not merely facts." His first assignment was in connection with the sinking of a tugboat, and he declares:

"I didn't recognize my story at first, in that evening's paper, it had so many features undreamed of by me. I was told that one of the 'prize dope-slingers' in the office had rewritten it. The rescue of a cat, the boat's mascot, at the risk of all the sailors' lives, was described with much convincing detail. This made me feel small. I had thought I possessed a pretty fair imagination, but I realized that I had much to learn if I were to succeed in yellow journalism."

Salisbury was initiated into other mysteries beside those of "dressing up" copy. He learnt how interviews were "faked," and how the yellow papers battened on the ignorance of poor people. He describes how sensations were "cooked up" in newspaper offices, and how libel suits were avoided. In Chicago the newspapers specialize on anarchism. Ever since the Haymarket affair in 1887 the Chicago public has shown an insatiable appetite for anarchist news, and the reporters do their best to meet the demand. On one occasion when John Most was billed to make an anarchist speech, but was prevented from coming, a Chicago reporter printed in his paper a long account of an address, which he evidently thought the anarchist leader *ought* to have made. It was very murderous. A journalistic friend told Salisbury:

"This anarchist business reminds me of the hot times in the old days here. I saw the bodies piled up after the Haymarket affair, and it was a fierce sight, all right. There was plenty to write about for weeks then. But after the ar-

rests and trials, excitement died down for a while. And in the spell before the hanging we had to do some thinking to keep the dear public interested. All kinds of rumors were cooked up, and every little gathering of harmless cranks was told about as a breeding place for terrible plots. We had the people believing that anarchists were on the way from this town to blow up every ruler in Christendom, and out of it, from the Czar of Russia to the Ah-Koond of Swat. And I'll bet many a European monarch was threatened with heart disease when he read the reports from Chicago."

"Journalism," said a representative of the *Inter-Ocean*, at a social gathering one evening, "is the biggest fake of modern civilization." He uttered the opinion deliberately, and Salisbury repeats it deliberately. He evidently takes the same view. He goes on to quote his friend's words:

"Journalism is the people's Judas. It is the betrayer of their trust, the self-constituted but recreant guardian of their rights. A power that, rightly wielded, might end every public wrong, it is prostituted for gain every hour of every day in the year.

"And what are we—we who call ourselves journalists? We think ourselves geniuses, doing noble work which few mortals are capable of doing, or are permitted by Fate to do. Oh, yes, we all think it, or have thought it, during most of our careers. What we really are I will tell you. We are fools, dupes, literary prostitutes. Our souls are not our own. What do our individual opinions count for? Not one of us could hold a place a minute after declining to write what the sordid business policy of our papers might dictate. And the business office rules at every newspaper plant. Do you know any paper that refuses advertising from lawless corporations, or from any other source that pays enough? And do they attack those who advertise? I've worked on papers in every big American city, and know that conditions are practically the same everywhere. There are no life positions—there is no honorable old age in office, in our end of the game. Why? Because the work we do has become so systematized, so commonplace. Because there are so many fools ready to take our places, and fritter away their lives as we are doing, like moths about an alluring but stifling flame."

Mr. Salisbury's book has created something of a sensation in the journalistic world. "To dismiss these charges," remarks the New York *Evening Post*, "because they come from a 'yellow' reporter who has turned state's evidence is impossible." *The Post* is convinced that "with all allowance for smartness and exaggeration, the tale is in certain large essentials veracious."

The Atlanta *Constitution* characterizes the book as "an exposition of the very soul of the modern newspaper." The Springfield *Repub-*

lican, on the other hand, sees in it a one-sided picture. *The Republican* comments:

"It is not a rosy picture of journalism which Mr. Salisbury draws, but it is a very fair account of what it means to a good many thoughtless, untrained, uneducated, unprincipled young men who engage in it neither as a career nor to be of use in the world, but to get easy pay for unskilled work and for the excitement of the life. And while in most cases there is probably no malice in the work of such men, scandal means success for them, and they are indifferent to the mischief they do. The author describes the work of the mercenaries of the press, not of the men who take up the work with any such enthusiasm and moral purpose as should go to the choice of a profession. Mr. Salisbury, it is true, confesses to having had from childhood the desire to be a journalist, but it was an entirely ignorant ambition; his book may serve to check the aspirations of other would-be journalists of the same sort."

The New York *Evening Mail* comments in the same spirit. "It has come to the point," says *The Mail*, "where we may divide the sheep from the goats in this business. The serious, respected, self-respecting and useful workers are newspaper men. The fakirs and hangers-on upon the edges of it are journalists." The same paper continues:

"If you were to take now any good veteran newspaper worker—a man, for instance, who has never been discharged from any position, and whose opinions and scruples are respected—and were to obtain from him the actual story of all the representative experiences of his newspaper career, it would be a very different thing from this account of the 'Career of a Journalist' Some of Mr. Salisbury's confessions about yellow journalism are not only interesting, but demonstrably true. . . . But they are not representative of 'journalism.' They only touch one dark and dingy corner of the business of making newspapers."

A GREAT PAINTER OF THE OCEAN



WINSLOW HOMER, whose work has been made the special feature of the Carnegie Institute's twelfth annual exhibition of oil paintings, now being held in

Pittsburg, is regarded by many as the greatest living American painter. Eight years ago, an art writer ventured the opinion that if at that time the artists of the United States were called upon to declare who in their esti-



Courtesy of The International Studio

Owned by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

THE FOG WARNING

(By Winslow Homer)

A picture reflecting "the rugged courage, the honest vigor, the unaffected simplicity of those who go down to the sea in ships." In this mood Mr. Homer has been compared with Kipling in "Captains Courageous."

mation was the greatest living "distinctly American" painter, the majority would cast their votes for Mr. Homer; and "with little doubt," observes Leila Mechlin, in *The International Studio* (June), "this would be equally true to-day." In view of the fact that John La Farge, George de Forest Brush, and John W. Alexander—not to mention Sargent and Abbey—are still living, this claim in behalf of Homer's primacy may seem a bold one. It need not be pressed. Suffice it to say that Winslow Homer is one of the few commanding figures in American art to-day. His work is as unique as it is universal in its appeal. He has led for many years the life of a recluse, near Scarboro, Maine. "The wild purple and brown rocks of the coast," says Charles H. Caffin in his new history of American painting,* "the grey-green seething sea, and the immense skies laden with wind and moisture have been his constant and sole inspiration. Their solemn grandeur has entered into his soul, and the work which it has inspired is without any rival in American art for originality and impressiveness."

Independence, it seems, has been the ruling characteristic of Winslow Homer's life. He began his career as a young man of nineteen in the employ of a Boston lithographer, but soon grew tired of subordinating himself to the dictates of others. After two years he set up in business for himself, and made drawings for *Ballow's Monthly* and the Harper Brothers. In 1861 he went to Washington to report pictorially Lincoln's inauguration. Then the Civil War broke out, and the Harpers offered him a position as illustrator at the front. But he refused to make any contract. Instead, he joined the Army of the Potomac, and sent to *Harper's Weekly* sketches of such incidents in camp life as struck his fancy. It was 1865 before he painted his first picture of note—"Prisoners at the Front." The painting showed a batch of Confederate troops passing to the rear through groups of Union soldiers, and it brought him reputation as an indisputable artist.

After the war he settled down for a while in the South, and painted negro and rural scenes. To this period belong such pictures as "Cotton Pickers," "Eating Watermelons," and "The Visit of the Mistress." They are interesting chiefly as evidences of the painter's growth toward a stronger and more individual



Courtesy of *The International Studio*.

"ALL'S WELL"
(By Winslow Homer)

Characterized by Charles H. Caffin, the art critic, as a painting of "prodigious force." "It is a chunk," he says, "out of the rude heroism of the fishermen who ply their calling off the iron coast of Maine."

expression. He had not yet "found himself."

In 1881 he spent a summer at Gloucester, Massachusetts, and transferred his studies to the sea. "The big, simple heroism of the fishermen and their women folk," Mr. Caffin declares, "at once attracted him, and prompted a number of pictures the very titles of which tell their own direct tale. In the 'Life Line,' 'Under Tow,' 'Danger,' 'Eight Bells,' 'All's Well,' and others he had caught the spirit of the life; the tragedy that underlies its faithful routine of duty; the unconscious bigness of it all, as Kipling did in his word picture of the Gloucester fishermen in 'Captains Courageous.'" The way was open now for a realization of his highest power.

In the final stage of his art, marked by his change of residence to Maine, the ocean furnishes his supreme motives. No longer a mere background for human figures, it is celebrated for itself. It becomes the symbol of all human emotion. Its might and majesty, its ceaseless rhythms, its mystic splendor, have entered into pictures of unique quality, unparalleled in the history of painting.

Only a great man, as Leila Mechlin reminds us, can do his work alone. Men of small

*THE STORY OF AMERICAN PAINTING. By Charles H. Caffin. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Courtesy of *The International Studio*

EARLY EVENING.

Owned by Charles L. Freer, Esq.

A fragment of the "ocean's epic" unfolded by Winslow Homer. The figures of the coastguardsman and fisher girls in this picture are felt to derive all their significance from the fact that they are backed by the ocean.

caliber and weak conviction require the stimulus of fellow-workers; and the world of nature, while tending to enlarge men's souls and engender big thoughts, is apt to paralyze action and silence speech. But Winslow Homer has been from the first a law unto himself. What other people thought or did does not seem to have influenced him in the least. Says Miss Mechlin:

"He has been dauntless and untiring—searching out great truths by himself and accomplishing with unconscious complaisance what other painters have hesitated to attempt. He has dealt with facts and transcribed what he saw with utmost realism. His water-colors give indication of haste and emotion, but his oil paintings are placid and grave. His pictures are dramatic, but never nervous; they are big and stern, spacious and profound. In painting the waves beating on the shore he has indicated the resistance of the rocks, the power and tirelessness of the sea. The water he represents has always weight and depth and motion—endless motion; his pictures are not

interpretations, but the thing itself. . . . It is not, it would seem, the pictorial quality of the sea which appeals to him, but its relation to man; not the rocks and the waves which interest him, but the people whose fortunes they control. The rugged courage, the honest vigor, the unaffected simplicity of those who go down to the sea in ships as well as those who battle with the elements on land have moved Mr. Homer and found enduring expression in his paintings. Witness, for example, the 'Lookout' or 'All's Well' of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston; the 'Eight Bells,' the 'Life-line,' the 'West Wind,' 'The Breaker' and 'The Fog Warning'; or, indeed, even the 'High Cliff—Coast of Maine,' in the National Gallery, wherein the majesty of the scene is measured by three little figures high up on the rocks."

From the purely technical point of view, Winslow Homer's pictures, it is generally conceded, are open to serious criticism. He achieves his effects by methods that seem to transcend technique. As Miss Mechlin puts it:

"In his method of rendering Mr. Homer outrages the strongest convictions of perhaps nine-tenths of the present-day painters. There is none who, from the technical standpoint, commonly paints more hatefully than he, and yet at the same time none who, as a rule, produces greater pictures. He has something to say, and he says it without circumlocution or affectation, but apparently the mode of delivery does not concern him beyond the point of sincerity and truth. Strength, vigor, force and action appeal to him rather than mere beauty—art to him is a means, not an end. His pictures are different from other men's pictures without necessarily being better or worse. To come across one in a current exhibition is a refreshment, such as turning from a printed page, no matter how interesting, to an open window, tho they concern themselves little with the illusion of light and atmosphere. But the critic is obliged to discard his cherished vocabulary, for the set phrases which are commonly applicable cease to have significance, as completely as tho the subject under consideration were a bit of the outdoor world, a piece of nature's painting. It would, in fact, be almost as senseless to talk of the artistic manner in

which the birds rendered their songs as to discover in Mr. Homer's method any aesthetic intention. The truth is, he has never learned to love painting—he does it because it is necessary to expression."

The very faults in Winslow Homer's technique, says Miss Mechlin, in concluding, "patiently demonstrate the supremacy of message over method." She adds:

"In viewing Mr. Homer's paintings one is not moved to enthusiasm by the cleverness of the painter, but rather inclined to forget his existence—the way the effect is produced is less impressive than the effect itself. And yet it can hardly be said that this is the art which conceals art, for more than occasionally the medium is annoyingly evident. What is it, then, that gives these paintings importance, that lifts them above the level of contemporary productions and wins for them universal praise? Not the craft of the painter, nor the beauty of the themes, but that touch of the universal which endures throughout the ages and makes all mankind akin."



Courtesy of *The International Studio*
Property of the National Gallery, Washington, gift of William T. Evans, Esq.

"HIGH CLIFF, COAST OF MAINE"

Representing the final and greatest stage of Winslow Homer's art. In this picture the ocean furnishes the supreme motive. No longer a mere background for human figures, it is celebrated for itself.

THE SECRET HISTORY OF "THE RAVEN"

IT IS always tempting to peep behind the scenes of a poet's workshop. Such a peep is afforded us in recollections of Poe by Mrs. Susan Archer Weiss,* one of the few surviving friends of the author of what is regarded by many as the greatest American poem. To his biographer, it is true, Poe is not clothed in a mantle of mystery and romance; she has seen him in his frolicsome moods; she has also seen him in the sordid embarrassments of poverty and of drink. It takes a poet's eye and intellectual subtlety

"To trace
Under the common thing the hidden grace,"

and the lady whose chief distinction it is to have been on intimate terms with Poe is neither poetic nor subtle. She tells us that Poe's child-bride, the lovely Virginia Clemm, was not the delicate creature we have fancied, but a plump little girl, with the undeveloped mind of a child who had never read half his poems. And "The Raven," perhaps the New World's most celebrated single contribution to literature, is marred in her mind by imperfections because its author, in a hypercritical moment, revealed its "knotty points" to her and asked her advice in the matter. Poe himself, in one of his most characteristic essays, has related to us the official history of his masterpiece, and pointed out how carefully each effect had been planned. The sincerity of this document has often been questioned; it is, on the whole, borne out by the poet's conversation with Mrs. Weiss. There are, however, in the inside history of the piece, as related by her, a number of new and suggestive data. It seems that, owing to certain slight imperfections, Poe never attached much weight to his poem. This opinion was shared by many. He worked over the poem for a period of ten years. At one time, being in need of money, he hastily completed the manuscript and offered it to Mr. Graham, of *Graham's Magazine*. The latter, not satisfied as to the poem's literary merits, declined it, but expressed his willingness to abide by the decision of a number of the office employees, clerks and others, who, being called in, sat solemnly attentive and critical, while Poe read

his sombre ballad. Their decision, we are told, was against it; but, on learning of the poet's penniless condition, and that, as he confessed, he had no money to buy medicine for his sick wife, collected \$15.00 by subscription, which was given, not to Poe himself, but to Mrs. Clemm, "for the use of the sick lady." This tragi-comic incident deserves to be chronicled in every editorial office, for who knows how many masterpieces may not have been and still are rejected in a similar manner by the powers that be in the world of letters?

In 1845 the poem was at last published in *The Evening Mirror*, taking the world by storm. Probably, Mrs. Weiss affirms, no one was more surprised at its immediate success than was Poe himself, who now found himself elevated to the highest rank of American literary fame. With this his worldly fortune should also have risen, yet we find him going on in the same rut as before, writing but little for the magazines and for that little being poorly paid—too poorly to enable the family to live in any degree of comfort. "From one cheap lodging to another they removed, with such frequency as to suggest to us the suspicion that their rent was not always ready when due."

Some time later Mrs. Weiss sat in her parlor at Talavera. Opposite her sat Poe. A basket of grapes had been placed between them, and they chatted lightly as they partook of the fruit. For some mysterious reason the poet thereupon initiated the worthy lady into his theory of composition. "I make a *study* of my poems," he said, "line by line and word by word, and revise and correct them until they are as perfect as possible." The conversation turned on "The Raven." The poet related how he had worked upon the poem for more than ten years, altering and omitting, and even changing the general plan. His first intention, as we may also read in his essay, had been a short poem based upon the incident of an owl, a night-bird, the bird of wisdom, entering the window of the vault where he sat beside the bier of his lost Lenore. Then he had changed the owl for the raven, for the sake of the latter's "Nevermore." But—and this point he was careful not to mention in his essay—he did not obliterate all traces of the owl in the poem. Why, for instance, should the raven, not being a night-bird, be attracted by a lighted window, and why should it perch upon "the bust of Pallas," which would be a

*THE HOME LIFE OF POE. By Susan Archer Weiss. Broadway Publishing Company.

far more appropriate act in the case of the owl, Minerva's own bird?

"The Raven," Poe remarked to Mrs. Weiss, "was never completed. It was published before I had given the final touches. There were in it certain knotty points and tangles which I had never been able to overcome, and I let it go as it was." He was many times on the point of destroying it, and in the chronicler's opinion the poem was published under the *nom de plume* "Quarles" because of the author's lack of confidence in its merit. Had it proven a failure, she tells us, he would never have acknowledged his authorship. "If I had a copy here," he remarked, in the conversation with Mrs. Weiss, "I could show you those knotty points of which I spoke, and which I have found it impossible to do away with. Perhaps you will help me. I am sure you can help me, if you will." "I was not particularly flattered by this proposal," Mrs. Weiss remarks, "knowing that since his coming to Richmond he had made a similar request of at least two other persons." She goes on to say:

"However, I cleared the table of the fruit and the flowers and placed before him several sheets of generous foolscap, on which I had copied for a friend 'The Raven' as it was first published. He requested me to read it aloud, and, as I did so, slowly and carefully, he sat, pencil in hand, ready to mark the difficult passages of which he had spoken.

"I paused at the third line. Had I not myself often noted the incongruity of representing the poet as pondering over *many* a volume instead of a single one? I glanced inquiringly at Mr. Poe and, noting his unconscious look, proceeded. When I reached the line,

'And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor,'

he gave a slight shiver or shrug of the shoulders—an expressive motion habitual to him—and the pencil came down with an emphatic stroke beneath the six last words.

"This was one of the hardest knots, he said, nor could he find a way of getting over it. 'Ember' was the only word rhyming with the two preceding lines, but in no way could he dispose of it except as he had done—thus producing the worst line in the poem."

The line that caused the author in his time so much anxiety seems one of the most successful to us. The next pause, the writer goes on to say, was at the word "beast," through which he ran his pencil. "Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above my chamber door." "I must get rid of that word," he remarked, "for of course no beast could be expected to occupy such a position." "Oh yes, a mouse,

for instance," Mrs. Weiss suggested, at which he gave her one of his rare humorous smiles. The next serious difficulty appeared in the lines:

"With my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet *lining*."

Mrs. Weiss says on this point:

The knotty point here was in the word 'lining,' a blunder obvious to every reader. Poe said that the only way he could see of getting over the difficulty was by omitting the whole stanza. But he was unwilling to give up that 'violet velvet' chair, which, with the 'purple silken curtain,' he considered a picturesque adjunct to the scene, imparting to it a character of luxury which served as a relief to the more sombre surroundings. I had so often heard this impossible 'lining' criticised that when he inquired, 'Shall I omit or retain the stanza?' I ventured to suggest that it might be better to give up the stanza than have the poem marred by a defect so conspicuous. For a moment he held the pencil poised, as if in doubt, and I have since wondered what would have been his decision.

"But just here we were interrupted by the tumultuous entrance of my little dog, Pink, in hot pursuit of the family cat. The latter took refuge beneath the table at which we were seated, and there ensued a brisk exchange of duelistic passes, until I called off Pink and Mr. Poe took up the cat and, placing her on his knee, stroked her soothingly, inquiring if she were my pet. Upon my disclaiming any partiality for felines, he said, 'I like them,' and continued his gentle caressing.

"But now came the final and most difficult 'tangle' of all—the blunder apparent to the world—the defect which mars the whole poem, and yet is contained in but a single line:

'And the lamplight o'er him streaming casts his shadow on the floor.'

Poe declared this to be hopeless, and that it was, in fact, the chief cause of his dissatisfaction with the poem. Indeed, it may well excite surprise that he, so careful and fastidious as to the completeness of his work, should have allowed 'The Raven' to go from his hands marred by a defect so glaring, but this is proof that he did indeed regard it as hopeless."

The manuscript copy of "The Raven," with all its pencil-marks as made by Poe on that morning, remained in the possession of Mrs. Weiss for many years. She says:

"It is yet photographed upon my memory, with all the details here given from an odd leaf of a journal which I kept about that time—the quiet parlor, the outside drizzle, the books, the roses, and the face and figure of Mr. Poe as he gravely bent over that manuscript copy of his immortal poem of 'The Raven.'

"Had he no premonition that even then a darker shadow than that of the 'Raven' was hovering over him? It was one of the last occasions on which I ever saw him."

Religion and Ethics

THE RELIGION OF JOHN BURROUGHS

ONE of the hardest lessons we have to learn in this life, and one that many persons never learn," says John Burroughs, the veteran naturalist and poet, "is to see the divine, the celestial, the pure, in the common, the near at hand—to see that heaven lies about us here in this world." It sometimes seems, he continues, as if a thing loses caste and is cheapened as soon as it is brought within our ken and the region of our experience. When Darwin promulgated his theory that man was descended from an apelike ancestor, most people were shocked by the thought; it was intensely repugnant to their feelings. Carlyle, for instance, treated the theory with contempt; he called it a "gospel of dirt." And yet, argues Mr. Burroughs, "Carlyle's gospel of dirt, when examined closely, differs in no respect from a gospel of star-dust." The world is as high—or as low—as we choose to conceive it. Mr. Burroughs proceeds (in *The Atlantic Monthly*):

"I long ago convinced myself that whatever is on the earth and shares its life is of the earth, and, in some way, not open to me, came out of the earth, the highest not less than the humblest creature at our feet. I like to think of the old weather-worn globe as the mother of us all. I like to think of the ground underfoot as plastic and responsive to the creative energy, vitally related to the great cosmic forces, a red corpuscle in the life-current of the Eternal, and that man, with all his high-flying dreams and aspirations, his arts, his Bibles, his religions, his literature, his philosophies—heroes, saints, martyrs, sages, poets, prophets—all lay folded there in the fiery mist out of which the planet came. I love to make Whitman's great lines my own:

I am an acme of things accomplished, and I am an encloser of things to be.

My feet strike an apex of the apices of the stairs,
On every step bunches of ages, and larger bunches between the steps,
All below duly travel'd, and still I mount and mount.

Rise after rise bow the phantoms behind me,
Afar down I see the huge first Nothing, I know
I was even there,
I waited unseen and always, and slept through the lethargic mist,

And took my time, and took no hurt from the fetid carbon.
Long I was hugged close—long and long.

Immense have been the preparations for me;
Faithful and friendly the arms that have helped me.

The long slow strata piled to rest it on,
Vast vegetables gave it sustenance,
Monstrous sauroids transported it in their mouths
and deposited it with care.

All forces have been steadily employed to complete and delight me,
Now on this spot I stand with my robust soul."

Who shall say how many millions of years it took to create the inorganic world? or how the organic came to grow from the inorganic? No one can answer such questions, but "we seem compelled," Mr. Burroughs observes, "to think of an ascending series from nebular matter up to the spirituality of man, each stage in the series resting upon or growing out of the one beneath it." There is a sense in which "the inorganic is dreaming of the organic"; and the whole universe is alive and vibrates with impulses too fine for our dull senses:

"In chemical affinity, in crystallization, in the persistence of force, in electricity, we catch glimpses of a kind of vitality that is preliminary to all other. I never see fire burn, or water flow, or the frost-mark on the pane, that I am not reminded of something as mysterious as life. How alive the flame seems, how alive the water, how marvelous the arborescent etchings of the frost! Is there a principle of fire? Is there a principle of crystallization? Just as much as there is a principle of life. The mind, in each case, seems to require something to lay hold of as a cause. Why these wonderful star forms of the snowflake? Why these exact geometric forms of quartz crystals? The gulf between disorganized matter and the crystal seems to me as great as that between the organic and the inorganic. If we did not every day witness the passage, we could not believe it. The gulf between the crystal and the cell we have not seen cleared, and man has not yet been able to bridge it, and may never be, but it has been bridged, and I dare say without any more miracle than hourly goes on around us. The production of water from two invisible gases is a miracle to me. When water appeared (what made it appear?) and the first cloud floated across the blue sky, life was not far off, if it was not already there. Some morning in spring, when the sun shone across the old Azoic hills, at some point where the land and sea met, life began—the first

speck of protoplasm appeared. Call it the result of the throb or push of the creative energy that pervades all things, and whose action is continuous and not intermittent, since we are compelled to presuppose such energy to account for anything, even our own efforts to account for things."

It is probable that a million years elapsed between the time when the ancestor of man began to assume human form and the dawn of history. The so-called "Tertiary period," early in which the first rude ancestor of man seems to have appeared, is described by Mr. Burroughs as "less than one week of the great geologic year of the earth's history—a week of about five days." These days the geologists have named Eocene, Oligocene, Miocene, Pliocene and Pleistocene, each one covering, no doubt, a million years or more. The other and earlier fifty or more weeks of the great geologic year were devoted to the evolution of the simpler forms of life, the earliest mammals and reptiles appearing about the forty-eighth or forty-ninth week. The laying down of the coal measures, Huxley calculates, must have taken about six million years. "Well," exclaims Mr. Burroughs, "the Lord allowed himself enough time. Evidently he was in no hurry to see man cutting his fantastic tricks here upon the surface of the planet." A hundred million years, more or less—what of it? "Did the globe," asks Mr. Burroughs, "have to ripen all those cycles upon cycles, like the apple on the tree? to bask in the sidereal currents, work and ferment in the sea of the hypothetical ether, before the gross matter could evolve the higher forms of life?" He answers: "Probably every unicellular organism that lived and died in the old seas helped prepare the way for man, contributed something to the fund of vital energy of the globe upon which man was finally to draw." To follow the argument further:

"If life can finally be explained in terms of physics and chemistry, that is, if the beginning of life on the globe was no new thing, the introduction of no new principle, but only the result of a vastly more complex and intimate play and interaction of the old physico-chemical forces of the inorganic world, then the gulf that is supposed to separate the two worlds of living and non-living matter virtually disappears: the two worlds meet and fuse. We shall probably in time have to come to accept this view—the view of the mechanico-chemical theory of life. It is in a line with the whole revelation of science, so far—the getting rid of the miraculous, the unknowable, the transcendental, and the enhancing of the potency and the mystery of things near at hand that we have always known in other forms. It is at first an unpalatable truth,



A NEW PORTRAIT OF JOHN BURROUGHS

"I like to think," he says, "of the old weather-worn globe as the mother of us all. I like to think of the ground underfoot as plastic and responsive to the creative energy, a red corpuscle in the life-current of the Eternal, and that man, with all his high-flying dreams and aspirations, lay folded there in the fiery mist out of which the planet came."

like the discovery of the animal origin of man, or that consciousness and all our fine thoughts and aspirations are the result of molecular action in the brain; or like the experience of the child when it discovers that its father or mother is the Santa Claus that filled its stockings. Science is constantly bringing us back to earth and to the ground underfoot. Our dream of something far-off, supernatural, vanishes. We lose the God of a far-off heaven and find a God in the common, the near, always present, always active, always creating the world anew. Science thus corrects our delusions and vague superstitions and brings us back near home for the key we had sought afar. We shall probably be brought, sooner or later, to accept another unpalatable theory, that of the physical origin of the soul, that it is not of celestial birth except as the celestial and terrestrial are one. This is really only taking our religious teachers at their word, that God is here, as constant and as active in the commonest substance we know as in the highest heaven."

Sooner or later comes to every one the thought, What is it all for? When the cosmic show is over, what is the gain? When our universe is again a blank, as it surely will be,

who or what will have reaped the benefit? To such questions Mr. Burroughs replies:

"I seem to see dimly that you cannot bring the Infinite to book, that you cannot ask, What for? of the All—of that which has neither beginning nor end, neither center nor circumference, neither fulfilment nor design, which knows neither failure nor success, neither loss nor gain, and which is complete in and of itself. . . . I would fain indicate how human and how hopeless is our question, 'What for?' when asked of the totality of things. There is no totality of things. To say that there is does not express it. To say that there is not, does not express it. To say that the universe was created does not express the mystery; to say that it was not created, but always existed, does not express it any nearer. To say that the heavens are overhead is only half the truth; they are underfoot also. Down is toward the centre of the earth, but go

on through and come out at the surface on the other side, and which way is down then?

"The Unspeakable will not be spoken.

"In the light of science we must see that life and progress and evolution and the moral order must go on and on somewhere; that the birth of systems and the evolution of planets must and does continue, and always has continued; that if one sun fades, another blazes out; that as there must have been an infinite number (how can there be an infinite number? where is the end of the endless?) of worlds in the past, so there will be an infinite number in the future; that if the moral order and the mathematical order and the intellectual order disappear from one planet, they will appear in due time on another.

"All that which in our limited view of nature we call waste and delay—how can such terms apply to the Infinite? Can we ever speak truly of the Infinite in terms of the finite? To be sure, we have no other terms, and can never have. Then let us be silent and—reverent."

THE CHEERFUL PHILOSOPHY OF AN OCTOGENARIAN

LOOKING out on the world from his pleasant home in Cambridge, Massachusetts, Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, at the age of eighty-four, sees many things that are "worth while." He has written a little book* recounting them all, and it makes cheerful reading. For Colonel Higginson, like Andrew Carnegie, is a confirmed optimist, and in no hurry to quit these mortal scenes.

It is not a bad thing, he avers, to be an old man, for age teaches patience and charity. "We see before us," he says, "the spectacle of men and women whom the temptations of life have injured, but also that of others who have grown, without a visible struggle, more honest, more truthful than they were during a passionate and ungoverned period of youth." He continues:

"That is moreover true which Cicero has so well pointed out in his book on 'Old Age' (*De Senectute*), that as old age has less of strength than youth possesses, so it has less need of it. Poverty becomes unimportant to those who have no longer strength to spend, and luxury to those with whom all but the simplest living disagrees. That is true of age which was pointed out by that keen observer, Lady Eastlake, as being sometimes true of the high-born and rich, who often, she writes, 'return to the simplest tastes; they have everything that man can make, and therefore they turn to what only God can make.'"

The past sixty years, in retrospect, appeal to Colonel Higginson as years of vital progress in education, culture, and public spirit. "When I entered Harvard College," he recollects, "the library proper contained 38,000 volumes, and was the largest in the country; it now contains about half a million, and is not the largest." That represents one kind of advance. There is also the progress represented by a spirit that has grown up, quite unostentatiously, in the hearts of average people. Colonel Higginson pays his tribute to "the young man who pinches himself that he may give a book to the public library of his town," and to "the mechanic who subscribes half a dollar, as many a one did half a century ago, to found the Boston Art Museum or the Chicago Observatory." He goes on to say:

"The writer happened once to be one of the custodians of four great gifts, proceeding from one single man, to the city of his birth—a new city hall, a new public library, the land for a new high school building, and the land, building, and outfit for an industrial school, to be sustained for four years by the donor. The whole amount of these donations was about half a million dollars, and they proceeded from a young man of thirty, whose wealth, though large, was not by any means enormous, tried by the modern standard, and who spent his life in California, and had but one glimpse at the buildings for which he had paid. No matter about the amount of the gift, its spirit represents that of a vast series of similar donations which are being distributed from multitudes of sources over our land. It is in this noble way that America wars against the

***THINGS WORTH WHILE.** By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. New York: B. W. Huebsch.



COL. THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

Who thinks that "what we need as a nation is not less self-confidence but more; to hold on our appointed way, though a thousand critics fail to comprehend what we aim at."

ignoble; by this modest and unwearied effort that it proves itself to be—not at the top of civilization—far enough away from that—but at least patiently laboring on the ascent. It is not, perhaps, to be expected that every foreigner should have the discernment to see all this, but that only offers the more reason why we should see it for ourselves. What we need as a nation is not less self-confidence, but more; to hold on our appointed way, though a thousand critics fail to comprehend what we aim at."

Colonel Higginson traces an identical law at work in the development of religious thought. He recalls that Emerson in his Divinity address in 1838 gave a description of his

attendance in a country church during a snow-storm when "the snow was real and the preacher merely phenomenal." The great thinker drew the conclusion that popular interest in public worship was gone or going. But "walk the streets on Sunday, seventy years later," exclaims Colonel Higginson, "and see if you think so." He adds: "Yet I remember well that all who passed for radicals then held this view; I know that I expected, for one, to see a great diminution in the building of churches and in the habit of attendance. Practically the result has not followed; even the automobiles have not emptied the churches." Colonel Higginson concludes:

"The difference is not in the occupants of the pews, but of the pulpits; that course has been adopted which Henry Ward Beecher recommended at a ministers' meeting—not to scold the people for sleeping in church, but to send somebody into the pulpit to wake up the minister. There is now a prevalence of larger thought, of braver action than formerly. One of the most brilliant women in Boston, who had been brought up under the strict sway of the Rev. Nehemiah Adams, once complained to me that the greatest injustice had been done by unfair critics to that worthy pastor. 'He was,' she said, 'the greatest and kindest of men. He was never heard to say a harsh or unkind word about any one—except, indeed, the Almighty. He drew the line there. But it is now a rare thing even for the heretic to go into church and hear anything that makes his blood run absolutely cold; and as for the real things of life, can any one doubt that he will hear more about them than in those sterner days? In no direction is this change more astounding to the reformer than in the American Episcopal church. I can look back on the time when it was, distinctly and unequivocally, the church of decorum, and had in that direction, doubtless, a certain value. No one looked there for a reformer; whereas now all the younger Episcopal clergy seem everywhere to take their place in the ranks of active philanthropy. Note also the spirit of the Roman Catholic Church—how it adapts itself to American needs and to modern days; how it grasped, for instance, the opportunity of sending delegates to the Chicago Parliament of Religions, which the Episcopal Church missed.

"That mighty gathering in 1893 of men of various nationalities and opinions was in itself an outcome of unconscious revolution. What the Free Religious Association had humbly imagined for twenty-five years, and had ventured to represent as far as it could, was suddenly taken up and swept into magnificent realization with the resources of Chicago and under the admirable guidance of a Presbyterian Doctor of Divinity. There are tides of thought on which we float, and which are constantly bringing about, though usually in unexpected ways, the good of which the brave and wise have dreamed. As Joseph de Maistre well says: 'One may watch sixty generations of roses, but what man can live to see the whole development of an oak?'"

THE CHRISTIAN REPLY TO NIETZSCHE

ABOVE all other modern critics of Christianity Friedrich Nietzsche towers. His anathemas and denunciations were formulated thirty years ago, but they are still reverberating through the world. The very champions of Christianity concede his power, and pay tribute to his sincerity and devotion. In some cases they even admit that his criticisms have proved necessary and stimulating.

Nietzsche's indictment of Christianity may be summed up in a very few words. His position was, substantially, that Christian morality is too negative, too ascetic, building upon "other worldliness" and a one-sided development of the "soul," instead of upon the Greek ideal of life *complete* in body and in spirit; that it is too altruistic, in the sense that it is based on sympathy and self-sacrifice rather than on self-expression and the development of the individual will; and that, in consequence, the hope of humanity lies not in Christianity, but in the strong wills of men who have outgrown Christianity and are pressing on to become "Supermen," *i. e.*, men of perfect poise and indomitable strength who will constitute laws unto themselves.

Christian thinkers in many lands have felt impelled to meet this indictment. In Germany especially, the battle has waxed fierce between the Nietzscheans and anti-Nietzscheans. At the present time the controversy is invading the English-speaking world.

It can hardly be denied, says J. Kenneth Mozley, in *The Contemporary Review*, that Christianity has emphasized, and at times over-emphasized, the world beyond the grave. There has been a tendency to regard the next life as the "Life Eternal," to the neglect of the common duties of everyday life here. "We may admit," Mr. Mozley declares, "that we no longer think that there is such a cleavage between life here and life hereafter as was once imagined; but for all that, given the postulate of immortality, the belief that this life is more of a preparation than of a fulfilment, that it leads on to reality but is not reality itself, is a sound belief." In other words, "Nietzsche's values are natural, perhaps a little less than natural, whereas Christianity's are supernatural." Mr. Mozley continues the argument:

"There is a sense in which the Christian may

claim the pagan and neo-pagan conceptions of self-expression and self-realization for his own use; but at the same time he must allow that if mere individualistic self-realization here and now is the end of man, then Christianity has been at fault. For the Christian the perfect expression of the self is not to be found here, or if he finds it it will only be through self-sacrifice. Self-sacrifice is the Christian principle, just as the most perfect development of a man's whole nature was that of the Greeks.

"We see in Nietzsche a frank, terrible, but not wholly ignoble individualism carried almost to its logical extreme. Not quite, however, for despite the physiological basis of his teachings and his praise of the Greek Gods because in them the animal in man felt deified, sensualism is not really a prominent factor in his writings. Despite, moreover, of his contempt for Carlyle as a rhetorician who mistook indigestion for the moral appeal of his conscience, there is even in Nietzsche a certain divine discontent with the world and with humanity; otherwise he would not have looked forward to the coming of the Superman, that great power that can only come through the sacrifice of lesser powers.

"It is a little difficult to appreciate Nietzsche fairly. He keeps up a continual scream when he is dealing with things he does not like, and it is natural to ask whether Christian morality is in any real danger from such excessive violence, especially as his defects are obvious. They include an utterly unsatisfactory metaphysic, and an extraordinary lack of historical insight and genuine critical ability. Nothing could well be more fantastic than his theory that slave-morality was a device invented by the unfit to safeguard themselves against the ordinary processes of natural selection."

Prof. James Seth, of Edinburgh University, in an article in *The Hibbert Journal* defending Christian morality against the Nietzschean attacks, takes the ground that Christianity, through all the centuries, has been dominantly concerned with the *promotion of righteousness*. In this, he avers, it has evidenced its profound knowledge of human nature. For "even the life of culture itself, intellectual and esthetic, to which the Greeks so wisely subordinated the practical and industrial life, must be subordinated, in its own interest as well as in the interest of the higher life whose minister it really is, to the ethical and religious life." Not in science, nor in art, after all, Professor Seth contends, but in morality, in conduct, is to be found the true life even of the artist and of the man of science; and to this extent it is necessary still to Hebraize. The same writer continues:

"The only real opposition then, is between the Christian morality and a morality of mere naturalism, which finds the measure of good in the satisfaction of natural desires or animal needs, on the one hand, or an intellectualism or estheticism of the Greek type, which exalts the scientific and esthetic interests above the moral or practical, on the other. The Christian ideal prescribes no ascetic rule of life, it sees spiritual possibilities in all the natural interests of human life; and while it may ignore many problems which we are called upon to solve, while it may ignore the secular life as such, it is yet so far from invalidating that life that it postulates it as the material, so to speak, of the higher life in which alone its real interest lies."

Nietzsche's condemnation of the Christian ideal, Professor Seth goes on to affirm, "is in terms of a standard of value which Christianity itself has antiquated and rendered obsolete, nay, which even Paganism had already superseded." Moreover:

"His condemnation of the Christian morality is in reality a condemnation of morality itself, an assertion of nature against morality, of the animal against the man. His ideal is that of sheer power, unrestrained by any considerations of moral obligation. He delights to speak of himself as an 'Immoralist,' and of his point of view as one 'beyond good and evil.'

"And yet beneath all the paradox and extravagance of his language there is an important truth in Nietzsche's interpretation of the significance of the new altruism of the Christian morality; of the emancipation of the slave, the acceptance of the democratic ideal in place of the aristocratic ideal of Paganism, as its essential implications. So far from its being a servile morality, it has proved itself the moral inspiration of all movements for the emancipation of the enslaved masses of mankind. But this very fact raises the other question whether its influence has not been, and must not always be, on the side of mediocrity rather than of excellence and distinction; whether, in the interest of the highest type of manhood, it is not necessary to adopt the ancient aristocratic point of view, and subordinate the interests of the many to those of the few, rather than conversely. The answer is that while the Christian ideal is certainly democratic, breaking down the distinction between the many and the few, it is just for this reason aristocratic in the true sense. So far from levelling down to a dull mediocrity, it levels up to the standard of the highest excellence. It sees, in *all*, the possibilities which the best Pagan insight discovered only in the few. It sees in each son of man, however unfortunate or degraded, a possible son of God, in each soul or self a value commensurate with this high calling and possibility. For the Pagan contempt for the mass of toilers it substitutes a deep reverence for their potential greatness; it raises all, it degrades none. How should a religion degrade man, or cause him to forfeit his self-respect, which tells him that his relation to God is that of a son to a Father, and his relation to his

fellow-men that of members of a common family? How should it sap the springs of the more virile qualities when it calls upon its disciples to sacrifice life itself for righteousness and to rejoice when they are counted worthy to suffer for the Kingdom's sake? Is not the courage of the martyr at least equal to that of the soldier? Has not Christian virtue proved itself possessed of heroic quality?"

"Supermen are demanded by the times," cries a writer in the American *Methodist Review*; "but they are supermen after the pattern of Christ." In the same spirit, the London *Athenaeum* comments:

"The Christian standpoint declares true distinction to lie in a different direction from that pointed out by Nietzsche. It sees the *Uebermensch*, not in Napoleon or Cesar Borgia or the French noble of the *ancien régime*, but in a Father Damien, a St. Francis of Assisi, a St. John—to omit reference to the supreme case of all. These and such cases, the Christian says, are more truly distinguished, rarer, and more select types, advancing the idea of humanity further, than all the pagan aristocrats of Nietzsche's reiterated admiration. The scorn of the 'anti-Christ' is encountered by the loftiest of all mockery—that which does not mock. And when we hear him prate of the glories of affirming personality, of the man superior to the crowd, and of the beauty, in and for itself, of the flower of arts and arms, apart and away from love, we remind the scoffer that, as a matter of fact and history, personality has reached its highest, even in this world, not by scorning others, but by serving; that affirmation of spirit may come from negation of appetite; that the most superior man is not the vulgar pirate or military brigand (to whom success may bring notoriety, but never distinction), but is found in the rare and fragrant growth of the spiritual life; and that beauty of character at its highest is seen, even by the world, not in the men who employed its own standards to score a personal success, but in those who have failed most nobly in their scorn of what paganism honors and worships. 'Life is bad,' says Schopenhauer; 'get rid of the will to live—it is a disease, a burden, a nightmare. Seek redemption by denying your individuality in altruistic endeavor.' 'No!' thunders Nietzsche; 'life is good essentially and for itself. Live your life. Be a man; be, above all, something. Be for your own sake.' 'Yes,' says Christian thought; 'life is good, a joy, a glory, a splendor. But if you would prove the fact, you must be a man after another fashion than that of the pagan world; and you will find in our faith the only real spring of dignity and being, even for yourself.' This is the true battle between Nietzsche and his opponents—fundamentally the same as that which the Church has waged with the world since a certain day when 'the veil of the temple was rent.' The battle will be fought not by ignoring Nietzsche or by abusing him, but by distinguishing the profound truths which he affirmed from the strange falsehoods which he asserted."

A GOSPEL FOR OUT-OF-DOORS



BEAUTIFUL contribution to that oldest of all the arts, the art of living, which we are all, by reason of our existence, compelled to face, but which none of us has ever succeeded in completely mastering, has lately been made by Bliss Carman. He offers his gospel in a work* entitled "The Making of Personality," and his point of view, it goes without saying, is first and foremost that of the poet. Something of the lyrical impulse, the intense nature-love, that inspires his poetry has gone into this volume. He confesses himself a disciple of Maeterlinck and Santayana, but he is more of an out-door philosopher than either. He has caught the breezy spirit of Robert Louis Stevenson. He has read his Whitman, too, to good purpose, and he sings a new "Song of the Open Road." His message is pre-eminently one rooted in the elemental facts of nature.

In a prefatory poem on "The Measure of Man," Mr. Carman says:

He who espouses perfection
Must follow the threefold plan
Of soul and mind and body,
To compass the stature of man.

The book is a development of this central theme, and Mr. Carman takes the position that man's triune nature becomes harmonious in just the degree that he is *natural* and follows the deepest instinct implanted by nature.

Everything that we are and do, as Mr. Carman reminds us, is based on the physical. "Consider," he exclaims, "how life itself has risen, like an emanation from the fertile ground—first through trees and plants and particolored flowers, which truly share the breath of existence, yet must for ever remain patiently in one spot; next in the creeping and crawling forms which move ceaselessly over the green surface of the earth with such infinite slowness; and then finally in the creatures which run and walk as they will, almost as independent as the wandering clouds." It ill becomes us, Mr. Carman declares, to despise our origins. We lack the very qualities that the animals possess—physical poise and strength, and the

power to use our bodies in the most effective way. There is hardly a beast of the field from whom we cannot learn something. Mr. Carman writes on this point:

"A fox goes over a wall as lightly as a drift of snow, and even an elephant, for all his huge bulk, seems to move as softly as a mould of jelly. Though few of us can be as graceful as foxes, we may all avoid cruel shocks by alighting on the muscular balls of the feet with spread toes and flexed knees. The impetus of the body may thus be stopped gradually, considerately, without violence, almost without impact, by the intervention of muscular alertness, strength and elasticity, under voluntary adequate control. All poise and every movement of our bodies should have something of the pliancy and ease of the great cats, those paragons of grace with their soft, undulating strength, their powerful quiescence, and noiseless activity."

According to Bliss Carman, we may learn from the animals, if we will, not merely grace and poise but the value of *instinct*. In the earlier world man's instincts taught him almost all that he knew. His free, wild life in the open compelled him to be constantly at his best. He could not shirk, nor be indifferent, nor allow himself to get out of training with impunity. His safety and well-being depended on his dexterity, precision, and fleetness of foot; on eye and wind and agility. But instinct no longer has a dominating place in our lives. It has been dulled by habit and custom and over-ruled by intellectualism. Often it has been abandoned and repudiated and its guidance set aside. We distrust its fresh and prompt decisions, and refer perplexities to the slow adjudication of reason or the uncertain arbitration of the heart. In this, argues Mr. Carman, we have blundered gravely; for instinct is "quite as important to our human happiness as proud reason, which flatters itself it has accomplished such wonders, or fastidious moral spirit, which has had unnumbered temples, churches, shrines, altars, basilicas, cathedrals, mosques, minsters and abbeys built for its indulgence and gratification."

On the instincts of the body rest all the soaring achievements of soul and of mind, and our deepest religious aspirations are bound up in the symmetrical development of our capacities. "Is not a valuation of *poise*," asks Mr. Carman, "really the underlying principle we try to reach in all attempts to simplify living? Is not the satisfaction we feel

*THE MAKING OF PERSONALITY. By Bliss Carman. Boston: L. C. Page & Company.

in any such simplification really a satisfaction at finding ourselves restored to a normal poise? Are not our lives apt to be unsatisfying because they are partial and ill balanced, excessive in some directions and falling short in others?" He continues:

"The simple life cannot be a worthy ideal if it is to mean a meagre and insufficient life, but only if it is to mean an undistorted and well-balanced one. Perfect poise seems simple because it is so unplexing and wholly satisfying. To simplify living is only advantageous and beneficial in so far as it permits a richer and freer and more complete enjoyment of the few pursuits which are vital and worth while. Our average life, particularly our average city life, is apt to be overwrought and ill-regulated, as we all know. To return to simpler conditions would not be to impoverish human experience, but to enrich it; we should gain in health, in merriment, in leisure, in wisdom and length of days; we should lose only our anxieties, our ailments, our ill-tempers and our debts. There can hardly be room for choice. But such a return, let us remember, can only be successful if it is carried out in conformity with the ideal of personal poise, and with the threefold needs of personal life constantly in mind. A life somewhat nearer to the earth than we live now could hardly fail to be more vigorous, more delightful, more normal. Instead of sensational criminality, frenzied ambition, and fashionable artificiality, we should be able to acquire something of sincerity, comeliness, and kindly joy."

That we should need to recall the use of out-of-doors, Mr. Carman asserts, is of itself a criticism of our contemporary mode of life and a confession of our indoor dangers. We have become so accustomed to living under roofs and behind glass that living out-of-doors seems a strange and unusual experience. We turn to it only occasionally and then as to a novelty. "The wholesome sting of a sharp autumn morning strikes fear into our flinching bones, and we huddle and dodge from cover to cover as if the open heaven were our enemy." But Mr. Carman exhorts us:

"Do not be afraid of out-of-doors. After all, there is our freest safety. We were born and nurtured in the open for aeons before cities were thought of or suburbs invented. We had ridgepoles, it is true, and hearth-stones, tepees and wigwams and igloos, but we had no sewer gas nor soft coal smoke nor dinning noise of streets. Our life was derived from a nature whose sunlight and oxygen are unlimited, where pure water is abundant, and where food, if scarce, is at least not adulterated. We have harnessed the earth and modified her powers for our own uses, making it possible for a thousand men to live where formerly hardly a hundred could survive, but we have not been altogether wise with our clever-

ness; and in the flush of triumphant civilization we are in danger of forgetting some of the old essential benefits of humanity.

"Air and sunlight and water in abundant purity are built into the tissue of these bodies of ours by the secret chemistry of nature, and there can never be any manufacturing a satisfactory existence without a plentiful supply of them. Nothing takes their place and we only cheat ourselves if we think to do without them. We may put up with factory-made commodities and all the impositions of commerce, if we will, but there is no substitute for open air. It is not only a choice between outdoors and indoors, it is a choice between out-of-doors and death."

For "the fallacy that growth of the spirit and the mind may be induced without regard to the health and normal wealth of the body, through which they move and learn and have their being," Mr. Carman has only scorn. "As well believe," he says, "that roses will grow without roots as that human happiness and knowledge can ever reach their desired perfection in a puny race or in an inadequate physique." He goes on to argue:

"The benefit of out-of-doors is not that it takes us away from civilization, but that it restores us to ourselves. Its profound essential satisfactions build themselves into the character and become part of the personality. All that suits out-of-doors is so elemental and normal that living within its mighty influence must gladden and normalize and deepen our natural selves, renewing our worth in temper, in health, and in sanity. . . .

"Houses were only made to live in when it is too cold or too hot or too wet to live out-of-doors. At any other time out-of-doors is best. Out-of-doors is the only place where a man can breathe and sleep and eat to perfection, keeping the blood red in the cheek; and those are the three prime factors in the life of humans, the three first great rhythms of our being. It is almost impossible to get enough fresh pure air inside of four walls, and it is not possible at all to visit the wholesome flush of health in rooms unvisited by daily sun and breeze.

"To sleep out-of-doors for a month is better than a pampered trip to Europe. In this climate one must have a roof, of course; but any piazza that is open to three-quarters of the heavens will serve as a bedroom; and the gain in happiness is unbelievable. With an abundant supply of good air sleep soon grows normal, deep, untroubled and refreshing, so that we open our eyes upon the world as gladly as a hunter or any pagan shepherd in the morning of the world. Too often we grow anxious and flustered and harried with distractions; the goblin of worry becomes an inseparable companion indoors; and we groan in spirit that the universe is all awry; when in truth half a dozen deep breaths of clean air lend a different complexion to life. Our anxieties are nearly all artificial, and are bred indoors, under the stifling oppression of walls and roofs, to the maddening clangor of pavements, and a day in the open will often dispel them like a bad dream."

Bliss Carman coins his own term for the aspiring souls who have truly and persistently kept themselves in harmony with nature. They are *growers*, he says. "The growers," he explains, "are all those natural children of the earth, whether simple or complex, who have cultivated the most fundamental principles of responsible living, a capacity for improvement and a hunger for perfection." He adds:

"For growers there can be neither stagnation nor decay. They are like thrifty trees in the forest, deep rooted in the common soil of life from which they spring, deriving nourishment from the good ground of sympathy, stimulation and re-

freshment from the free winds of aspiration, producing perennially the flower and fruitage of gladness and well-being proper to their kind and enriching the earth. They are the normal ones, at once the exemplars of all that is best in their species, and the perpetuators of all that is most valuable. Between the growers of the human and the forest world, however, there is this distinction, that while the monarchs of the woods grow only to the limit of their prime, the spiritual and mental growth of mortals may be unarrested throughout a lifetime. That is the glory of our human heritage, and the encouragement of our faith in our own venturesome essay. The power of growth is our talisman against dismay, wherewith to confront old age with interest, circumstance with equanimity, and the unknown without fear."

ANATOLE FRANCE'S MASTERLY PORTRAYAL OF JEANNE D'ARC

HE publication of a book on the national heroine of France by the greatest living Frenchman of letters undoubtedly constitutes an event of international importance. M. Anatole France has been hitherto known chiefly as a poet and romanticist, but his new venture in the field of historical biography* is said to mark the fulfillment of an ambition that he has cherished for twenty-five years. The book has been eagerly awaited and highly praised in French literary circles. "I know of no work," says the eminent critic, Emile Faguet, "which is characterized by loftier literary and historical probity, nor any which is more beautiful." A reviewer in the *London Times* declares: "There is a malice, a lightness, a brightness, a subtlety, a simplicity in its phrase, which reminds us of the greatest names—of Renan, Voltaire, Fénelon."

The Dreyfus affair, which was a powerful factor in transforming Jules Lemaitre, François Coppée, Maurice Barrès, Ferdinand Brunetière, Paul Bourget and a score of other prominent French writers into reactionaries, transformed the hitherto dilettante Anatole France into a militant anti-clerical Republican. Indeed, under the stress of the excitement to which this thrice-famous trial gave rise, M. France even went to the extent of proclaiming his approval of the rigorous measures of the priest-baiting Combes by

supplying an introduction to a volume of the latter's speeches. Consequently, when it was announced that M. France was about to publish a life of Jeanne d'Arc, it was generally taken for granted that his interpretation of the Maid of Orléans would be the interpretation current among the radical Republicans. A few who were aware of his exceptional erudition anticipated quite a different result. These few were right. M. France's Jeanne d'Arc, altho not calculated, perhaps, to satisfy completely a devout French Catholic, is much less likely to satisfy the typical French free-thinker. His portrayal of the character and career of the fervent Catholic, Jeanne of Domrémy, is as remarkable and admirable a manifestation of intellectual breadth and greatness of soul, in its way, as was the Positivist George Eliot's reverent portrayal of Dinah Morris, the Methodist revival preacher. It is a veritable triumph of objectivity on the part of a man who has frequently been characterized as one of the most subjective writers of his time.

M. France's Jeanne d'Arc is strangely compounded of qualities entirely human and of qualities that can only be termed saintly. We see in her a sturdy peasant of the Meuse, broad of chest, thick in the throat and fair in the face, with dark hair clipped into a round-head under a bowl. She is no lamb-like saint, but fiery and intractable as the Greek Antigone, with the gaiety and the bright mother wit of a rustic. She is brave unto death, infinitely loyal, and innocent as a

**VIE DE JEANNE D'ARC.* Par Anatole France. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

child. She is pure and fiercely chaste, running after immodest women, belaboring them with her lusty arms, and chasing them from her fold. And yet withal she is sweet and girlish, endearingly frank, artlessly candid, at once infantine and heroic. M. France's most memorable passages deal not so much with the tragic moments of Jeanne's career as with the Jeanne of daily life, of court and camp. All her letters are here, in all their simplicity and naiveté. The young soldier-saint becomes only the more engaging in the degree that her mystic ideas are influenced by contact with her rough comrades and knights-at-arms. It is Jeanne, even more than the mission of Jeanne, that fills the history of M. France, and certain parts of the Maid's strange story have never been more touchingly told:

"We hear officers to-day discussing the tactical genius of the Maid. She had only one system of tactics; it was to hinder her men from blaspheming the Lord and from leading about bad women; she thought that they would be destroyed for their sins, but that if they fought in a state of grace they would have the victory. That was all her military science, beyond the fact that she was fearless of danger. She showed the gentlest and proudest courage; she was more valiant, more generous, more constant than the men, and worthy in that respect to lead them. And is it not a rare and admirable thing to see so much courage united to so much innocence?"

And yet, M. France makes clear, with all her essential humanity, the Maid was in a very real sense a *saint*. The great French author has no patience with the rationalist who would rob her character of its mystic quality and "substitute for the naive marvel of the fifteenth century a polytechnic phenomenon." He says:

"The Catholic historians of our time are closer to nature and truth in making of La Pucelle a saint. She was a saint with all the attributes of sanctity peculiar to the fifteenth century. She had visions, and these visions were neither feigned nor counterfeited. She believed that she really heard voices which spoke to her and which did not come from human mouths. These voices talked with her, for the most part, in a distinct manner intelligible to her. She heard them best in the woods or when the church bells were ringing. She saw faces multiplied and tiny, like sparks in the midst of a dazzling light. Without doubt she also had visions of another sort, for she tells us that she saw Saint Michel in the garb of a *prud'homme*, that is to say, of a good knight, and Sainte Catharine and Sainte Marguerite wearing crowns. She saw them salute her; she embraced them and sensed their sweet odor. . . . The mission with which she be-

lieved herself charged by the angel and to which she consecrated her life was extraordinary, without doubt, almost incredible; and yet not more so than what saints of both sexes had already attempted in the course of human affairs. Jeanne d'Arc flourished toward the close of the great Catholic centuries, at a time when sanctity was still sovereign over souls. And of what miracles was she not capable, since she employed the forces of the heart and the graces of the spirit? From the thirteenth to the fifteenth century, the servitors of God performed marvelous works. Saint Dominic, possessed by a sacred frenzy, exterminates heresy by fire and sword; Saint Francis of Assisi institutes, for a span, poverty upon the earth; Saint Anthony of Padua defends the artisans and traders against the avarice and cruelty of the nobles and the bishops; Saint Catherine restores the Pope to Rome. Was it then impossible for a holy girl, with the aid of God, to reestablish in the ancient Kingdom of France the royal power established by the Lord himself and to bring about the consecration of the new Joas who had been preserved for the safety of the chosen people? It was thus that the pious French, in 1428, conceived the mission of La Pucelle."

The saintship of Jeanne d'Arc appears to M. France not only the least forced but the only possible explanation of the dominating influence she exerted upon her contemporaries. "Everybody in Christendom," he reminds us, "was then taught that the crimes of men brought upon the world the earthquakes, the wars, the famines and the pestilences. The handsome Duke Charles of Orléans judged, as did every good Christian, that France had been stricken with great woes in punishment for its sins, which were great pride, gluttony, sloth, covetousness, contempt for justice and licentiousness, with which the realm abounded; and he reasoned in a ballad concerning the remedy . . . To those whom Jeanne came to succor, she seemed a daughter of God; to those whom she came to destroy, she appeared a horrible monster in the form of a woman. This double aspect was all her force; angelic for the French and diabolic for the English, she seemed to be both invincible and supernatural."

As a student of modern science, M. France is constrained to believe, of course, that the visions of Jeanne were hallucinations. As a student of the ancient texts, he is further constrained to believe that she was more or less directed by human agencies without being aware of it. But neither of these considerations, in his view, dims her glory or discredits her sanctity. He says:

"What we know of Jeanne before her arrival at Chinon amounts to very little. It is likely

that she had been subjected to certain influences; this is the case with all visionaries; an invisible director guides them. It was probably so with Jeanne. She must have frequented priests, faithful to the cause of the Dauphin Charles, who especially desired the end of the war. The abbeys had been burned, the churches pillaged, divine service abolished. These pious persons who sighed for peace, seeing that the treaty of Troyes had not brought it, hoped for it only through the expulsion of the English. And what is rare, extraordinary, and, so to speak, religious and ecclesiastical in this young peasant girl, is not that she believed herself called to mount horse and fight, but that, in her 'great pity,' she announced the speedy close of the war by the victory and the consecration of the King, when the nobles of the two countries and the men-at-arms of the two parties had neither a suspicion that the war would ever end nor a desire that it should. . . . Under influences, then, which it is impossible for us to indicate with precision, the thought came to Jeanne to re-establish the Dauphin in his heritage; and this thought appeared to her so great and so beautiful that, in the simplicity of her naive and candid pride, she believed that the angels and the saints of Paradise had brought it to her. For this thought she gave her life. That is why she survived her cause. The loftiest enterprises perish in defeat and more surely still in victory. The devotion which inspired them endures as an immortal example. And, if the illusion which enveloped her senses sustained her and aided her to offer herself entirely, was not this illusion, unbeknown to herself, the work of her heart? Her madness was wiser than wisdom, for it was the madness of the martyr, without which men have done nothing great or useful in the world. Cities, empires, republics rest on sacrifice."

M. France's eloquent portrayal is the subject of many critical reviews in England. For the most part, the English critics render the book high praise. Andrew Lang, however, who is himself at work on a biography of Jeanne d'Arc, finds a number of points to contest in the Frenchman's narrative. He particularly objects to M. France's statement that Jeanne was coached in her sayings by some cleric, and detects the bias of an "*Advocatus Diaboli* of scientific history" in some of the deductions in the volume. Mr. Lang says further (in the London *Outlook*):

"Anatole France has his bias, we all have: his is not clerical or military. In his preface of more than eighty pages, he shows his hand. He is anxious to discover and discredit 'legend' everywhere, to reduce Jeanne to a 'saint,' not, of course, inspired by real saints of the old school, and destitute of genius. 'Her madness (*folie*) was wiser than wisdom, for it was the madness of the martyr, without which men have done nothing great or useful.'

"I do not call Jeanne's *folie* 'madness,' I call it genius. We know thousands of martyrs as mad as the followers of meikle John Gibb, but

as destitute of genius as of common sense. For proof of her genius I am content to appeal to Jeanne's replies to her crowd of judges at her trial, learned men, theologians, legists. She was alone among them, she a girl of nineteen, a prisoner, often fasting, always disturbed at nights by the English soldiers, probably dicing, drinking and jesting in their ribald way in her cell. I see many counsellors, but not one for me, Jeanne might have said, like Mary Stuart at Fotheringay. For months she held her ground against them, she, a peasant girl, who 'knew not A from B.' Her replies are recorded, by her enemies' clerks, word for word, save where we know that there is an intentional omission. On these replies, absolutely authentic, I base my certainty that Jeanne possessed genius commensurate with her courage and common sense. Consequently I am unshaken when M. France does his best to detect legend, and to weaken evidence."

A writer in the London *Guardian*, reviewing the book from the religious standpoint, is impressed by the absolutely unique character of the Maid, and urges the reasonableness of a supernatural rather than of a purely rationalistic explanation of her magic power. He says:

"As we refresh our recollection of the story under M. France's guidance we feel that the strangest thing in it is the difference between her and her fellow-visionaries. The greatest miracle about her is herself. A mental bias in certain direction must necessarily affect one's estimate of the value of evidence. If your child tells you that he has seen the telegraph boy on the front doorstep you accept his statement at once. If he tells you he has seen a dragon there you accuse him of romancing. The one statement falls within your experience, the other does not. To a large class of minds to-day every assumption of direct intercourse between human and Divine belongs to the category of the dragon on the doorstep. But to those in each succeeding age who keep alive the Christian tradition, prayer, providential guidance, intercourse with the Unseen Friend are as much a matter of course as the telegraph boy. To these it does not appear inconceivable that God should have spoken to the peasant girl as He did to Samuel or to David, to Peter or to Paul. It would seem to them more unlikely—more (in the vulgar sense of the term) miraculous—that a life so natural, so sane and simple, so sweet and brave, so constant and patient, should have been based on an hallucination. To them there is the ring of triumphant faith in that last cry of 'Jesu!' which rang to the end of the great square above the silent crowd gathered to watch the dying girl's agony, so that the coarse soldiers looked with scared faces at each other and muttered, 'We are lost; we have burned a saint.'

"The myths which have encrusted the glorious tragedy of the Maid may be cleared away by criticism, and it will be doing a good work; but even the work of such a critic as M. Anatole France only leaves clearer, purer than ever the impression of such a character as only Christianity has been known to produce in Jeanne of Domrémy, martyr and saint."

THE SOCIALIST LEAVEN IN THE CHURCH

THE growth of Socialism in England and America is exerting a considerable moulding influence on the life and thought of the Christian church. A few of the signs evidencing "the church's growing sympathy with Socialism" were cited in these pages several months ago (see *CURRENT LITERATURE* for last November). Since that time the signs have multiplied. In England, the spread of Socialism is phenomenal. The conservative Anglican organ, *The Guardian*, declares in a recent issue that "more seems to be written about Socialism at the present time than about any other single topic whatever." Many of the younger Non-conformist clergymen, following the lead of the Rev. R. J. Campbell, have become outspoken Socialists, and at least one religious paper of power and influence, *The Christian Commonwealth*, of London, is now practically a Socialist journal. In this country a militant Christian Socialist group has established a monthly organ, *The Christian Socialist*, in Chicago, and is carrying on a vigorous propaganda. Every number of *The Christian Socialist* records the names of new recruits among the clergymen. The Rev. John D. Long, a Presbyterian minister of Brooklyn, has swung over his church to the Socialist doctrine, and the Rev. Alexander Irvine has been preaching Christian Socialism from the pulpit of the Church of the Ascension, New York, for several months past. A convention of Christian Socialists held in New York, at the end of May, was attended by scores of Socialist clergymen, and received the benediction of a Bishop.

This infusion of Socialism into the church is variously greeted in religious circles. By some it is welcomed; by others it is regarded as a grave menace. Never before have so many articles and editorials on Socialism and kindred topics appeared in the religious press. Such papers as *The Outlook* and *The Independent*, in America, find much both to criticize and commend in the Socialist propaganda; while *The British Weekly*, of London, is laying before its readers, in number after number, an "Impartial Inquiry" into the teachings of the "New Socialism."

The Roman Catholic Church has always been consistently hostile to Socialism, and in connection with its vast centennial celebration in New York, a few weeks ago, took occasion to reaffirm its well known attitude.

One of the features of the celebration was an address on "Socialism and the Republic," by Bourke Cockran, which has been given wide publicity by the Roman Catholic press. "The danger that threatens this nation," Mr. Cockran told his audience, "is Socialism;" and he added: "The antagonism between Christianity and Socialism is inherent, and therefore irreconcilable." In the same spirit, Mr. Robert Ellis Thompson writes in the *New York Freeman's Journal*:

"There is a deep reason for the antagonism. Religion of every sort and kind assumes an ability in man to shape his character independently of his environment, through his own free will and the co-operating power of God's grace. Socialism assumes that man is the creature of his environment, and that human elevation must be achieved through a change of environment. Robert Owen went to the root of the matter when he required every one who joined his societies to subscribe to the statement that 'man's character is not made by him, but for him, by his surroundings.' No form of religion accentuates more strongly the truth that Owen denied than does Christianity. It puts human responsibility into the foreground of practical truths, combining with that the truth of divine help for those who seek it. But it is forever irreconcilable with the notion that men are what they are made by their surroundings, and cannot live a lofty life unless they are encompassed by what ministers to their best instincts and sympathies. The worst surroundings in the worst cities of the modern world are morally better than those amid which the Church of the first centuries not only maintained its existence, but conquered the world by its spiritual heroism.

"The worship of environment and the worship of Him who said, 'Behold, I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves!—who shall reconcile them?' The former is one of the two idols of the nineteenth century. The other is the Lord of the Ages. Let the clerical Socialists choose which they will serve. But let them remember that no man can serve two masters, and that Mammon puts on many forms."

Clergymen belonging to other religious bodies urge the same sort of objections against Socialism. The Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, writing in *The Outlook*, takes the position that there is a Democratic Socialism and a State Socialism; that the former is good and the latter is bad. "The objection to State Socialism," he argues, "is not that it is an impracticable ideal; it is essentially unjust. . . . It is a form of slavery with the community for a master." He adds:

"The fundamental secret of a just social order is the development of individual character. This

is not to say that no remedies involving industrial reconstruction are to be employed; but it is very nearly equivalent to saying that all proposed industrial remedies are to be tested primarily by their effect on individual character."

The argument that a Socialist system would prove unworkable unless a higher type of character is evolved is also used by the Rev. Dr. John Bascom, of Williamstown, Mass., in *The Christian Register*. To him the dreams of Socialism seem "a mirage of the desert, addressed to thirsty souls, aggravating rather than directing the intense longings of the mind, and never taking on the palpable form of things accomplished." He maintains:

"The fundamental fault is that they imply a much more concessive, pliant, productive state of feeling and action than really exists among men. They presuppose that what men chiefly need is an opportunity, whereas what they truly and most constantly need is the disposition to improve the opportunities already present to them. The order of growth is better opportunities by virtue of a better temper, rather than a better temper by virtue of better opportunities. The man fails the circumstances oftener than the circumstances fail the man. The circumstances call out the man, the man commands the circumstances. Socialism reads the relation of the two backward. As a matter of fact, socialism has often been tried, and as often failed, unless rescued from failure by some strong religious sentiment. This failure has usually come speedily, notwithstanding the fact that the adherents of the new method have entered into it with much enthusiasm. Men are not aided by institutions much in advance, in the demands they make, of the character and feelings of those who are to carry them on. We, as a nation, experience difficulty in handling a free government, notwithstanding our attachment to it. Our freedom is constantly taking on one or another faulty form not incident to it as liberty, but incident to the greedy spirit of those who order it. Men make their institutions in politics, in society, in religion, successful or non-successful by the disposition which is prevalent with them. There has hardly been a millennium conceived as yet which would not have been lost before sunset if administered by the average Christian. This is the fundamental fault of socialism. It not only puts the cart before the horse, but a long way before him."

In the opinion of the Rev. Dr. R. F. Horton, chairman of the London Congregational Union, Christianity and Socialism view life from entirely different angles. To identify their principles, he declares, "is not only a confusion of ideas, but must have a disastrous effect. . . . To Socialists material possessions are all important; in Christianity they are secondary. In Socialism the great thing is to work for the redistribution of

wealth. Christianity's reply is: Beware of covetousness." This attitude is reinforced in a recent statement addressed to the Socialists by Principal P. T. Forsyth, of Hackney College:

"You will never capture the whole moral resources of the gospel to drive what is mainly an economic program. The redistribution of the race's wealth and comfort can never engross a gospel whose task and victory are the regeneration of the race's soul. Christianity does not make man's happiness its first concern, but God's glory, in which alone man finds himself and his joy. Society, we all feel, must be slowly reorganized so as to provide scope for moral manhood. But we need something more than that. Society cannot create moral manhood, cannot provide the dynamic which demands the scope. And it is my religion that Christ can, and that Christ alone can."

Such are a few of the representative clerical objections to Socialism. It should be stated, however, that the hostile attitude to Socialist doctrines in religious circles is much less marked at this time than it was even a year ago. The Socialist leaven is beginning to work powerfully in the church, and religious leaders are more and more taking the ground that a modified Socialism is inevitable and desirable. "The steady drift of events in all civilized lands," remarks *The Homiletic Review* (New York), "moves toward some form of society, some adjustment of things, that is properly enough denominated as Socialism. Socialism as a spirit and a tendency rests in a multitude of enlightened and educated minds not yet ready for Socialism as a program of specific measures for legal enactment." *The Christian Commonwealth* (London) goes farther in stating:

"To a great and growing number, Socialism is an all-inclusive word which sums up all the best, the deepest, the highest in life. Nothing human is alien to it. In that broad generalization there is nothing left outside. It is a 'whole' category. It is not a Socialism which is only economic, a method of organizing industry, but a Socialism which symbolizes perfection and all the forces which tend to perfection of character. Hence, with such a definition, Socialism can rightly be called a religion—that is, it looks to moral ends, deals with spiritual powers, appeals to the noblest feelings, demands the highest service, and regards nothing as common or unclean."

"A secure material basis is demanded because there is more in Socialism than a material conception of life. The private ownership of socially created capital is condemned because people are enslaved by it. The idealism of the Socialist makes him look beyond earth. But only as he is fixed upon the ground can he look up to heaven."

In every endeavor to secure better material conditions the soul and its powers are operating. The very agitation and labor for a cleaner environment is an education of the soul. It is the soul projecting itself, expressing itself, compelling 'things' to be the manifestation of its complex nature. It is not that Socialism will create a new environment for the soul, just as a dwelling-house is built for a new tenant, but the soul needs the opportunity to develop itself in the very labor of establishing new environments. This process will

always be going on. If Socialism were *merely* economic, it would have nothing to do with economics; but because it is more, because it means imagination, insight, social fellowship, individual perfection, and a belief in the omnipotence of spirit, it claims a secure material basis, and will destroy everything that robs the people of their just inheritance. Socialism, in the largest sense, is an appeal of nature demanding that her highest creation be allowed to move towards perfection."

THE "OPEN PULPIT" CONTROVERSY IN THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH

THE Protestant Episcopal Church in this country is at present passing through what one of its organs describes as a "mild crisis" and what some of its members term a veritable "panic," as a result of the adoption of the so-called "open pulpit" canon at its General Convention held in Richmond last October. During the past few weeks a score of clergymen and divinity students, headed by the Rev. William M'Garvey, of Philadelphia, have transferred their allegiance from the Protestant Episcopal to the Roman Catholic Church, alleging the objectionable canon as the immediate cause for their action. The secession has furnished a leading topic for debate at church congresses. Several bishops and a multitude of clergymen and laymen have taken sides in the controversy. The church papers teem with correspondence *pro* and *con*.

The canon responsible for all the trouble is known in church circles as "Canon 19." It allows bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church to "give permission to Christian men who are not ministers of this (Episcopal) church to make addresses in the church on special occasions." Under its provisions, a Protestant Episcopal minister may invite ministers and laymen of any denomination to speak from his pulpit, so long as his bishop consents.

The most prominent recent instance of action taken under the permissive canon is that of a Protestant Episcopal clergyman in Winchester, Mass., who invited the well-known Congregational minister, Dr. George A. Gordon, of Boston, to preach in his church. There was no recognition of Dr. Gordon's ordination vows. The service was conducted by those properly appointed for the purpose. But Dr. Gordon had a place of honor in the procession, and preached the sermon. *The*

Congregationalist cites other instances of the same sort in the vicinity of liberal Boston.

The principle involved in the Nineteenth Canon is in harmony with the time-spirit. Everywhere there is a tendency to break down denominational barriers and to extend the spirit of religious fellowship. There is also, however, a tendency in the opposite direction. Members of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in particular, are jealous of their church's claim to "Apostolic Succession," and are peculiarly sensitive to every influence that menaces the integrity of this claim.

In resigning his pulpit previously to joining the Roman Catholic Church, Dr. M'Garvey put in the hands of his congregation a pamphlet declaring:

"The Episcopal Church has been changed and will never again be what it once was, or what it once appeared to be. The change, which will be apparent more and more as time goes on, has been accomplished by the passage of measures so revolutionary in their underlying principles and logically so destructive of all that heretofore has been supposed to be distinctive of the Episcopal Church, that we who are identified with the Tractarian or High-Church movement, are face to face with a situation the seriousness of which cannot be exaggerated. Of these revolutionary measures the chief is the canon providing for 'the open pulpit.'

"There are a few men who are thinking to gloss over the whole matter, and to save the day by blandly assuring the distressed laity that the canon is entirely restrictive and unobjectionable. Whether we like it or not, the open pulpit in the Episcopal Church is a fact patent to the world. And say what we will, we shall not in the end be able to hide its practical application or its theological significance from any one within or without the Church. Its principles are now in active operation, and are bound to work themselves out to their logical and inevitable conclusion before the eyes of all men."

Other churchmen, while far from ready to accept the extreme logic of Dr. M'Garvey's position, view the new canon in a similar

light. Bishop Burgess, of Long Island, speaks of it as "a radical departure," and hopes that in its present form it will not be finally accepted. Bishop John Hanson White, of Michigan City, writes to *The Churchman* deplored any recognition of "schismatic organizations, separatists," as "evangelical churches." He is grieved that "the church should go out of her way to seek instruction and guidance from such separate bodies or their brilliant, learned and pious leaders." He is sure that it is "God's purpose that the Holy Church should be guided by those whom the Holy Ghost has made overseers and by none other."

On the other hand, Bishop Lawrence, of Massachusetts, welcomes the new canon as an evidence of the larger religious spirit of the day. "I believe," he says, "that, so far as our people give any consideration to the subject at all, a great majority of them welcome the thought that now and again we should have the inspiration or information which may come from some Christian men, who are also God's prophets or leaders in Christian, social, ethical, or spiritual movements." Bishop Doane, of Albany, takes the same position. He observes:

"It seems to me equally absurd to choose a Christian man to make an address at a special service merely *because* he is a Methodist or a Presbyterian minister, as it is foolish to exclude the man with a message because he is not in our Orders. To take the most extreme and unlikely instance, of a Unitarian clergyman, Dr. Francis Peabody, of Harvard, in his published volumes such as 'Jesus and the Social Question,' spends his rare powers of mind and heart and soul in utterances full of deep social, moral and ethical truth. Or, to take actual instances: Dr. Hugh Black, who occupied the cathedral pulpit here a year ago, is a Presbyterian minister with a sound Catholic theology and a power of language, voice and manner full of inspiration. Dr. Orr, whom I tried last winter to bring here, occupied his entire lecture scheme in New York in maintaining and impressing the truth of the Virgin Birth. This is the sort of valuable possibility which the canon offers, to fill a great church like the cathedral with a crowding congregation of all sorts of Christian men, and make thereby a powerful presentation of the truths which so many of us hold in common. I believe this to be the essence and advantage of the canon. It may be abused at first in a sort of random attempt at what might be called an ecclesiastical 'variety show'; but it will help to bring out the wrong and needlessness of our own divisions and separations, by showing how much we Christians hold in common, and so may promote, far more than any organization, pro-Roman or pro-Eastern, or any evangelical alliance, the great cause of Christian unity."

The Churchman is whole-hearted in its support of this position; and Bishop-Coadjutor Mackay-Smith, of Pennsylvania, declares:

"The great fact about the Episcopal Church is that it is in no sense a sect. Its great virtue is its magnificent comprehensiveness. Every once in a while either one extreme or the other gets to trying to transfer it into a sect and determines to leave. The Low Church did this thirty or forty years ago. This started a new sect, the so-called Reformed Episcopalians. I believe a few of these still exist. They claimed that they were driven out by the Ritualists, who formed the other extreme. Now, it appears as tho the Ritualists' time has come and they must take their own bitter medicine. Between these two extremes the vast majority will still go contented and quite satisfied."

Religious thinkers outside of the Protestant Episcopal communion seem to feel that the importance of the whole issue is in danger of being over-emphasized. "The 'open pulpit' is not very wide open," remarks the Philadelphia *Presbyterian*; "and the ministers of other churches are mostly going on with their own preaching, without waiting anxiously for an invitation to speak from an Episcopal rector's pulpit." The *New York Outlook* comments:

"It has been the misfortune of the churches of the Episcopal order that in late times they have so largely shut themselves off from the inspiration and leadership of men of prophetic genius. The framers of the Nineteenth Canon probably had in mind the very guarded restoration of this privilege of utterance in Episcopal churches by persons not in Episcopal orders. Wherever this is done it is a revival of an old custom, not an introduction of a revolutionary element. That any man who believes in the historic claims of the Episcopal Church and the Apostolic authority of its ministry, should fear the effect of an occasional address in an Episcopal pulpit from a non-Episcopalian is incredible. A strong Churchman feels no apprehension that his faith or the foundations of the Church can be shaken by a brief address from a man of another communion. The passage of the Nineteenth Canon was so slight a step in advance that it is impossible to escape the conviction that those clergymen who, in consequence of its adoption, have withdrawn from the Episcopal Church, have made it not a reason but an excuse. The canon has been interpreted so far by the Bishops with great caution. If it is interpreted in a brotherly spirit, with a sense of responsibility, by men who are not afraid of the catholic spirit and who believe in the unity of Christendom, altho it is so small a concession, it may become a great blessing as an expression of Christian spirit, of brotherly love, and of a real desire of the Episcopal Church to become what so many of its members declare it must become, a common ground of meeting for the reunion of Christendom."

Music and the Drama

THE CONQUERING

STRIDE OF MUSIC

THAT sculpture and painting are in a state of decadence and that music, advancing with conquering strides, is already the dominant art in the life of our epoch is the contention of Sadakichi Hartmann, the Japanese-American poet and art critic. To claim that sculptural art is decadent, he remarks, may seem paradoxical at a time when it is apparently imbued with a new inspiration, when America has produced a Saint Gaudens and France can point to a Rodin. And yet, he adds, "on realizing that every art has its ideals and boundary lines clearly defined by the material applied to its execution, we are forced to acknowledge that modern sculpture has not lived up to the former, and has often overstepped the latter."

Mr. Hartmann finds sculpture the most remote to modern feeling of all art expressions; and he ascribes this remoteness in large part to the fact that we hardly ever see the human body and do not know the play and flow of muscles under the skin. He argues further (in *Altruria*, New York):

"Sculpture has lost a good deal of the inherent strength and beauty which constituted its former greatness, and has replaced it, or tried to replace it, by qualities which, altho more characteristic, perhaps, of our age, do not conform to the highest ideals of sculpture, whose aim is the absolute ideal beauty of form."

"In Saint Gaudens' Farragut, Lincoln, the Shaw and Sherman monuments, realism has found one of its noblest expressions. He has proven that trousers and a frock coat are possible in sculpture. And yet a figure in the prosaic garb of modern time necessarily represents a decline in esthetic value, as form can be merely suggested, and texture distracts our attention. It also brings with it an utter demoralization of contour."

"Rodin, on the other hand, is of all sculptors the one man who has fully realized the limitations of his art, and therefore set out to conquer new realms of expression."

"His aims are a direct antithesis to the Greek ideals, as he strives mainly for motion and the fixation of fugitive emotions. But he is really not so much a pathfinder as a product or, perhaps it would be more exact to say, a result of existing conditions."

"His skill is consummate, and it may be that in knowledge of form he is the equal of Phidias; but he gives us only fragments of beauty. Similar to Strauss, who abruptly breaks up his melo-

dies with discords, he breaks up his curves by angles and indentures."

The art of painting, like that of sculpture, found its highest expression under conditions very remote from those of today. In medieval times, when all important works of art were executed for the churches, everybody took an interest in painting. "The twilight atmosphere, the gorgeous vestments of the clergy, resplendent in candle light; the deep translucent shadows, the sounds of the organ and the incense, all enhanced the appreciation. And even the home atmosphere of humble city folks had something pictorial about it. The semi-darkness of the rooms, only lit by candle, out of which objects loomed, suggested by weird highlights, the dark streets at night, all taught them to see things as they saw them depicted in pictures (for the painters of the middle ages were true to their times)." But nowadays the conditions have changed, and painting has changed too. As Mr. Hartmann puts it:

"Whenever an art has reached its prime a decadence necessarily follows, as all its problems have been weighed and solved. Those who wish to advance further must look for new methods of expression. They may succeed in lending a new note to their art, but at the same time are bound to sacrifice some of the achievements of their predecessors. Art workers are very much like a procession of pilgrims climbing a mountain. On the summit there is room for but comparatively few. The majority must be either still climbing to reach the top or already engaged in the descent. Leonardo da Vinci, wrapt up in experiments centuries ahead of his time, almost reached the summit of the pictorial art; but it was left to Raphael and Titian to exhaust all the possibilities of color and drawing, as far as the Italian school of painting was concerned. Michael Angelo, on the other hand, who often compared painting with sculpture, was already on the descent. . . . In our own day the Rococo painters of France and Manet and Whistler have lent a new fascination to the art of painting, but neither have eclipsed the old masters."

The art of music, according to Sadakichi Hartmann, belongs to a different category and is undergoing a different evolution. It may be, he concedes, that here also there has been decadence from the classic stan-

dards, as in the case of sculpture and of painting. But the decadence in music has meaning and definite directions. If Beethoven "gave us elemental passions" and "sang joy, grief, resolution, courage, force," his successors have depicted more and more specific emotions. "With Wagner music became pictorial, with Brahms analytical and with Strauss individually psychological." To quote in conclusion:

"Our perception of painting and sculpture has deteriorated since form is masked by clothing and color in home life has been destroyed by modern light appliances and stereotype furnishings of wholesale manufacture. And, altho we have become more scientific and psychological and more self-analytical, we more than ever like to have art come to us. We do not like to labor intellectually for the sake of any feeling of esthetic gratification.

"Music, the external resemblance of human experiences, comes to us. Not that its appreciation is more easily derived than in any other art. But

no matter whether we wish it or not, even when we are in a state of complete exhaustion, music will produce an effect on the majority of us as soon as we hear it. It seems to afford pleasure to everybody; it moves the humblest mind. The best proof is that one finds nearly in every family some musical instrument and an amateur musician and dilettantism, 'the vanity of the age,' as Goethe asserts, always goes hand in hand with genuine appreciation."

In view of the insatiable musical public now existing in all the leading American cities, the great number of concerts given, the intense rivalry of the two great opera-houses in New York, the growing vogue of phonographs and pianolas,—who shall say that Sadakichi Hartmann is not right? Sculpture has for us the kind of interest that attaches to curious things; we go to see it in museums. Pictures we hang perfunctorily on our walls. But music is taking a dominating hold on our emotional lives.

"THE HONOR OF THE FAMILY"—OTIS SKINNER'S PRODUCTION OF BALZAC'S STORY



HE success of Mr. Otis Skinner in this play is somewhat surprising, because, contrary to stage convention, the spirit of Balzac's story has been admirably preserved and when the curtain falls we are not sure to whom our sympathies go out in this vivid section of the great human comedy. In the "gutter-girl," Flora Brozier, there is a streak of nobility and heroic devotion, while the swash-buckling hero, Colonel Philippe Bridau, impersonated impressively by Mr. Skinner, would be regarded as a villain in melodrama. Most stage characters and the majority of personages in fiction are caricatures, not portraits, whose predominating traits are monstrously exaggerated. Balzac's greatness is vested largely in his power of evenly distributing light and shadows without losing the life-likeness which usually exaggeration alone will impart to figures exposed to the limelight. His heroes are often villainous and his villains heroic.

The play itself is characteristically French; that is, the interest turns chiefly upon money. It is greed, not lasciviousness, as some novelists would lead us to believe, that dominates the passions of the French middle classes. It may even be contended that French story-writers render their literature so persistently

immoral because the sordid conventionality of French life leaves little room for love, for romance none at all.

The action takes place throughout in the home of Jean Jacques Rouget, a miser on the verge of senility, whose one frailty is his egotistical love for Flora, a maid servant, who is family, house-keeper and nurse to him. The latter, equally selfish, has bestowed her affection upon Commandant Max Gilet, "who might have been a general" if the rule of Napoleon had not been abruptly terminated at Waterloo. She tolerates the old man's affection in the hope of obtaining his fortune. He has, in fact, made a will in her behalf, but wills are apt to be changed, and Max insists that she shall by turns tyrannize over Rouget, and coax him to make over a large part of his fortune to her at once. Rouget has shrewdly eluded her attempts to cajole him into an action so at variance with his inclination, but at the opening of the play he has at last consented. Here, however, unexpectedly difficulties present themselves. Rouget's old sister suddenly turns up after an absence of forty years, with her son Joseph, a painter, to plead for financial assistance in order to save her son, the Colonel, who has been arrested for alleged participation in a Napoleonic conspiracy, from de-

portation. This son, formerly Napoleon's ordnance officer, is a daredevil and something of a ruffian, whose views of women anticipate Nietzsche's: "When thou goest to women, forget not the whip." He has had adventures and duels galore, and is, on the whole, a dangerous but lovable fellow of whom it is said that "no woman ever went back on him." The sister intimates incidentally that the neighborhood is scandalized by Flora's presence in the house of the old man and, even more, by the frequent visits of Max. Rouget refuses to give her the money without consulting with Flora, but asks her to breakfast. She leaves with her son and Flora, who smells a rat, leads the old man a hilarious dance. She threatens to leave him and makes him go down on his knees to ask her forgiveness for listening to the slanders about her relations with Max. He promises to ask the latter to stay in the house to quiet the rumors in question and to turn his sister out on her return for the meal. The sister goes away angrily and the son threatens them with his brother's revenge. "But he is in prison." "No, we have just had word that he was acquitted the very day we left and is following us here." Silent consternation follows this announcement, as mother and son make their departure. Max and Flora are left alone on the stage.

FLORA (*opposite fireplace*). If I can only get him to put his money in the Consols, *in my name*, then I don't care what becomes of the rest of his fortune. Give it to his old sister and nephew, or to the dirty poor, I don't care.

MAX. Yes, I know, Flora; I understand. FLORA. Let's go away; I want to live in Paris. I don't want to waste all my youth in this hole.

MAX. We go to Paris; that's understood, only—

FLORA. Yes, I know; first, we must invest his money in Consols.

MAX. Is the deed ready?

FLORA. Six weeks ago; but he always has some excuse about going to his notary's to sign. Only to-day I begged, cried, I went on like a fool, but he wouldn't.

MAX. He lacks confidence.

FLORA. Do you think that?

MAX. Yes—but wait a minute—I must find a way to get his signature and that before this precious Colonel Philippe turns up. With a little diplomacy we can do it; say, in this way—

(At this moment the door opens, and a man appears. He wears a darned frock-coat, boots down at heel, a grey felt hat, rosette of an Officer of the Legion of Honor. He has a big moustache, blue eyes, and a copper-colored complexion.)

BRIDAU. Is M. Rouget here?

FLORA. M. Rouget?

BRIDAU. Yes; I want to see him. Is his sister here with her son?

FLORA. No.

BRIDAU. Oh, where are they?

FLORA. Across the way.

BRIDAU. Heh! heh! Well, the old gentleman? I know he's home. I want to see him.

FLORA. But, sir.

BRIDAU. I want to see my uncle.

MAX. Excuse me, but who are you?

BRIDAU. Colonel Philippe Bridau.

MAX AND FLORA. Colonel Bridau!

BRIDAU. Well?

FLORA. But M. Rouget is sleeping.

BRIDAU. Wake him up.

FLORA. But Monsieur wouldn't like that.

BRIDAU. Look here! Just tell me if I can see my uncle or not. Is he locked up anywhere, or is he free?

FLORA. If you will. Come back again this evening.

BRIDAU. Why don't you make it a week? I will smoke one cigar in the Place St. Jean. When I come back, if my uncle is not here, and if you refuse to let me see him—why, then, every one of you will get out. (*A second's pause as he looks strongly from one to the other, then he adds, pleasantly*) Good evening! (*He goes out slamming the door behind him.*) (MAX AND FLORA turn and look at each other.)

Flora and Max now conspire to bring their affairs to an issue by her pretended flight. They hope to lure Rouget to a hotel, in her pursuit, when the notary is to be summoned and the deed of gift signed. Max will fight a duel with Bridau, and, as the latter has been seen to practice ostentatiously with his pistols, his adversary determines in case of a quarrel to insist on swords. Bridau sees through Flora's ruse and asks his uncle to let him bring the girl to terms. He also asks Rouget to promise not to put his name to any deed before December 2d. On that day, the anniversary of Napoleon's coronation, Rouget plans a dinner for friends and former officers of the banished emperor. On that occasion Bridau intends to pick a quarrel with Max. Rouget is at a loss to follow his nephew's reasoning. "Why," he asks, "must I give you this promise?" "Don't you wish to be master in your own house?" Bridau rejoins.

ROUGET. When Flora talks to me, I believe every word she says; I can't help it.

BRIDAU. Well, of course, that makes it easy for Flora.

ROUGET. And when she looks at me tenderly out of her beautiful eyes I can't refuse her anything.

BRIDAU. Dear old boy, I wish you had my eyes to see that all these two creatures want is to be able to realize your money and then be off to Paris. Now, remember, no signature before the second of December.

ROUGET. Yes; I promise.

BRIDAU. It's settled. I have your word, and a promise given to a soldier is sacred, as sacred as the soldier's own word to his country.

ROUGET. But, Philippe, what are you going to do?

BRIDAU. Ah! That is very simple, my good uncle. I am going to kill Max.

ROUGET. Kill Max?

BRIDAU. Oh, yes; he's got to die, he has! Don't go to pieces. I shall kill him fairly—in a duel.

ROUGET. You don't know Max, my bold nephew. He has killed nine men in duels.

BRIDAU. Men who were only defending their skin. I am defending the honor of my family and seven hundred and fifty thousand francs. Besides a bad conscience makes an unsteady hand. This'll be his last duel. You'll see.

ROUGET. No; I don't want you to fight with Max.

BRIDAU. With him out of the way, you will live with your Flora as happy as an old man with his pet grandchild. No doubt she will wriggle like a worm at first; she'll yelp and burst into tears—let her burst.

ROUGET. No. I forbid you to provoke him.

BRIDAU. Why?

ROUGET. She will hate me.

BRIDAU. What matter, if she pretends to love you?

ROUGET. No! No!

BRIDAU. In two months she'll have forgotten all about her Max. I'll make this girl do whatever you wish. She shall love you, or by heavens I'll horsewhip her.

ROUGET. You would strike her?

BRIDAU. It's the only way to tame women and horses. It's the way for a man to be feared, loved, respected. I know these cattle. I loved a girl over much who danced on her toes for a living. Then she tried to dance on mine. But I taught her. Women, you see, my beloved relative, are like naughty children—inferior animals to man, and he must make them fear him, for the worst luck we can have is to be governed by these sweet devils!

ROUGET. No, no. I don't want you to fight with Gilet. All people say about Flora is false. This man's her friend, nothing more, and it isn't my money she's after. She's my fond little child.

At the moment Vedie, Flora's servant, who is in the confidence of her mistress, breaks in upon the scene and announces the young lady's departure. Rouget excitedly expresses his desire to follow her, but is restrained with gentle force by his nephew and the latter's former orderly, Kouski.

ROUGET. I want to go and see her.

BRIDAU. No, you shall not.

ROUGET. Let me go!

BRIDAU. No!

VEDIE (going to window). I will call outside for help.

BRIDAU. Kouski, shut the window!

(Kouski plants himself in front of the window and prevents VEDIE from getting to it. VEDIE

returns. BRIDAU catches hold of his uncle, who is trying to go out.)

ROUGET. Let me pass, you braggart, you thief! They are shutting me in! I want to go out!

BRIDAU. I say you shall not go out. I won't allow you to be made a fool of.

ROUGET (sits at table). Flora! Flora! Flora!

BRIDAU. Flora! Flora! Will you be quiet, you old idiot. Your Flora'll be brought back to you. We're losing time. Vedie! Vedie! Go at once to Mademoiselle Flora and tell her this: My uncle gives her five minutes to come back to the house—five minutes. If she isn't here within five minutes and hasn't begged his pardon—well, then she may go—go to—the direction she's bound for. (Vedie looks at Rouget.) She's free!

ROUGET. Philippe!

BRIDAU. She may go! Do you hear me! And she needn't flatter herself my uncle is going to run after her. He'll have to kill me before he crosses the threshold of that door to go to her! (VEDIE starts to go. BRIDAU's speech stops her.) And you might add, if she doesn't come back at once, to-morrow morning the deed that has been prepared will be filled in with my name.

ROUGET. But, Philippe!

BRIDAU. With my name! (To ROUGET.) Repeat all that to your servant.

ROUGET. Yes, Vedie, Madame must come back here; tell her I ask her to come back.

BRIDAU. And tell her I ask it. Now go on, Kouski, go with this woman, and see that she repeats absolutely my words.

BORNICHE (an acquaintance going to ROUGET). But, Monsieur Rouget, your Flora won't be so silly as to leave you. As long as there's grass in the meadow, so long the goat'll browse there.

BRIDAU (at fireplace). Ah! Ah! so you know the girl, too, do you?

BORNICHE. Oh, yes, sir. Everyone in this town knows her—and the Commandant Gilet.

BRIDAU. There you have it, uncle!

ROUGET. (Goes to window and crosses to desk.) It's lies, I tell you! It's lies!

BORNICHE. Lies? May the lightning strike me dead if I'm telling lies!

BRIDAU. Here, no use making the old man more unhappy. Good-bye.

BORNICHE. But I came to talk business with M. Rouget.

BRIDAU. Come back and talk business some other time. Be off now!

BORNICHE. Oh, very well, sir. Good-bye, M'sieur. Good-bye M'sieur Rouget. Good-bye! (BRIDAU takes BORNICHE by back of neck and throws him out.)

BRIDAU (closes door and goes to ROUGET.) Now, let's see! You've made your will?

ROUGET. Yes.

BRIDAU. You incorrigible old party! That was not kind; a part of your fortune, which your father cheated my mother of, ought to go to her, and it is hers by right. We only ask you to be fair. Where is this will? That at your notary's, too?

ROUGET. No.

BRIDAU. Where?

ROUGET. Here. (Indicates the writing desk. He opens drawer in desk, takes out will. BRIDAU grabs it.) But—Philippe—

BRIDAU. Is this it? Ah, yes. Well, this will

have to be changed. This must be altered. (*Puts it in his pocket.*) And you'll do it when Flora has become what she ought always to have been, a pleasant and obedient maid-servant. I'll make her understand her true position. God love you, cheer up; you've got good times ahead of you.

ROUGET. Oh, I don't understand.

BRIDAU. In three minutes Mademoiselle Flora will be here as gentle as a lamb.

ROUGET. I tell you she won't come back.

BRIDAU. Well, look here, uncle—if she comes back, if she hoodwinks you as much as ever with her tenderness and tells the same lies with those beautiful orbs of hers, if she makes more fuss over you than ever she did, will you consider that I've managed things pretty well?

ROUGET. Yes.

BRIDAU. And you will act after this under my advice.

ROUGET. Yes.

BRIDAU. Well, then, make yourself happy; you're going to witness the beautiful transformation scene you wish.

ROUGET. She doesn't come. I told you she wouldn't come back.

BRIDAU. How far off is the Inn?

ROUGET. Only a few steps from here.

BRIDAU (*looking out of window*). Ah! I thought so! Kouski has seen the beautiful Flora! He has talked earnestly with her—he has been eloquent, and, look, here comes your pretty runaway. (*ROUGET goes to the window and is about to rush to the door when BRIDAU catches him by the coat tails as he passes and stops him.*) Ah, softly, uncle! Don't compromise your dignity and discredit your white hairs. Don't let her find you waiting for her. Go to your room.

ROUGET. But, Philippe—

BRIDAU. Let me manage it! You want those eyes to melt on you again; you want to feel the little arms steal softly around your neck; come, uncle, come.

ROUGET. But, Philippe, don't beat her. Don't beat her!

BRIDAU. (*He pushes ROUGET into his room. Enter FLORA and VEDIE.*) You can go, Vedie. I have a word to say alone to Mademoiselle. (*VEDIE looks at FLORA a second. BRIDAU says "Get out!" and she hurries out.*)

FLORA. Are you master here already, then?

BRIDAU. Not yet; but I shall be.

FLORA. Humph! We shall see!

BRIDAU. Believe me, my dear, it would be much better for us to come to an amicable understanding. We have interests in common. In any case, I warn you, my beautiful darling, I've managed to put things on an even footing. You have no longer the advantage over me. Here is the will.

FLORA. (*Tries to grab it.*) You've stolen it?

BRIDAU. No; it has been confided to me by uncle. He is going to alter it. Ahem! Meanwhile you've your work to do in this house. (*Takes FLORA by hand and turns her around.*) Do it.

FLORA. Bah!

BRIDAU. (*Mimicking.*) Bah!

FLORA. I hate you!

BRIDAU. Oh, you only think that! (*Enter KOUSKI. BRIDAU wishes to be alone with him.*

Opening door for FLORA. I won't detain you any longer.

FLORA. You don't detain me. It pleases me to stay here.

BRIDAU. (*Motioning her out.*) You will be more comfortable in your own room.

FLORA. Not at all; I'm perfectly comfortable here.

(*BRIDAU comes over. She still sits. He takes her by the shoulders and makes her get up. She attempts to strike him with her left hand. He catches her arm and put her hand on his arm and leads her to door.*)

BRIDAU. You will be more comfortable in your own room. (*FLORA makes gesture of scratching his eyes out, then goes out, slamming door in his face.*) There, my beauty. The saddler's girl, eh? We'll put you back where you belong. Well, Kouski?

KOUSKI. Colonel, she met Ors'Anto on her way here and gave him a note. Ors'Anto ran to the Inn, jumped into the carriage, and was off in a flash.

BRIDAU. Ah! She intends to let her Max know what's going on. He'll come back. Good! We've got him. He'll be here for the party December second. Nothing easier than a quarrel. And then if we can only make him choose swords!! Oh, Max, my scoundrel, you're done for! Kouski, we've had a hell of a time. Come and have a drink.

Bridau succeeds in provoking Max on the night of the second of December. In the duel that is to take place the young commandant chooses swords. In the night before the duel a scene unique in dramatic literature takes place between Bridau and Flora. Bridau tells her that she and Max must leave the country or that he will kill him.

FLORA. But what have you against Max? If anyone has done you a bad turn, it's I alone. I have tried to get you into trouble with your uncle, that's true. I've said the worst things I could about you, also true. I didn't know you. You fell in here like a cannon ball, and I thought that you'd come to drive me out of this house where I've lived for the last sixteen years.

BRIDAU. Exactly. Now it's my turn, for the next sixteen.

FLORA. No; listen! I can answer for M. Rouget that from to-day he will treat you as a favorite relation. You'll want for nothing during your stay here. I'll see he makes a hero of you.

BRIDAU. Nonsense!

FLORA. No, no; don't turn everything I say aside. Say I have done you harm; Max knew nothing of it, and you can't expect me to ask him to go off to America. I can't do it. And you can't try to kill him without some good excuse, and that you haven't got. I swear it by the saints in heaven.

BRIDAU. My dear girl, the saints in heaven must have cut your acquaintance long ago.

FLORA. (*Desperately.*) What do you want me to say? What do you want me to do? If you kill him, I shall go mad. Oh, Colonel, I beg you to give up this duel. I ask it for everybody's

sake. I'll get on my knees to you. (*Kneels before BRIDAU and starts to cry.*)

BRIDAU. (*Stops her.*) Come, come; don't cry like that. (*Lifts FLORA to her feet.*) I can't stand it, seeing a pretty girl cry, and I intend to settle my accounts with Max. But don't you worry about this duel. It can only turn out well for you whatever happens.

FLORA. No. It will kill me. (*She turns to BRIDAU.*)

BRIDAU. Kill you? What nonsense. People don't die at your age. Yours is the hour of pleasure. Come along, dry your eyes—beautiful eyes like yours weren't made for tears. Can't a pretty girl like you always get out of a scrape, whatever happens? No serious misfortune can ever happen to a woman who has your eyes and your hair, and shoulders like yours. (*He kisses her shoulder and she shrinks from him.*)

FLORA. But, Colonel, you speak to me as if—Aren't you very angry with me?

BRIDAU. No, indeed. And I've never wished to make you seriously unhappy.

FLORA. Then about this duel; you might—

BRIDAU. Oh, that's a different matter. Certainly we will fight unless you go. Will you go? Oh, go on, eh? Then I will fight with Gilet. And you might offer up a prayer that he may go up above and join the comrades he lost on the glorious field of battle.

FLORA. (*In despair.*) Oh, Max!

BRIDAU. Max! Max! Yes, of course, I know he is a handsome fellow. But a woman as lovely as you could find twenty handsome fellows only too happy to do you homage and cut anyone's throat in your honor. (*Draws near FLORA.*) I could cut a couple myself, for a kiss apiece from those sweet lips that have been damning me. (*FLORA raises her eyes to his. They exchange looks.*) Your Max. You know, I think I detest him all the more when you speak of him so adoringly. Honest now, do you think he loves you? Do you think he would have given you two thoughts if, instead of finding you heiress to my uncle's money, he had found you in your rags selling water cress in the streets? Of course not. Come, think a minute. If you are honest with yourself, you must see that this fine gentleman of a devil only cares for your money, while I, personally your enemy, I want you to be happy.

FLORA. (*After a pause.*) Colonel, you want me to be happy?

BRIDAU. Yes.

FLORA. And how will you bring it about?

BRIDAU. Well, what do you say to marrying my uncle?

FLORA. M. Rouget? Huh! You call that happiness?

BRIDAU. Why not? The old gentleman's devoted to you, and you love money. You agree to send Max off and never see him again and keep the old gentleman good friends with me, and I'll promise you to arrange the marriage, make you the respected mistress of his house, queen of the village. Now, don't you believe I'm your friend?

FLORA. But if I don't want to marry. If I prefer to remain single?

BRIDAU. (*Angry.*) What! Oh, the devil. I make you a dazzling proposal and you scoff at it?

FLORA. No, don't be angry, Colonel! I'm not

scoffing; only, good Lord! can't I want to be free?

BRIDAU. Free? What for?

FLORA. To do as I like.

BRIDAU. Depends on what you like.

FLORA. I don't love your uncle, but—

BRIDAU. But you do Max.

FLORA. No; I wasn't thinking about Max. (*A step toward BRIDAU.*) Do you believe in dreams?

BRIDAU. To hell with dreams. We're dealing with facts, my pretty bird.

FLORA. What I mean is— Well, I am used to being obeyed, caressed. I've sometimes dreamed that if a man were to come here and were rough with me, even brutal, I—I don't know—

BRIDAU. Ah!

FLORA. (*Draws closer to BRIDAU.*) You see we women love strength—men who are brave and dare everything. And I've sometimes thought if one day I were to meet such a man, and I were free—

BRIDAU. Well, you're free now.

FLORA. Yes, I am. (*Pause.*) But why do I say all this to you?

BRIDAU. That's what I want to find out?

FLORA. Can't you see? Can't you guess? Haven't I said enough? I shouldn't have, but it's all this excitement. It's my dream coming true—I—my heart's beating so I can scarcely breathe! My hands are frozen—feel them. (*She gives him her hands.*) Yours are warm and strong. (*She sinks in his arms.*) Philippe! I am ashamed to look at you. Close my eyes with kisses.

BRIDAU. (*Quickly bending over her.*) Are you mine?

FLORA. (*Making an effort, in a low tone.*) Yes.

BRIDAU. Ah! My dear child, you are very clever! But I am an old hand and know all the tricks of the trade. You can't catch Philippe Bridau with a dream.

FLORA. Colonel!

BRIDAU. I know you. You'd stay in my arms long enough to free Max Gilet from them. You'd give me kisses till you'd bought off the duel with him. You think you can bulldoze me like you have the old gentleman. But I'm a Bridau and my eyes are open too wide for even your lips to close.

FLORA. You brazen brute!

BRIDAU. Come, come! No compliments. Your behavior tempts me to be perfectly frank. You want my uncle's money, but not him with it. And you have suggested that I am not altogether disagreeable to you. How would I go with the Rouget millions?

FLORA. You? Marry you?

BRIDAU. Yes. I don't mind telling you that tho I don't believe you, I won't say I'm not taken with you. You know yourself you're a fascinating little devil, and if you were married to me I'd make you behave yourself. (*He watches her. She recoils.*)

FLORA. No!

BRIDAU. The prospect dazzles you, no doubt. But make an effort to grasp it.

FLORA. No, I will not marry you. I will have you turned out of this house.

BRIDAU. Try it. Try it.

FLORA. I will. I will.

BRIDAU. The old fellow's on my side. He sent



BALZAC'S SWASHBUCKLING HERO IN OTIS SKINNER'S BRILLIANT IMPERSONATION

"And then if we can only make him choose swords! Oh, Max, my scoundrel, you're done for!"

for me to come over to-night. This duel is his idea. He wants Max killed. Ah! Ah! What do you say to that? You'll have to get out or remain here as my wife, if I come back. And don't flatter yourself you can stay on tricking me with any false hopes. You will be watched over by me closer than by any old duenna. (Takes FLORA's hands.) I will cling to this house like a spider to the middle of his web.

FLORA. Let me go. You are horrible to me. I will never marry him or you.

BRIDAU. No?

FLORA. No.

BRIDAU. Yes, my dear child, you will marry me. I will turn your hate into love.

FLORA. No; I am afraid of you.

BRIDAU. That's right.

FLOR. If I married you, it would be only to repay you everything one day.

BRIDAU. You darling. That's the spirit I'll love to tame. You will be as gentle as a lamb before I get through with you. Now make up your mind; will you clear out with Max? or am I to fight him and marry you.

FLORA. (Groaning.) Marry you?

BRIDAU. Make up your mind. Will you stay or go to Max?

FLORA. Go? How?

BRIDAU. Kouski has a carriage waiting for you. Which course will you take? (Enter Kouski.)

FLORA. Wait. I—

BRIDAU. Well?

FLORA. Well—

KOUSKI. Colonel, here are the gentlemen. (CARPENTER and RENNARD, BRIDAU'S seconds, enter.)

BRIDAU. (To FLORA.) Answer me.

FLORA. (Rises.) Wait till I hear what these men say.

BRIDAU. Why wait?

FLORA. Let me think.

BRIDAU. Well, General?

CARPENTER. The duel will take place to-morrow morning.

RENNARD. At half past six, behind the old Church of the Capuchins.

CARPENTER. We have admitted that Commandant Gilet is the offended party.

FLORA. (Eagerly, with suspense.) What weapons will they use?

CARPENTER. (To BRIDAU.) They've chosen swords.

FLORA. (With a cry of joy.) Ah!

CARPENTER. Only a serious wound will put an end to the fight.

RENNARD. No child's play; to the death.

CARPENTER. Have you weapons?

BRIDAU. I never travel without my pistols and swords.

RENNARD. Bring your swords, Max will bring his. You will draw lots.

BRIDAU. Very well. Thank you, gentlemen. (Goes to CARPENTER and RENNARD and shakes hands with them. He calls KOUSKI.)

CARPENTER. Till to-morrow.

BRIDAU. Till to-morrow. (Clasping their hands. CARPENTER and RENNARD go out.) Now, Mademoiselle, have you made up your mind? Will you go or stay?

FLORA. I will stay.

BRIDAU. I am delighted.

FLORA. Max will kill you.

BRIDAU. Or I shall kill him and marry you.

The duel takes place and Max is mortally wounded. Flora is informed that the death-bell will be tolled for him within a few minutes. The young commandant's orderly, Ors' Anto, whose life he had saved in Russia, grimly announces to the girl his intention of killing Bridau the moment the latter leaves the



HE PLAYS WITH WOMEN AS A CAT WITH A MOUSE.

Otis Skinner and Percy Haswell in one of the most startling situations in Balzac's remarkable psychological study.

house. He goes out; Bridau enters and in his rough and cynical fashion repeats his marriage proposal. Max, he informs her, used to boast openly that she was to him only "a stepping-stone to fortune."

FLORA. I don't believe you.

BRIDAU. Don't you? That's because you're used to liars. But I'm a truth-teller! Even when it hurts, I'm blunt as the devil; but that's the very reason you can trust me. And you'll love me for it, too, in time. In time—give yourself time. I'm willing to. Because, my dear, you're worth waiting for. You'll be a wife to be proud of. Especially in Paris. We'll live half the year here, the other half in Paris. Uncle will furnish the wherewithal. I will be reinstated in the army. Who knows that a little may not be added to my rank, if uncle is generous. A coronet would look well on that lovely head. And you will easily reign in Paris. Happy, too, with a man who loves you and who knows himself to be your devoted master. You'll forget your ugly past, and thank God you didn't make the mistake I saved you from. Come, be sensible. No more tricks. Open those lovely eyes wide enough to see the brilliant future that lies before you. Think it over. (He starts to go.)

FLORA. Colonel, don't go.

(Stops at door and turns to her.)

BRIDAU. Why?

FLORA. Well—I—

(The bell is heard tolling for MAX. Enter ROUGET.)

ROUGET. What's that bell for?

FLORA. (With a reaction of feeling.) Max—he is dead. (Bursts into tears, leans against chair.)

BRIDAU. You want me to stay?

FLORA. No—go!

(BRIDAU goes out singing "Le Musquetaire." He is heard in the distance. FLORA listens anxiously. Bell stops.)

ROUGET. (After a silence.) Flora! Flora! Is it true?

FLORA. What?

ROUGET. You are going to be Philippe's wife?

FLORA. Yes.

ROUGET. Thank you. (Goes to embrace her.)

FLORA. Don't touch me, or I'll strike you.

ROUGET. Flora.

FLORA. Be careful. I hardly know what I am doing now. I'm half mad...

ROUGET. Don't you love me any longer?

FLORA. (Interrupting.) You have killed Max.

ROUGET. I!

FLORA. You.

ROUGET. Flora!

FLORA. I know it. The Colonel told me. It was you made your nephew provoke Max. You were jealous and wanted to get rid of him. And you ask me if I love you. No, I don't love you, nor your nephew, either; but I will marry him, perhaps—perhaps. Wait a minute. Listen. (A pause. She goes toward door, then comes back. She listens. No one comes. She continues.) But it will be for your money; yes, for your money only. I will stay for your millions.

ROUGET. (Crying.) You are cruel—Flora.

FLORA. No; I take it all back. Of course I love you. And that's really why I'm going to marry your nephew. You see, I am so excited, I don't know what I am saying. If I marry Philippe, it will be just to live here with you and take care of you still. And if anything should happen that Philippe and I didn't marry, still you'd keep me with you all the same, wouldn't you? Promise me. Promise me you won't turn me away for your sister, and you will keep me here always as your little girl. (Starts up suddenly.)

ROUGET. What is it?

FLORA. (Listening.) Some one is walking in the corridor.

ROUGET. No.

FLORA. Yes, I tell you.

ROUGET. You are mistaken.

FLORA. No. Listen!

ROUGET. Who can be coming at this hour?

FLORA. He has opened the lower door. (To ROUGET.) Go back to your room.

ROUGET. Why?

FLORA. Do as I ask you. Please. It is Ors-Anto, and he brings us bad news—I feel it.

ROUGET. I will be within call.

FLORA. Go! Go! (She has got him to the door. He goes out, but stops on stairs listening. She closes doors, turns and faces the other door. She gazes at him spellbound.)

(The door opens and BRIDAU enters. FLORA, who has started toward the door, stops astonished. She gives a cry, which she quickly stifles. She gazes at him spellbound.)

BRIDAU. There's a man outside needs assistance!

(She breathes hard, frightened, and doesn't take her eyes from him, following his every movement.)

BRIDAU. (Pointing to door.) You go! And when you have gone, don't you come back.

(FLORA looks at him a moment, then starts slowly toward door. ROUGET, who has been listening on the stairs, enters quietly as FLORA gets to door. He speaks.)

ROUGET. No, you sha'n't! You sha'n't! I forbid it.

FLORA. (Turning on him fiercely.) Forbid! You forbid. (To BRIDAU.) You are right, Colonel Bridau—you have your own way here now. You've robbed me of everything—my rights, my home, of the one brave man in all the world. But there's one thing you can't take from me—my liberty and the hate and loathing I've had for you both. (To ROUGET.) For I've always loathed you.

BRIDAU. Here, hard words won't mend matters. You'd better go before that dying man out there tells his story. (Handing her purse.) This money will get you to Paris. Good-bye. (FLORA takes purse and is about to throw it down. BRIDAU stops her.) Oh, my dear; that will buy a whole lot of things in Paris. You sweet little vixen, you! Go!

FLORA. You thief!

BRIDAU. (Calling after her.) In Paris, dearie—in Paris.

FLORA. (Outside.) You thief!

BRIDAU. (Opens window.) Au revoir, dearie. We'll meet in Paris. (Turning to ROUGET.) Uncle, to-night you may sleep in peace.

ROUGET. No; I shall never sleep again!

BRIDAU. Yes, you will, uncle. For the honor of the family, you will!

Curtain.

THE GROWING GARRULOUSNESS OF BERNARD SHAW

BERNARD SHAW has always been fond of talking. With each play his talkativeness becomes more appalling. "John Bull's Other Island" and "Major Barbara" were unbearable to many for this reason. In his latest play, "Getting Married," Mr. Shaw has, however, overstepped all bounds. He cynically announced that the play was written with the sole purpose of annoying the critics; in fact, he insisted that it was not a play but an "instructive conversation." A despatch to *The American* describes the "play" as "three hours of yawning." Five old gentlemen, we are told, fell asleep, and one lady fainted. As Shaw himself had described his work as "a conversation," the correspondent adds, and had warned everybody that they would be bored, the audience had only themselves to blame if they did not like it. Nevertheless, the hissing at the end was almost as loud as the applause.

The critics unanimously damned the "play"; they said that Shaw has out-Shawed himself producing not a play, but a Socratic dissertation. Mr. Walkley, of the *London Times*, compares the "play" to Plato's

"Symposium." Max Beerbohm, however, assures us that the managers might do worse than put up the "Symposium" after "Getting Married" has run its course at the Haymarket. The creatures of Plato's dialogs are creatures of flesh and blood, actable and presentable. Mr. Shaw's are not equally lifelike. Shaw has remarked that his "play" was on the plane of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. But, Mr. Beerbohm affirms, Shaw has fallen short of the Beethoven plane through fear of doing the very thing which he so loudly proclaims himself unafraid of doing: that is, of boring us. Usually, he says, his fun and his seriousness are inextricable one from another; you cannot see where one begins and the other ends. In "Getting Married," however, the fun does not seem integral; it seems to have been foisted in for fear lest we should fidget.

Other critics are even more severe in their condemnation; yet Mr. Shaw's talkative method is not without compensation. The amount of discussion raised by his experiment is prodigious, and the brilliant Irishman has almost talked other plays, such as Pinedo's "Thunderbolt," a strong and well-made drama, out of existence. Still it seems as if the turn-



BERNARD SHAW IN HIS MOST BENIGN MOOD

This photograph, taken from the original caricature bust by E. G. Lutz, a young American sculptor, represents the redoubtable wit evidently before he had read the critical opinions of his new widely discussed play, "Getting Married."

ing of the tide was at hand. Says *The Daily Telegraph*:

"Mr. Shaw knows himself and his own qualities so well that it becomes a work of supererogation to attempt to point him or them out. He does not care to write a drama so much as to compose a species of Socratic dialogue, in which various points are taken up by various speakers, and the general conclusion is delightfully uncertain and vague. Altho he often can draw character, and, according to many feminine critics, is intimately acquainted with the secrets of women's hearts, he sometimes perversely does not choose to do anything except make all his characters talk the same language as Shaw. He is absolutely disconcerting, and he glories in the fact. He takes current notions of morality, turns them upside down, analyzes them with bitter logic, and is satisfied if the result is paradoxical and annoying. Mr. Shaw has told us these charming eccentricities in himself over and over again, and it is our own fault if we do not know what to expect. In 'Getting Married' such characteristics meet us at every turn, with the addition, perhaps, of one which, as a clever man, Mr. Shaw ought to be able to avoid. Prolifity is gaining upon him.

The very facility with which he seems to talk brings with it its own temptation. His plays are over before he will permit the curtain to be rung down, and the feeling with which the majority of the audience must have left the Haymarket Theatre yesterday was probably a certain unescapable weariness, caused by unending glitter and an interminable conversation.

"It is a pity, because for one hour 'Getting Married' is exceedingly bright and amusing, and even for two hours the interest is kept up with no small measure of success. But then comes the fatal third act—a curious and disappointing act, which chills our interest and sends us out of the theatre a little perplexed and more than a little bored."

The Standard (London) remarks that "Getting Married" is the most "Shavian" of all the Shaw plays. Wit bubbled forth, philosophy gaily bedecked, but none the less deep, kept the attention during the first half of the entertainment, but from the middle of the second "act" the brilliance began to flicker and the philosophy to get thin. "Even Mr. Shaw," the reviewer concludes, "can be dull after the second hour. . . . Directly Mr. Shaw ceases to laugh we find him out." *The Athenaeum* admits that Mr. Shaw is feeling his way toward a new art-form in the theater, "but," it adds, "it is to be hoped that he has no imitators."

"Getting Married" is not divided into acts. The action on the stage, Catherine Welch relates in the *Sunday Times* (New York), is supposed to continue uninterruptedly from the delivery of the first speech to the last. The author has divided it into three portions with ten-minute intervals between them, but, he declares on the program, these interruptions are to be regarded as concessions to the convenience of the audience, not as a part of the playwright's design. The curtain falls on the entrance of a certain character with his hand extended in greeting, and rises ten minutes later to show us the actor with his hand still outstretched. There being no story to tell, observes *The Standard*, the nature of this strange and extraordinarily clever work can be best brought before the reader by a description of the characters:

"We find them in the Norman kitchen of the palace of the Bishop of Chelsea, gathered together for the wedding of his youngest daughter, Edith. The Bishop is a delightful creation, full of the freshest ideas and the profoundest of philosophy. True marriage, he believes is a sacrament, no other kind of marriage matters—therefore, let there be marriages for definite periods, to be ended by agreement. The Bishop has many illuminating and wonderful things to say. Alderman William Collins, a green-grocer, is always engaged as major-domo for the weddings at the

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Palace, and his outlook on the question of wedlock is comprehensive and varied. Lesbia Grant-ham is an English lady who longs to give splendid children to the nation, but refuses the gift because she will not endure the necessity of marriage. General Bridgenorth is the sentimental figure of the group, in love with Lesbia—a conventional, simple, 'stupid' soldier, who is shocked by everything everyone says, and no wonder. Reginald Bridgenorth is a middle-aged man, who has eloped with a lady of no reputation, and knocked Mrs. Reginald down; but, far from being a cad and a brute, he has done both in order that his young wife may be free to marry another man whom she thinks she loves. She is merely a girl, and wishes to be the wife of two men, Reginald and a Mr. Hotchkiss. Hotchkiss has his visiting card engraved 'the celebrated coward.' He is a king among snobs. Birth to him is everything. He had to resign his commission for refusing to attack a Boer position, and thus ruined a battle. Yet he is a very brave man. He was actuated by the desire to prevent the promotion of his superior officer, which would have come had the battle been won, because the superior officer was no gentleman, having been promoted from the ranks; his chief offence being that he eats rice pudding with a spoon. Edith Bridgenorth, the bride-elect, refuses, at the last moment, to marry, because she has been reading a pamphlet on the marriage laws. Cecil Sykes, the bridegroom, wants to be let off because his fiancée is a speaker at public meetings, and libels people, and he is afraid that he—being responsible for her—will be mulcted in heavy damages one fine day, and that his poor mother, who is dependent upon him, will consequently be thrown upon the world.

"That is the collection of people to which we are introduced—and they all talk about marriage. The astonishing things they say, the extraordinary range of Mr. Shaw's ideas upon the subject, the whimsical and profound views he expresses, through them, keep us alert. Marriage in the time of ancient Rome, as it will be centuries hence, as it is in polygamous and polyandrous countries, in high and low society, as it should be, as it might be—for three solid hours Mr. Shaw manages, with intervals of dulness, to describe and to dissect. Under all his badinage there is deep thought and a fresh and original point of view. He sets up axioms, only to knock them down. He writes things in praise of blood, and birth, and breeding, and the existing order, only to demolish the argument in the next phrase. He denounces the democracy and 'progress' with a conviction which startles one, until he turns a complete somersault the following moment. He rails at marriage through the mouths of nearly all his characters, but in the delicious scene where they try to draw up a new style of marriage contract on 'rational' lines he thrusts home the point, with apparent relish, that any new state of affairs would be infinitely worse than the old."

The most sensational scene in the third "act" is the trance of one of the characters, Mrs. George Collins, who gives voice to the demands of womankind, and seems to embody Mr. Shaw's own views in her speech. Hers is a plea for woman's rights. Woman is called "the inspirer of men's thoughts, the

better genius who helps their relatively unformed characters to increase."

"She is the fairy godmother, who converts an ordinary house into a king's palace. She is the good angel who forgives and reconciles and spreads peace. If this be so—and the facts are recognized in the emotional utterances of many men—do not let us make her into a drudge, a slave, a merely ordinary housewife. Man must get out of the habit of demanding as his right certain things which he expects from his wife, whether physically or socially. The graciousness of her presence must be acknowledged, the independence of her personality preserved."

The discussion takes place for the benefit of the young couple who, having read a certain pamphlet on the responsibilities of marriage, refuse to undertake the momentous step. While the discussion is still raging both turn up as man and wife, and the problem remains unsolved.

Mr. Shaw repeatedly remarked that the play is a woman's play, and that the critics, instead of coming themselves to the theater, should have sent their wives; "for," he added, with accustomed modesty, "it is really a good play." Incidentally, Mr. Shaw has had a tiff with Lord Alfred Douglas, who has pointed out in *The Academy* that the author of "Getting Married" possesses a feminine mind. He says:

"Mr. Bernard Shaw gave himself away completely in the preface to one of his plays, where he described himself with deadly accuracy. He said he was a prude and a person of almost old-maidish ideas. We don't profess to give his exact words, but that was their general sense. Mr. Shaw might have said more accurately quite old-maidish. We are sorry to have to say it, but it is our deliberate opinion that, for all his brilliant cleverness and ability, Mr. Shaw does not possess a masculine intellect. A vegetarian who never touches alcohol, who thinks smoking 'a filthy habit,' and who raises hysterical shrieks about cruelty because a mother visits her child with a well-merited and salutary smacking, is not the kind of man to whom this country is going for instruction in sociology or morality. Mr. Shaw will always be able to amuse and to stimulate us, but the sooner he learns that he is not in a position to preach to us the better it will be for him. Of course, if he obstinately persists in his present courses and refuses to write any more delightful comedies like 'Man and Superman,' 'Candida,' and 'John Bull's Other Island,' if, in short he continues to preach and to substitute conversation for drama, he is doomed."

Mr. Shaw has denied the accusation of his critic. But in his very habit of "getting back" at reviewers there is surely a feminine trait. And cynics might assert that his loquacity may be accounted for in the same way.

THE REHABILITATION OF TERPSICHORE

TERPSICHORE, the Muse of dancing, has fallen into disrepute. The mother of the arts is no longer regarded as one of the sacred nine. In vain have choice spirits like Arthur Symons protested in the past against her degradation. At last, however, there seems to be a revival of interest in dancing as an art. The success of Mademoiselle Genée, of Miss Isadora Duncan, of Miss St. Denis, and quite recently the archaeological reconstruction of Greek dances with the assistance of classical scholars by an American sculptress, Mrs. Lou Wall Moore, are pointing to the rehabilitation of what was once a leading art and a religious rite.

An American poet, Bliss Carman takes up the cudgels for the elder sister of the lyric muse in his book on "The Making of Person-

ality" (L. C. Page & Company). The reinstating of dancing in its rightful place among the liberal and humanizing arts, he insists, is greatly to be desired, and any tendency in this direction is most welcome. The prestige of the art as developed in the modern ballet is admirable as far as it goes, but it dwindles down at times to bleak artificiality and conventionalization. At best it is only a stiffened relic of the art of dancing as compared to what may be accomplished in restoring it to its lawful position of honor. It serves not only as a vent for impulsive ebullition of animal spirits, but as an avenue for the definite expression of varied emotions. It serves as a means to convey their infection and fascination to others, and it takes its appropriate place among the fine arts as one of the most charming and winsome dialects in the language of ecstasy.

The artistic dancer, Mr. Carman contends, uses bodily motion as a poet uses words, as a musician uses tones, as a painter uses colors. It shares with the other arts the right to be called liberal and fine, and deserves an equally important place in our serious regard. That dancing is the legitimate sister of music and poetry, the writer goes on to say, is indisputable. "Her birthright is no less authentic than theirs, nor her origin less divine, while the realm of her inheritance lies more within the enjoyment of all." To quote further:

"If not the wisest of the immortal nine, she is the gayest, most human, debonair, and alluring. To the sorceries of her rhythmic motion, to the silent but inescapable witcheries of her melting curves, to the languid or impassioned glamor that she weaves, every son of man is responsive. She alone shares with her twin-born Music the power to charm the wildest heart, and foster even in the rudest mind some elements of civility. Poetry may enlarge our horizon, making us serene and wise; architecture may remind us of the spacious nobility and order of the universe; painting and sculpture may help us to a more vivid delight in the color and form and loveliness of the world; and acting may stir our sympathy with its mimic follies and woes; but dancing is pre-eminently the preceptress of unmitigated joy. She is the epitome of happy moments, embodying the innocent abandon of our unrestrained rapture. The hours sacred to her are those which are free from care. It is to her that we instinctively turn when the soul leaps for gladness. It is she who teaches us that perfect fusion of sense and spirit, without which no art is possible and no life is fortunate. She personifies that creative rapture which was in the beginning, when the morning



By courtesy of *Der Deutsche Vorkämpfer*.

ISADORA DUNCAN DANCING TO AN AIR FROM CHOPIN

Professor Walter Schott's charming conception of the great dancer.

stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy.

"Terpsichore is not only the Muse of dancing, but the goddess of all motion. She presides over dancing mote and whirling leaf, as well as over the jig and the minuet. The wheeling hawk hanging on balanced wings above some dark ravine, the fleet innumerable droves of the sea that glimmer and dart through their dusky silent firmament, the clever tumblers in the circus, the happy children in the street keeping time to the hurdy-gurdy, the flying thistle seed, the drifting snow, the sand that travels in the tide, and the recurring planets in their vasts career,—all are biddable devotees of her cult, paying obedience to her mighty law, whose first obligation is poise, whose final realization is freedom."

The elation to be gained from freeing our manacled bodies and refreshing them with some beautiful and happy motion, Mr. Carman affirms, is almost unbelievable. Several years ago, he tells us, a number of women gave a Greek dance as a studio performance for their friends. More recently Miss Duncan and Miss St. Denis have demonstrated the imperishable interest we all must have in dancing as a fine art. Their practical success in barefoot dancing should be a substantial encouragement to the culture of the art for its own sake. Their performances, however, Mr. Carman affirms, are open to criticism. He says on this point:

"Miss St. Denis has still a good deal to learn about the meanings of motions and the making of magic, but it must be remembered in her favor that there is almost no one from whom she could learn these secrets. Her dancing lacks sorcery and charm as yet, power to fascinate as well as to astonish; she has the cleverness which arouses interest and makes one admire, but not the touch of rapture which would carry one away, as all competent art should. She has, in other words, an excellent technique, a plastic mobility, but no passion and no adequate mastery of the expressional values of various motions. So that while her dancing may dazzle by its brilliance, it cannot enthrall."

There is, however, one American woman who has attempted to wrest the secret of the art of dancing from the stones and stories of ancient Greece. Mrs. Lou Wall Moore, sculptress and danseuse, who has appeared in the past season at many New York social affairs, has studied for years the movements of the dancers on Greek vases and in the descriptions of poets. It is her intention in time to give her discoveries to the world in permanent form by returning to block and chisel and making in marble the figures she has conjured up from the past. She will have to be her own model because, she tells us,



ALL NEW YORK IS IN LOVE WITH HER
Mademoiselle Genée, whose artistic dance in "The Soul Kiss" captivated the Empire City.

because the Greek dancer was more supple than the modern model. She will construct for that purpose a special system of mirrors so arranged that she will be able to study herself from every viewpoint.

Mrs. Moore has danced at Columbia University, at the National Arts Club, the Waldorf-Astoria, and at several of the large studios. Her own ground, where she has hundreds of enthusiastic friends and disciples, is Chicago. A great favorite at the Art Institute, she has assisted in all sorts of Greek revivals. When a child Mrs. Moore was placed under the instruction of a French dancing master whose grandfather was a noble at the Court of Louis XV. When she passed beyond the steps of the modern dancers, she did not gravitate into the acrobatic performances which constitute most ballet work, but began instead the study of classical dancing. She emphasizes the fact that whereas the words of a modern play suggest to an actor certain expressions, gestures and intonations for their proper interpretation, to the ancient Greeks



THE DANCE OF THE SEASONS

Mrs. Lou Wall Moore, the American dancer who has reconstructed the dances of ancient Greece, with the assistance of classical scholars. The figure to the left represents Summer, drooping with the richness of its blossoms. The figure to the right, Winter, suggests sleep and the falling of snow, saved from utter hopelessness by the scarcely believable promise of spring.

they suggested also rhythmic movements of the entire body. These dances were not interludes or accompaniments, but an integral part of the drama and were an equal factor with the actual speaking of the words in the expression of the ideas presented. Certain movements, it seems, always accompanied certain ideas, somewhat after the manner of the motifs of Wagnerian music, and these might almost be termed an analysis of the lines, for they reduced each idea to its elements. It was at this stage, we gather from the *New York Herald*, to which we are indebted for much of the above information, that Prof. Richard G. Moulton, of the University of Chicago, became a prominent factor in Mrs. Moore's career. Steeped in things Greek till they were almost more real to him than the actualities about him, the scholar began to show her how to unravel from the tangled and

broken skein that has come down to us the threads she had been groping for with but the guidance of her artistic intuition.

"Greek literature, manners, customs, art, became her study, especially the Greek vases that give the completest record we have of the drama dances of Greece. A unique figure truly—that of a dancer poring over the ancient and obscure lore of ages long passed away. And unique as well the picture of a dignified and world known professor of literature figuring as a dancing master.

"To the novice the record of the ancient Greek vases looks remarkably complete," says Mrs. Moore, but it is not so simple. In the first place, many of the restorations are erroneous, and in the second it is one thing to look at a series of disconnected poses and another to merge them logically in a dance. My dances do not merely look Greek to a casual observer; they are Greek to the Greek scholar."

"So Mrs. Moore does not hold her long and tedious delving in the dust of dead times wasted,



THE FATAL DANCE OF SALOME

Two of the most striking poses of Mrs. Moore's interpretation of the dance that cost the head of John the Baptist. Another pioneer of the revival of dancing as an art, Miss Maud Allan, took London by storm in the presentation of the same dance which twenty centuries after the death of that unfortunate Princess of Judea, daughter of Herodias, still stirs the imagination.

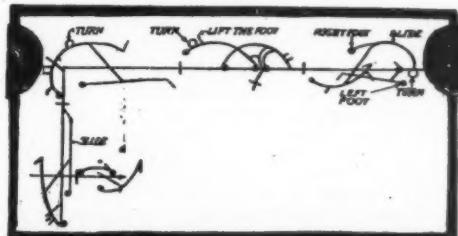
tho she might have produced an effect as pleasing to the untrained eye without that patient toil. She has worked out in absolute correctness of detail two groups of dances from the Greek. The first of these is the 'Symphony,' or dance of the four seasons, while the second is divided into three parts—the funeral dance at the tomb of Agamemnon, from the Libation Pourers of Aeschylus; the Eumenides, or spell dance of the Furies around Orestes, and the Bacchanalia, or sacred dance of Bacchus."

In a recent interview, Prof. Alfred Emerson, one of the most finished Greek linguists and competent authorities of the classical and archaeological world, who has conducted excavations in Athens, describes Mrs. Moore's Bacchanalia as stirring and sensational, artistic and emotional, as well as strictly authentic in construction. It will be seen that to infuse life into the relics of a dead time, to bring not only the Greek joy but the Asiatic frenzy to our foreign civilization and touch the chords of our deepest being is work for a genius. *The Herald* corroborates this opinion. Genius, it says, far beyond the mere talent for danc-

ing itself, is startlingly shown in her Furies dance.

"Orestes, so the poem runs, thinks himself safe in the sanctuary of the goddess Minerva, who would protect him from the consequences of what she proclaims a justifiable murder. But the Furies track him by the smell of blood to the very altar. Here all the motion of the dance is earthward, stealthy, dire.

"Then when they find Orestes protected, so



Photograph by Matzene.

HIEROGLYPHICS OF DANCING

Chart of Saraband issued by a master of dancing at the court of Louis XV, from which Mrs. Moore has worked out one of her most intricate dances.

great is their fury of appeal to the gods for vengeance that Orestes is given over to a tribunal of judges. Here the dance is a vengeful frenzy, a flame of wrath, a clamoring of hatred at the very sky. Mere grace and agility would serve but little here, but with intellect, artistic intuition, her statuesque figure and Greek type, Mrs. Moore weaves a spell over her audience as compelling as that of the Furies she represents over Orestes.

"The 'Symphony' opens with the sleep of Spring—a sleep disturbed by the crash of the storm of receding Winter and an awakening to the new wonder and promise of the world. Then enters Summer, drowsy, with the heavy languor of warm sensuousness—Summer, with the harp that lulls to sleep through long, golden, hazy hours. Then Autumn, and the grape is ripe, the wine comes from the press, and to Bacchus the Bacchante gives thanks in a wild burst of gaiety and gladness, in a very fury of joy and love. Winter—the tragic dance—ends all, and ends in sleep, sleep just saved from the hoplessness and horror of death by the faint, scarcely believable promise that yet again to the world will come Spring.

"Summing up her work, it will be seen that Mrs. Moore is really an archaeologist who is a recreator as well. For what she digs out of the past she will give to the world again not only in the transient allurement of her dances, but in the fair white marble loved by the Greeks themselves will she make lasting her reading of the messages on which the lips of so many centuries have closed."

Mrs. Moore has not, the writer assures us, confined herself to Greek dances. She has revived the court dances of France and Spain from old diagrams, deciphered queer hieroglyphics, and evolved from puzzling scratches her dances stately and beautiful. Were it not for this artist's cleverness in various directions she would be seriously hampered in the choice of her costumes. Imagine, the writer continues, one's going to a costumer and saying "I want a bacchanalian costume of the Euripides period," or "Make me a Furies dress for the Aeschylus drama." Mrs. Moore, he says, did not even attempt it.

"She brought a clever sewing woman to her apartments and herself devised, planned, studied, directed and worked. The result is a large wardrobe of costumes of a beauty rarely seen and of an absolutely classical correctness, so that even archaeologists might study from them. Exquisite among them is the winter costume, with its archaic folds, in which every elevation of the arms apparently brings about the dancer's figure a fall of soft snow. The spring costume in palest, icy green, seems to be frosted with half frozen rain drops. In the summer dance the dress shades from palest green at the shoulders to the emerald green of deep wet grass at the hem. The autumn costume might have been dipped in wine to give it its wonderful rich hue.

"The dancer bears a spear with a golden pine cone at its tip, she is decked with vine leaves and

bunches of grapes and is an incarnation of the fervid maturity of fall. For her court costumes Mrs. Moore has used the Nattier paintings for her French models, while the Spanish dress is copied exactly from the Velasquez portrait of the Spanish Infanta. These are gorgeous creations of pearl and brocade, and to the last detail the dancer has reproduced the splendor of dress of those stately courts, as well as their dances."

Mrs. Moore's dances are accompanied by selections from the rich repertoire of dignified and classical music. Poetical readings increase the charm and effectiveness of her "Dance of the Seasons." This peculiar arrangement is another illustration of the wide divergence of the art of dancing from the acrobatic performances which constitute most ballet work. In the ordinary acceptation of the word, Mrs. Moore's artistic performances are hardly dances at all. Her effects are chiefly gained by a succession of poses, and it is doubtful if she could achieve her brilliant success but for her knowledge of anatomy and the psychology of rhythmic movement.

No ordinary dancer would be able to present studies like her Ophelia; in fact, it almost seems to us as if we discerned in such portraiture a new development of the art of dancing. For the last two decades men have striven to create new arts and new combinations of ancient arts. For a time there were interesting experiments in the endeavor to introduce the "art of perfume," but it has been impossible, so far, to convey definite artistic impressions through the medium of the olfactory sense. The modern intellect, however, requires a definite message. This is apparent in poetry and in the drama; the tintinnabulation of beautiful words and the presentation of crude emotions are of the past. It is in accordance with the trend of the artistic mind in the twentieth century that it attempts to add intellectual content even to the grace and beauty of Terpsichore, the most sensuous of the Muses.

It seems, therefore, that the art of dancing holds manifold possibilities of which perhaps even the Greeks never dreamed. Its revival at the same time in various parts of the world seems to be in line with the ideas of Gordon Craig and of those who would substitute for the spoken word in the drama a series of beautiful movements. Whatever the outcome of the issue may be, there can be no doubt that the art of dancing, long eclipsed, has entered upon a period of splendid revival.

Science and Discovery

TRANSMISSION OF LIFE FROM ONE PLANET TO ANOTHER

DURING the time required to travel from one planet to another in our solar system, the germs of life certainly might retain their power of germination, in the opinion of the illustrious physicist and Nobel prize-winner, Professor S. Arrhenius, of the University of Stockholm, who writes at length on the topic in *The Monist*. He does not mean that life could be transmitted from a planet outside our solar system to another; but he inclines to the belief that within the solar system we call our own the phenomenon has occurred, thus explaining what seems mysterious to so many—the existence of life here and now. We know, for instance, that the suns in the universe—there are many—are moving relatively to each other so that the distance between them varies. We are even able to figure out that during the course of one million years some star probably has been about five times as close to us as our nearest stellar neighbor is at present. When we estimate that life has been present on our earth at least a hundred million years we must admit that it is of little importance if a planet should have to wait for the appearance of life a couple of million years after it has been ready to receive it.

In this way we bring the period required for the journey of life from one planet to another or rather from one planet to the nearest star to eighteen hundred years. One might doubt whether spores of bacteria or germs in general retain their latent life for such a period. It has been claimed that grains found in Egyptian sepulchres have shown capability of growth; but the sober critic has demonstrated that these statements are exceedingly questionable. Recently a French scientist, Boudin, stated that he had found spores of several kinds of bacteria in a Roman grave which undoubtedly have retained their germinative power during eighteen hundred years. This assertion, at any rate, does not seem unreasonable:

"Germs of bacteria, therefore, might possibly keep their life-bearing quality during the transportation from one planetary system to another.

"On their way from our globe, the germs of life in question would be exposed to strong sunlight during about one month, and we know that the most refrangible sunrays kill bacteria and their spores within a comparatively short time. As the experiments have been carried out however the spores have generally been placed on some moistened surface. (Marshall Ward's experiments.) These conditions by no means apply to spores moving in the interplanetary spaces. Furthermore, it has been shown by Roux, that the splenic fever spores, which are quickly killed by sunlight under free access of air are not affected at all in vacuum. Certain spores again suffer little if any harm from light. All the botanists that I have consulted on this point agree that there is no evidence to the end that spores traveling through space would necessarily be killed by sunlight.

"It might further be argued that the spores, during by far the largest part of their journey are exposed to a cold that they might not endure. When the spores pass the orbit of Neptune, their temperature has gone down to -220° C. and still further out it is perhaps even lower. During some recent experiments at the Jenner Institute in London, spores of bacteria were kept for 20 hours at a temperature of -252° C. in liquid hydrogen gas. Their power of germination was not destroyed. Professor Macfayden in London went further still and showed that microorganisms kept for six months at a temperature of -200° C. in liquid air still would germinate. At my latest visit in London, I was told that such trials had been protracted for even longer periods with the same result.

"On the contrary, it is not improbable that the power of germination will last vastly longer at temperatures lower than those on earth."

The loss of this power is no doubt caused by some chemical process and nearly all such actions proceed at an enormously slower rate than at higher temperatures. It seems, therefore, not unlikely that the extreme cold in the interstellar space preserves, so to speak, the germs of life so as to allow a far more protracted transportation than one might judge possible from their behavior at ordinary temperatures.

We see then that the spores of the smallest earthly organisms, if once separated from our globe, would quickly be dispersed throughout the universe as seeds are scattered over a field. But now the question arises: How will they be able to leave the earth against the force of gravity?

Of course, such tiny and light bodies would follow the currents of air. A small particle of rain very tiny, falls an infinite fraction of an inch each second at ordinary atmospheric pressure. Hence it is easily calculated that a spore of bacteria would fall a relatively small number of feet per year. Evidently such small particles follow the currents in the atmosphere even out into the most rarified air. But by the currents of air they could never be expelled out of the atmosphere.

In order to lift them to great heights we must resort to other forces. Fortunately, we know that electricity will help us out of almost any difficulty. On the vastest heights the northern lights display their luminous brilliance. We believe nowadays that the northern lights are caused by discharges from negative electricity brought with great quantities of dust from the sun. The atmosphere is there as if saturated with negative electricity. If therefore the spore in question receives a negative charge from the sun dust it might by its charged neighbor be driven out into the ether sea.

"We assume now that electrical charge as well as matter is not divisible *in infinitum*, but that there exists a minimum charge which has been determined to be 5×10^{-19} electrostatic units.

"It is not difficult to calculate how strong the electrical field must be that will expel such a charged spore against the force of gravity. A field of 150 volts per meter will suffice for this purpose. Fields of this strength are often, almost normally, observed at the surface of the earth in clear air. The electrical field in the region of the northern lights is in all probability stronger, and is therefore no doubt able to expel the electrically charged spores when they are carried to this region by currents of air.

"It is therefore probable that seeds of the lowest organisms we know are continually being scattered out in space from the earth and from other planets inhabited by life. But like germs in general, by far the greater portion of these will perish in the cold infinite space. A small number, however, may fall on other spheres to bestow upon them, if their conditions are favorable, the gift of life. Sometimes this may not be the case; sometimes again the seeds will meet an eager soil. And even if a few millions of years should elapse from the time when a planet is ready to receive life until the day when the first seed reaches its soil, sprouts, and takes it into possession for the use of organic life, how insignificant is this delay compared with the era during which life will blossom on the planet.

"The tiny seeds expelled in this way from the homes of their parents may either travel isolated through space and, as outlined above, reach outer planets or systems of planets centered around other stars, or they might meet bigger particles rushing in towards the sun."

In that part of the zodiacal light which is called by the Germans Gegenschein and is regularly observed in the tropics and occasionally at our latitude in the part of the sky opposite the sun, we behold, according to the astronomers, streams of fine dust swiftly falling into the sun as gravity commands. Suppose now that a very tiny spore meets such a dust particle a thousand times greater than itself and adheres to its surface. The spore will be carried in towards the sun, thereby crossing the orbits of the inner planets and might fall into their atmosphere. It does not take these dust particles a long time to pass from one planetary orbit to another. Assuming their initial velocity zero at Neptune (they might then originate from one of Neptune's moons, as Neptune, Uranus, Saturn, and Jupiter themselves probably as yet have not cooled off sufficiently to shelter life) they would reach Uranus's orbit in twenty-one years and that of Mercury in twenty-nine years. Under similar conditions such particles would cover the distance between the orbits of Uranus and Saturn in twelve years, between Saturn and Jupiter in four years, between Jupiter and Mars in two years, between Mars and the earth in eighty-four days, between the earth and Venus in forty days and between Venus and Mercury in twenty-eight days.

"It becomes evident from these figures that the dust particles with their adherent spores might fall 10 to 20 times slower without danger of the spores losing their germinating power. In other words, if the spores adhere to particles so tiny that their weight to 90 or 95% were balanced by the sun's radiation force, they might yet within a comparatively short time fall into the atmosphere of the inner planets but with a reasonable velocity of, say, a few kilometers per second. It is easy to calculate that if such a particle with its adhering germ and with or without its rise in temperature would only amount to 100° C. above that of the surrounding air because of the strong radiation. Such temperatures the spores of bacteria easily endure for even much longer periods than a second without jeopardizing their life. Once arrested the particle with its adhering germ and with or without the help of air currents would slowly sink to the surface of the new planet.

"In this way life would quickly be dispersed from its home within a planetary system to other places in the same system offering favorable conditions for its existence.

"Some of the germs which were not caught by such dust particles would continue their journey towards other solar systems, where they would be arrested by the radiation force from the new suns. They cannot go further than to a point where the opposing radiation pressure equals that of their starting point."

THE UNITY OF DISEASE AS THE BASIS OF A UNIVERSAL HUNGER CURE

IT IS most difficult for the lay mind to appreciate the reasoning by which that well known scientist, Professor Hereward Carrington, arrives at his conclusion that all disease can be cured by the simple process of going hungry. We are asked by Dr. Carrington, who is one of the best known members of the council of the American Institute for Scientific Research, to believe, among other things, that a total abstinence from all food, when one is diseased, is a powerful and primary human instinct. This instinct points the way to cure—fasting.

If the Carrington theory of disease be correct—and it is outlined elaborately in the new book on the subject*—there is a unity and oneness of all disease. All diseases, properly so called, originate in a common cause, the different diseases being but the varying faces, aspects or modes of expression of this primary disease. If the cause of this primary disease be due (apart from mental influences and mechanical injuries) to an undue retention within the system of effete, excrementous material, and the disease itself merely the active process of expulsion of this material—and this is the sum and substance of the Carrington theory—there is but one method of cure, removal of the cause.

Now there are normally but two ways in which this impure material can enter the system—through the lungs, by breathing impure air; or through the stomach, in swallowing improper food and drink. In no other way can impurities normally introduce themselves into the system.

It follows that there is only one method whereby this material may be expelled—through the eliminating or depurating organs. By balancing and regulating the efforts of these organs and by keeping them at work constantly—their functions stimulated to the highest degree—in this way only can we ever hope to cure disease. A treatment devoted to any other end or any other purpose is purely wasted effort.

The explanation is, according to Carrington, that disease is a curative process, a thing beneficial in itself to the organism attack-

ing it. It is a sign that nature is undertaking to rid the body of its ill. All disease may thus be defined as a curative action on the part of an organism, a reconstructive process. What we know as disease is really the outward symptom of this cleansing process going on within the organism. It is the process of cure itself. We are observing but the outward signs of such curative action. This may most readily be seen in cases of epidemics, which prove, if they prove anything, that it is disease which saves life. The mortality during an epidemic, that is to say, is frequently lower than in the preceding years when no epidemic was present. Cholera is thus in this way life sparing and saving, and from the point of view of the vital statistics small pox itself is a good thing, since it helps to bring down the death rate.

Now consider what this implies. The orthodox medical treatment consists in doctoring or smoothing these symptoms which are mistaken for the real disease and in fact in attempting to cure a curing process. Fur-



ON THE VERGE OF SKELETONISM

These photographs were taken on the last day of a forty-five-day fast. The patient was in good condition, progressing rapidly to recovery from a serious illness cured by fasting.

*VITALITY, FASTING AND NUTRITION. By Hereward Carrington. The Rebman Company.

ther, by checking or subduing or retarding these symptoms of disease by drugs, physicians actually retard or hinder the process of cure to just the extent to which they are successful in, as they think, curing the complaint. Yet the more successful their palliative treatment is, the more they have, in reality, hindered the true process of cure. Physician and patient alike have mistaken the true nature of disease and assumed the outward symptoms of its cure to be disease itself. The real disease is the cause of these symptoms—not the symptoms themselves. It is that which lies behind the phenomena themselves as observed, the phenomena being really the outward and visible sign of the general cleaning process going on within the organism. This truth is not new, but the deduction to be made from it, as regards fasting, is quite so.

This brings us to the real cause of disease, which we have seen to be the poisonous and effete matter which has collected within the organism, the accumulation of which we have been repeatedly warned of by headache, lassitude, physical and mental pain, unhealthy accumulation of fatty tissue and so forth. The elimination, the getting rid of this poisonous matter constitutes the series of symptoms mistaken for disease and treated as disease itself.

It follows from this that all diseases are in reality parts or aspects of the same malady.

Every single part of the organism is and must be connected with every other part, since it is an organic whole. Every part is affected by the same means, blood supply, for better or for worse each passing moment. The whole organism is through the blood essentially one. No one part of the body can possibly be affected without all other parts being also involved, even in cases where this is apparently not the case. No one part of the body can be diseased and the remainder be healthy. To suppose so is to be guilty of flagrant error. It is either connected through and by means of the blood stream or the nervous mechanism or both, and this should be so apparent as to need no demonstration whatever. It is only the weight of medical authority that prevents anyone from accepting this truth as axiomatic.

All talk of local diseases is, then, nonsense pure and simple, and implies either ignorance or short sightedness on the part of any man who uses the term. The whole organism is

necessarily involved. Local treatments are worse than useless. They are positively injurious.

The subject of fasting as a cure is now in order. At the outset it must be noted that fasting promises nothing at all to the well. A man in good health, comparatively, has nothing to gain by fasting. Indeed, Dr. Carrington has had no opportunity of judging the effects of a fast upon the healthy. He has, however, studied the process of disease as influenced by systematic fasting and he pronounces it an unfailing remedy for all human ills to which the name disease is applicable. This is apparent upon consideration of the normal processes of digestion and of what effects upon the system an excess of food material might be expected to have upon it.

Our bodily tissues, Dr. Carrington points out, are made from the blood, the blood from the chyle, the chyle from the chyme, the chyme from the food (roughly speaking). At any stage in the process of digestion, therefore, if one of these becomes morbid or foul, all become morbid and foul likewise. Similarly, if one of them is in excess, all are in excess and grave results follow. A morbid excess of tissue in any part of the body must, therefore, depend for its formation, its nutrition and existence upon the food eaten. If this is unhealthful or in excess, morbid tissues, excessive growths and the like form, which are directly dependent for their existence upon bodily nutrition. If only pure food were supplied and in sufficient quantity, just enough to evenly and exactly balance the bodily waste and repair, this morbid tissue, these excessive growths, would be impossible. They are fed and sustained directly and solely by the excess of food ingested, by the overplus of food within the system. We may now very readily see how it is that food taken in excess has the effect of directly feeding the disease, and conversely it becomes apparent how by fasting we may thereby cure the disease (remove the cause) by withdrawing the nutrient upon which it has been dependent—by literally starving it out.

We have thus reached a point at which we are able to appreciate two great truths—first, that during a fast the energy which was previously utilized in the digestion of food material is now set at liberty and may be used to cure the body, and, second, that during a fast the useless, dead and excrementous matter is always quite eliminated, leaving the healthy tissue freed from morbid material.

Among numerous illustrations of the efficacy of fasting we are told of a man with diabetes who entered upon a period of abstention from food that lasted many days. The patient's weight at the commencement of the fast was 182 pounds and at its close 158 pounds—a loss of twenty-four pounds in twenty days. Within five days all traces of the patient's "cold" had disappeared. The headaches had vanished also. The hearing and mentality and the voice were again practically normal. As the fast progressed, the patient continued to improve until towards the end (on the seventeenth day) the patient made the remark that he felt better and more active physically than he had in many months, his only trouble being more or less lassitude. The fast was broken before natural hunger had returned, but the patient was apparently well in every way, hunger only being absent. The diabetes was completely cured. As noted, this is but one among many cases cited by Dr. Carrington, all showing, apparently, that prolonged fasting is an invariable cure for disease of a morbid type.

The physical effects of fasting in the diseased seem quite different from what one would expect. The point of starvation can not be reached until the frame has gone down to the skeleton, which in some cases does not happen until weeks have gone by. Moreover, there is present an energy and a buoyancy which sustain the patient throughout the ordeal. The mind becomes clearer and many of those fits of depression which attend disease of the malignant type vanish altogether. There is a sharpening of the sight, an improvement of the hearing and a general toning up of all the senses. The mind is less morbid, the judgment improves wonderfully and the consideration of abstruse problems and subjects seems a delight.

Current theories are to the effect that food has three main functions. The first is the replacement of tissue that has been broken down by the daily activities. The second function of food is due to the fact that it is the source of our bodily and mental energies—of the human vitality. The third grows out of the fact that food is the source of our bodily heat, the latter being derived from it by the chemical processes of combustion. In direct opposition to this, Dr. Carrington says that food has but one function in the human economy—the replacement of tissue. Food supplies no heat and no energy whatever. The replacement of tissue is its sole



AFTER A FORTY-DAY FAST

The body of the patient is still well covered with flesh. This illustrates the difference between the effects of fasting on differently constituted temperaments.

and only function. This being so, the question might be raised: Why do we need more of it while performing active muscular work than when this work is not performed? The answer to this is readily found. All exercise breaks down tissue and this tissue must always be replaced. Food is the material from which tissue is formed. Food, therefore, merely supplies the body with material from which it draws in active exercise and consequently the greater the amount of exercise taken the greater must be the amount of food eaten to replace this waste of tissue. The greater the one the greater the amount of the other needed, and vice versa. But the observed fact does not in any way prove that the food supplied more vitality in the latter case.

Dr. Carrington contends, in a word, that we do not (all prevalent opinions notwithstanding) at any time or under any circumstances derive any part of our mental energy or bodily energy from the food we eat; that vital force is in no wise interrelated or transmutable into any other forces whatever.

NATURE OF THE TRANSFORMATION THAT MADE THE APE HUMAN

MANY have been the conjectures of scientists regarding the precise point at which our ape ancestors laid aside their simian characteristics and definitely took on the semblance of humanity. Evolutionists and psychologists as well have inferred the possibility of the intoxication or stimulation of the gorilla brain—which has all the convolutions of the human brain—by a first taste of the juice of the grape. The result would be a galvanizing of the will to an extent that projected the stimulated ape up that long slope along which our species has toiled its evolutionary way. The name of Professor James of Harvard has been associated with conjecture of this sort. Zoologists have never favored this view of the matter. According to them it was the male which first assumed the upright attitude—the essential human characteristic. The male stood upright first because it was easier as a feat for him than for his feminine counterpart. Havelock Ellis has called attention to the enormous strain of the upright posture upon the female. It is a strain which from the physical nature of the case was tremendous to the female. Her pelvic structure, we are assured, shows to this day traces of the frightful ordeal of an upright posture continued throughout generation after generation of an evolving human species. But it was essential for the female to keep company with the male, and she did so through the only possible means—the upright posture. Woman's normal posture is still quadrupedal rather than bipedal. Surgery has made a tremendous advance through recognition of this fact, for by putting the human female in the natural attitude of the anthropoid ape many of her characteristic physical embarrassments can be easily alleviated. Havelock Ellis deems the discovery of this truth the greatest surgical triumph of the nineteenth century.

All the speculation on the subject, however, leaves science in the dark regarding the nature of the transformation that made the ape human. Not until that well known writer on evolution from the standpoint of zoology, Dr. T. W. Heineman,* attempted to demonstrate that two small anatomical modifications of the

primeval ape determined physical, mental, moral, economic, and even physical conditions to a totally unexpected extent did the subject become practical. The two small anatomical modifications to which Dr. Heineman refers are first a modification of the bones of the hind feet—the entocuneiform bones—and second the angular inclination of the longitudinal axis of the head towards the long vertebral column.

These modifications originated the human race.

The entocuneiform bone is the middle of three cuneiform foot bones which, with others, control the movements of the toes. Now the variation in the series of entocuneiform bones in connection with dependent changes in the muscles, tendons, nerves, and so on, made a pair of big toes out of two opposable thumbs, and transformed a pair of prehensile posterior hands into two feet. Thus Dr. Heineman in the new work from which we quote. He adds that the two feet evolved in the manner indicated served admirably as supports for the body in the upright attitude, but were utterly useless in the grasping of branches.

Our ancestors were therefore forced to abandon tree life. How could creatures unable to hold on to branches with their lower extremities live or move about among the forest trees away above ground, and there compete for the necessities of existence with apes, snakes, felines, and great birds? It was, says Dr. Heineman, impossible.

"Our brute ancestors were therefore inevitably obliged, as soon as this transformation had taken place, to begin the struggle for existence on the surface of the earth. Could they do this on all fours? By no means. How could two hands in front, with fingers outstretched and thumbs nearly at right angles—and that is the only way the horizontal body can be supported on the flat of the hands—co-operate with two feet, each swinging in locomotion with natural ease? It would have required a new plexus of regulating nerves for each of the two movements, so vastly differing from the other, and these two nerve plexi would have needed new systems of nerve connections with the higher co-ordinating centres. Many generations would have had to pass before all these new nerves and connections could come into existence, and in the meantime the creatures needing them must have died without leaving offspring. And even if it could have been accomplished, what a clumsy, waddling movement or mode of locomotion it would have been. The supposition must therefore be rejected."

* *THE PHYSICAL BASIS OF CIVILIZATION.* By T. W. Heineman. Chicago: Forbes & Co.

THE SPECIAL PSYCHOLOGY OF WOMEN

TO SPEAK of a special psychology of women, when one happens to be a male, presupposes, says the eminent lecturer on psychological medicine at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, Dr. Thomas Claye Shaw, M.D., that one has to some extent such a share in the form of mental action under consideration as will justify the audacity of criticizing what can only partially be experienced. This would be easy enough to a unisexual mind. But women are women and men are men and tho there are points of resemblance both in bodily and mental structure and function there are yet such profound differences that the one must always be a puzzle to the other.

We may be able to say what women ought to do, but that we find them acting and talking very differently merely proves that we have not correctly estimated the factors upon which their motives have been formed, and, since a complete fusion of intellects is not possible, the psychology of women must always be a paradox to men.

It is a different form of mind that we are asked to appreciate. It is no more possible for the mere man to predict what the mere woman will of necessity do than it is for the timid person to understand the audacity of the lion-tamer or rat-catcher. Yet this dissociation of mind in the two sexes is not a complete one. There are many common features. There are men of whom it may be said that there is much of the woman in them and there are what are called masculine women who seem to be composed largely of attributes of the male mind. Much depends, too, upon education and environment.

Nevertheless, and difficult as it may be to quite believe it, there is in reality little difference between the two classes of mind. One may be complementary to or may largely replace the other. In fact, avers Dr. Shaw, whose lecture is reproduced in the London *Lancet*, it is quite feasible to suppose a society in which, *quā* mentality, the position of the sexes was reversed; indeed, such a state of things did exist in the old Basque provinces, where the judges were women and women exercised the suffrage! He continues:

"Up to a certain point there is little, if any, mental difference between the boy and the girl. Except for dress it would be difficult to tell one from the other, and perhaps also of environ-

ment, and in these days the conditions of the latter are so similar in the sexes that until the parting of the ways (the changes at puberty) there is no distinctive mental difference between the sexes—the one might sit as understudy to the other, either in work or play, and no one would be the wiser. Granted that differences in dress at an early period and separation in domestic arrangements do tend to make the child recognize that *he* and *she* are in some way different, this is entirely an artificially grafted idea and in no way affects the position that at first and for a long time afterwards the mind of the one is the mind of the other. The boy and girl are each others' playmates until at puberty a marked change in their relations to each other occurs—he who was up to then the trusted *alter ego*, treated with confidence and in a spirit of equality, is now viewed as an objective of a very different character: he is a person to be kept at a distance, to be treated with reserve and regarded with suspicion, and this change of relationship is more or less fostered and maintained for ever afterwards; life from being asexual becomes bisexual.

"What grounds are there for saying that woman is inferior to man? What is the local sign of inferiority? Hitherto it has been shown chiefly by submission to authority, a smaller range of idealism, a more delicate and therefore less strong bodily organization. There are other signs, but I will take the three named as representative of the general relations of the sexes in the past, just to point out that under altered conditions of education and environment these stigmata of 'inferiority' have almost disappeared. The fact is that women are not inferior to men; they are different from them, scarcely perhaps comparable, in some faculties superior; and to talk of 'inferiority' is like comparing two masses of different composition and calling one inferior because it is not so large and gross."

In old times brute strength or force was the sign of superiority, so the woman was in this particular inferior; she had to stay at home chiefly because of family duties, more especially with relation to the children. The childless woman would come to be viewed as useless to the tribe and as a dangerous person because she was of no utility to the commonwealth. Moreover, having more leisure, she would perhaps become revolutionary. She would be accordingly suppressed. The laws enforcing the subordination of women became very strict. How it ever came about that women became rulers of tribes was probably that by accident there was no male survivor and that any opposing male faction was overcome by the adherents of the old house who were bribed to support it.

Women, being of less powerful muscular-

ity than men, have to protect both themselves and their children by artifice.

"Woman is a prize, but as there are many candidates for the prizes she has to resort to artifice to obtain the victory of marriage. She has to fight just like the man has, but she does it in her own way. Hence she is deceitful, both in dress and presentation; at times she hides her charms, at others she exposes them. She resorts to false hair, to false teeth, to face powders and lotions, to beauty preservatives, and to ornaments. These are decoys and must be considered fair game. There is always an excuse for these periods of rejuvenation; they connote conditions of health. If artificial teeth conceal imperfections they also aid digestion; if 'transformations' cover up baldness they also prevent cold; if face powders hide blotches and wrinkles they also prevent irritation of the skin; whilst face massage promotes a return to plumpness and resiliency. As to ornaments, the use of them, except as signs of the possession of wealth, or as the parade of ancestral relics, or as significant of official dignity, is not so clear; certainly they are very useful for purposes of trade. It is said that diamonds are irresistible to the female mind. May this always remain so. Think of the awful cataclysm that would ensue if women changed their views with regard to diamonds!"

Dress, either as a protection against the weather or as an opportunity for hiding or displaying the curves of the figure, is so important a factor in the life of a woman that the prominence she gives to it is easily understood. It is a necessity that she shall show herself off to the greatest advantage. It is not mere vanity. Women have various objects in dressing as they do. Perhaps they inherit tendencies in this way and would be at a loss themselves to account for their feelings and ideas in this direction.

There is truly a psychology in clothes. It is useless to say that women dress to please men or to excite the jealousy of other women. They simply dress in their own way because they have to, and for their own satisfaction. The precept and environment may count for something, there is yet the idiosyncracy of the woman behind it all. She may have any number of new and fashionably cut clothes, but she appears in a garb which her friends can not understand. Why? Because of a mental trend which can not be reduced to rules and codes. The psychology of dress is that it makes you think you are what you profess to be. That is why the common soldier has to go about in uniform and why the priest appears in black coat and tie. The mind of the insane is on the same psychological basis as the mind of the sane. Female

lunatics who have "delusions of position" don on special occasions such jewels and ornaments as they can lay hands on, glass set in string or wire rings and the like to keep up their illusions.

The consideration of the psychology of women is perhaps best based on an analysis of what are called the elements of mind:

"A good deal has been made of the assertion that the brain of the man is heavier than that of the woman, but Marshall showed that by comparing brain weight with the stature in the two sexes the weight (of brain) for each inch was 0.708 in the male and 0.688 in the female, this difference being entirely due to the preponderance of cerebrum in the male; and that if the other parts of the brain are taken it was identical in the two sexes. He showed that tall persons have relatively less brain substance than short ones and that if the height in inches is divided by 1.6 the weight of the brain in ounces is obtained. Then, again, we know nothing positive about the relative qualities of the brain in the two sexes and no one can tell under the microscope whether he has a male or female brain to deal with.

"The mental faculties (to use a term which is not altogether defensible) may for practical purposes be divided into—

Sensation; perception; memory; { attention, feeling, emotion and sentiment; { impulse, and ideation and conation { will power.

We cannot prove either from anatomy or physiology that any one of these 'faculties' is, or should be, greater or less in women than in men. We can only judge by experience and analysis that whilst in some of these divisions women are practically of the same intensity and quality as men, in others they are either excessive or defective; but pray bear in mind that this is only empirical or experiential knowledge, and that the estimation varies according to the personal equation of the investigator. As to sensation, the quantity and quality seem to be about equal in the sexes, except that the sense of smell is perhaps more acute in women, probably because in men the nasal mucous membrane is blunted by snuff and tobacco. One always notices more open windows in carriages occupied by women. Perception (or the knowledge of what is implied by sensation) is probably the same in the two sexes. Memory—equal, whether as purely abstract memory or as the result of association."

On the stage, women are more word perfect in their parts than men, but there are reasons for this apart from the question of memory. In imagery or in ideation the range may be as great in one sex as in the other. How often does it happen that in the highest flights of poetry, in questions of abstract mathematics, in the application of scientific theory, in romance, in practical government, we find the woman just as prominent as the

man. In the departments of feeling and emotion and in the domain of comprehension of ideas as such it does appear that women differ materially from men. To feeling and emotion women are especially susceptible and they seem more likely to act from impulse, which in itself proves want of self control. The real origin of feeling (sensation) and emotion (ideal or intellectual) is doubtful. There are different theories on the subject. According to one we are sad because we cry. According to another we cry because we are sad. The former theory makes the feeling or emotion secondary to the muscular and organic display, whilst the latter makes the emotion the primary condition, the display of the emotion being actually secondary to the sensation or feeling. Certainly, whether on the stage or in real life emotion and its display are far more conspicuous among women than among men, and it would seem that there are special reasons for this:

"The latest conclusions point to the basal ganglia as being the most intimately concerned with emotional display and these appear to be relatively larger in the female sex. * * * * * Now what is the object of emotion? Why is it so important in our mental category? There are people who pride themselves upon never having feeling or emotion; they say that nothing moves them, they are impassive, never excited, never depressed, everything that occurs is to them a matter of course, and from their attitude of serene indifference they behold with a sort of neutral contempt their more demonstrative congeners. Premising that they are correctly describing their subjective states, the condition is not one to be envied, for it is the mental attitude of the degenerate and the imbecile, who scarcely know what feeling and emotion mean except in the very lowest degree. The expression of emotion is both conservative or protective (when it is essentially reflex) and deliberate. The first glimmer of intelligence in the infant is the smile responsive to that of its mother. Is it not well that the dawn of intellect shall be heralded by happy auguries? And in the bodily and facial expressions of fear or anger the woman appeals in the only manner possible to the protection or sympathy or other mental states of the man."

Two very prominent emotions among women are obstinacy and sympathy. It is obstinacy which comes to her aid when she is beaten. It often makes her illogical. Not that the woman does not see that she is wrong, but that, being used to conservancy, she wishes to preserve intact the stand she has taken and therefore she argues that by persistence she can wear down the attack; and, as she knows from former experience that

defence is useless without attack, she is not only obstinate but recriminative. The wise man knows—or ought to know—that a woman's obstinacy is merely evidence of the strength of his attack and probably of the successful issue of it; and, noting this, he should not blame the woman, for it is often her only rampart. It is at times best to concede gracefully the point at issue and to let her march out with the honors of war.

In sympathy we note a device for setting up in others a frame of mind similar to one's own so that what is wished for may be gained, or else a desire to enter into the feelings or mental attitude of another person so as to ascertain the object of those others in pursuing a certain course of action. The form which sympathy takes varies according to the motive of the woman:

"It is now of the gentle, soft, and low-voiced form (so excellent a thing in woman, as King Lear said); at another time it takes the martial, active, strident type necessary to harmonize with and complete the unity of mind the *vis viva* of which it is sought to obtain. The suffragette question is perhaps the best example of the extent to which these two emotions of obstinacy and sympathy will carry women. Their wonderful obstinacy is due partly to a sense that there is really no good reason why they should not have a vote if they wish it, partly to the idea that they can by this same obstinacy break down the opposing strength (for it is really a fight for freedom from the restraints of the majority), and by their powers of objective sympathy they endeavor to arouse corresponding emotions in their antagonists. They see that a few men are (or say they are) in their favor and so they appeal to these traitors in the camp in the hope of spreading disaffection, for they know that they can only get what they want by the consent of men, and as the authorities seem determined not to let them have it, there but remains to view the present position of the suffragist as a necessary consequence of her mental equipment. We notice that pain and worry on the subjective side beget sympathy towards others. Women are more sympathetic than men because physiologically they have to endure more—the community of bodily pain and mental worry is plus or positive on the woman's side, and in this way they have more sympathy. Sympathy is never true without experience."

What is to be the psychological future of woman?

The fusion of the two sexes in the animal world does not exist in nature. It would be too risky. It would lead to results disastrous to the young. In the same way the fusion of the two qualities of mind in one individual would lead to negative conduct. It is only poets and novelists who have made women

mysterious by intensifying (caricaturing) the action of the mind elements. It may be difficult to guess all the motives which result in a certain course of action, but when once explained (as they often are only after the event) the results are seen to be the things which alone could have happened.

"Perhaps the fact that women have not always had money has tended to make them dependent, afraid to contradict, more obedient, less assertive; but now that the position is so often reversed we see that the real mind in the sexes is the same altered only by social necessity and environment. People run away with the idea that mind in either sex is something very complicated, very profound, and very different in kind according as we see its manifestations in the man or the woman. This is a mistake. As a rule, thinking is a very simple thing, scarcely more than a reflex. Wundt's dictum is that the old metaphysical prejudice that 'man always thinks' has not yet entirely disappeared. 'I am inclined,' he says, 'to hold that people re-

ally think very little and very seldom.' Many an action that looks like a manifestation of intelligence most surely originates in association. People talk about 'work' as if it were the *proprium* of one sex not to be aspired to by the other, whereas there is no work peculiar to the one or the other. Everyday work is just a matter of little brain necessity; it may be a 'bother,' a 'bore,' but it involves little beyond reflex mentality."

One sex might carry on the work of the world just as well as the other. Left to itself without work or occupation, mind degenerates into subservience to the body. The man or the woman with nothing to do spends the time selfishly, cultivating the appetites, tending to introspection. Inasmuch as there is any difference between the minds of the woman and the man it becomes an interesting puzzle to the one to guess what is going on in the other. When from force of training and similarity of environment it is seen that the minds are essentially similar, then interest disappears and life becomes monotonous.

HOW NATURE LIMITS THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST



NATURAL selection—by which is meant the survival of the fittest—seems to that eminent zoologist of Great Britain, Dr. D. Dewar, who has spent years of study in the tropics, to be quite misunderstood as a factor in organic evolution. He has been led to wonder if nature does not actually limit the survival of even those fortunate individuals whose variations render them the best equipped for life in the environment in which they find themselves. Dr. Dewar would not imitate those by whom Darwin's theory of natural selection was scoffed at when first propounded, but he says in *The Albany Review* (London), that "the present tendency is to value natural selection too highly, to attribute to it powers that it does not possess, to see in it the one and only cause of the origin of species and of organic evolution." He insists that the doctrine has yet to pass through the third phase of its existence. "It has to find its own level, to take its proper place as a factor in the making of species."

Simply because it is easy of enunciation and comprehension, logical and self-evident in a

sense, the Darwinian theory has gained rapid and widespread popularity. A mere child can perceive that if a kind of insect be preyed upon by fly-catching birds, the most rapid of wing among these insects would possess better opportunities of escape than the slow ones. Consequently, as like produces like, the tendency would be for that species of insect to become more and more rapid in flight through traits transmitted from one generation to another.

Now things in this particular, contends Dr. Dewar, are not so simple as all that. The theory of natural selection, as thus popularly stated, involves two assumptions which, as Dr. Dewar tries to show, are not warranted.

To begin with, the hypothesis neglects what we may, for want of a better word, call the element of luck.

In the second place, it assumes that every slightest variation must tell. No matter how small the variation be, it must help or hinder its possessor in the struggle for existence.

When Dr. Dewar says the theory neglects the element of luck, he means that it assumes the race to be always to the swift, the battle

to the strong. This is not necessarily so. A herd of antelope is fleeing for dear life from a leopard. After a long run, the panting herd finds itself in a tract of unknown country with the leopard still in pursuit. Suddenly the foremost antelope—the swiftest of the herd—finds himself in a bog. His plight acts as a warning to the slower members of the herd, who change their course and escape. But the leader is caught, for the leopard, having broader feet, is able to negotiate the bog.

Two insects of the same species are disporting themselves in the air when a fly catcher appears on the scene from such a direction that it catches sight only of the faster flyer of the two insects. This it chases and devours. The slower insect escapes because, thanks to its position, it happens to escape observation. One of the most familiar sights in India is that of a little "myna" or an egret stalking beside a cow, catching the grasshoppers as they jump to avoid being trodden upon by the quadruped. As the birds can not be on both sides of the cow at the same time, it catches only those grasshoppers that happen to be on its side of the cow. Those on the other side escape, as do those in all parts of the field not traversed by the bird and its cow companion. In these circumstances, it is obviously chance, pure and simple, the accident of position, that determines which grasshoppers shall be destroyed.

Again, take the case of the birds that perish in a cyclone, a fierce tropical storm, a prolonged drought, an exceptionally severe frost. In such calamities birds sometimes die by the hundred, the weak and the strong, the swift and the slow alike. All the birds of one locality succumb, while not one of those in the neighboring locality is affected.

If it be urged that the cases cited do not affect the fact that in the long run the fittest survive, if it be pleaded that in the long run luck balances itself, so that it is, at the most, a disturbing factor, Dr. Dewar has his reply ready. We may grant this, he says, and still be content that the path of natural selection is not so smooth as some men of science would have the world suppose. But Dr. Dewar passes to what he thinks perhaps the greatest flaw in the theory of survival of the fittest—namely, the assumption that the balance of nature is so nicely adjusted that the least difference in the length of a leg or wing is of vital importance to the individual.

When the beast of prey and its victim are evenly matched as regards fleetness and power of endurance, then, doubtless, the assumption

is justified. But how rarely in the rough and tumble of the struggle for existence are the victim and the foe well matched.

"Note the consummate ease with which the flycatcher captures its quarry. Watch the effortless sally, the elegant sweep of the bird, and the sudden disappearance of the luckless insect. The flycatcher will sometimes take three or four insects in the course of one flight; all are captured with the same ease, altho the length of wing in each varies. So great is the bird's superiority that it does not notice the differences in the flying powers of its puny victims. When overtaken by a mighty flood, the good swimmer and the man who cannot swim at all are equally helpless.

"Look at the swifts as they dash through the air at a speed of a hundred miles an hour, swallowing the gnats and other tiny insects they meet in their course, and consider the extent to which small variations will affect the chance of escape of these insects.

"Equally free from effort does the capture of a crow, or other slow-flying bird, by a Bonelli's eagle (*Hieraetus fasciatus*) appear to be. The eagle sits waiting in a tree. Presently a flight of crows passes, wending its way to the trees in which it will pass the night. The eagle makes a dash and, in less time than it takes to relate, seizes the crow that happens to be nearest, regardless of the fact that that particular crow may be capable of faster flight than many of its companions."

Watch, as Dr. Dewar has frequently done in India, the progress of a small flight of locusts. The fluttering creatures look like flakes of reddish snow. Numbers of crows, kites and mynas are always in attendance, feeding on the locusts. They invariably catch the locusts that happen to be nearest. Their superiority in the air is so great that there is no need for them to select those of the locusts whose power of flight is weakest. It is a case of first come, first devoured. Such instances could be multiplied almost indefinitely. The woodpecker inserts his sticky tongue into a crevice of the bark and pulls out a score of insects that have been lurking there. The weak and the strong, like the swift and the slow, come alike to him.

Another point which it is important to bear in mind when trying to estimate the power of natural selection as a factor in the manufacture of species is that the struggle for existence is most intense among young creatures, among animals that are not fully developed. These are the weakest, no matter how strong, potentially, they may be. The mortality among the young of birds, beasts and fishes, is enormous. When once the individual has passed through this period of weakness, its

chance of survival is comparatively good, until it reaches the point where it becomes decrepit with age.

It may be objected to that the mortality is greatest among young animals, it is nevertheless the fittest of these that survive. Therefore this heavy infant mortality is no argument against the efficiency of natural selection. Much force, however, is taken out of this objection by the fact that, at this stage, the elimination is of litters and broods rather than of individuals. When an egg-eating animal chances upon a nest containing eggs, it consumes the whole catch. Similarly, when a cat discovers a nest containing young sparrows, it demolishes the whole brood, the strong equally with the weak, the fit equally with the unfit. When a gale dashes dozens to the ground, it destroys broods rather than individuals.

If the struggle for existence were of the nature of a race at an athletic meeting, where the competitors are given a fair start, where there is no difference in the conditions to which the various runners are subjected, then, indeed, would every variation tell. But such is far from being the fact:

"I would rather liken the struggle for existence to the rush to get out of a crowded theatre, poorly provided with exits, when an alarm of fire is given. The people to escape are not necessarily the strongest of those present. Propinquity to a door may be a more valuable asset than strength.

"Having shown that there are *a priori* grounds for doubting that the balance of nature is so fine that the least variation must tell in the struggle for existence, it remains to be seen whether this doubt is justified in practice, whether a survey of animal life confirms it. * * * In order to obtain a true insight into the ways of nature it is necessary to resort to some land—such as India—that flows with the milk and honey of species—a land which can boast of seventeen different species of cuckoo, eighteen species of kingfisher, and fifty-seven of woodpecker.

"The color of a bird has little to do with its chances of survival in the struggle for existence. From this it follows that slight variations in color can be neither of service nor disservice to an individual. The same may, perhaps, be said of size, shape and form. Natural Selection appears to allow the individual plenty of latitude as regards its color, magnitude and shape; it merely sets certain limits beyond which variations cannot go without being harmful.

"If this be not so, how is it possible to explain the diversity in shape, size and color of species which exist side by side and obtain their living by similar methods?

"For example, three kingfishers, differing in stature, build and hue, pursue their vocation on almost every river and lake in India.

"Five totally different species of flycatcher may be seen in the same wood on the Nilgiri Hills. All obtain their insect food in the same way. If Natural Selection alone has determined their shape, size and coloring it is not easy to understand why they differ so considerably in appearance."

Whenever a group of organisms becomes divided off from its fellows, the invariable tendency is for it to assume some peculiarities. In further elucidation of this important point, Dr. Dewar refers to the observations made by the Rev. J. Gulick on the land mollusca of the Sandwich Islands, summarized by that noted evolutionist, Dr. J. G. Romanes, thus:

"Here there are an immense number of varieties belonging to several genera, but every variety is restricted, not merely to the same island, but actually the same valley. Moreover, on tracing this fauna from valley to valley, it is apparent that a slight variation in the occupants of valley 2, as compared with those of the adjacent valley 1, becomes more pronounced in the next—valley 3; still more so in 4, etc., etc. Thus it was possible, as Mr. Gulick says, roughly to estimate the amount of divergence between the occupants of any two given valleys by measuring the number of miles between them. * * * I have myself examined his wonderful collection of shells, together with a topographical map of the district, and therefore I am in a position to testify to the great value of Mr. Gulick's work. * * * The variations, which affect scores of species, and themselves eventually run into full specific distinctions, are all more or less finely graduated as they pass from one isolated region to the next, and they have reference to changes of form and color, which in no one case presents any appearance of utility. Therefore, and especially in view of the fact that, as far as he could ascertain, the environment in the different valleys was essentially the same, no one who examines this collection can wonder that Mr. Gulick attributes the results which he has observed to the influence of apogamy alone, without any reference to utility or Natural Selection."

To sum up. Natural selection, while capable of producing new species from those already in existence, is not able to account, Dr. Dewar affirms, for all the phenomena that have to be accounted for. The theory of the survival of the fittest is not sufficient. It has its limitations. Through lack of perception of these limitations the whole of evolutionary science has, within the past ten years, been in process of transference to a false foundation. The application to knowledge in general of arguments based upon evolutionary theory is proceeding very recklessly, nevertheless.

THE CONNECTION BETWEEN RAILWAY ACCIDENTS AND THE COLOR SENSE

IN considering whether some of America's frequent railway accidents may not be due to the character of the signals employed, Professor George M. Stratton points out that these signals must be caught and instantly translated into action under conditions of uncommon mental stress. For this reason, he adds, defects of the symbols which might otherwise be far from serious become of vital moment. Yet it has been said that the work of the locomotive engineer seems to the observer more difficult than it is, that the long training through which these men must pass permits them to carry lightly their great responsibilities. It was the more interesting, therefore, when on an express engine not long ago a party of which Professor Stratton was a member had come to the end of their long course and the din and jostle had given way to calm, to hear the engineer speak of the tension of his work. He had been at the throttle but three hours that day, and after going for a time to the round house would take his express back over the same run that night.

"My partner," said he, "will have the run to-morrow. No man could stand it holding her down in this way day after day."

And so the engine crews on such a swift express lie off on alternate days. The engineer and fireman may not take out their trains unless the entire preceding day has been one of rest. Such carefulness on the part of a great corporation calls for praise which should be all the less restrained, Professor Stratton says, when so much must be said to-day of the shortcomings of our railroads. Yet there could hardly be stronger proof of the strain under which the engineer must labor; for no company would give to its hardy servants every alternate day for freedom unless experience had taught that the service required it.

Nor is it difficult to appreciate in some measure the severity of the work. Various duties that on an ocean steamer are distributed among helmsman, lookout, engineer and the officer on the bridge here fall chiefly upon a single man, and this where the care and instant judgment required seem at times to be not far below those needed for the guidance of a ship. The locomotive engineer must control a marvelously complex and ponderous

piece of mechanism, keeping his sight and hearing and sense of shock so alive that amidst the universe of whirl and glare and explosive rattle in which, for the time, he is centered, he can detect the foreign note or quiver that speaks of disarrangement. He must know that his outside lights are burning bright, that the water in the boiler is sufficient and that the air brakes are in perfect working tune. He must from moment to moment glance at the hands of his watch and must know exactly where he is upon the road. All the while his eyes must hardly be taken from the darkness into which his engine rushes to catch the first glimmer of the signal which is his guide. Professor Stratton, whose article appears in *The Popular Science Monthly*, goes on to say:

"Since the safety of many lives thus depends upon these signal lights and upon their sudden clearness to a mind that must attend to many things at once, the symbols should at all times be the least ambiguous that can be planned. Yet the present night signals, given by colored lights beside the track—upon many roads, white for 'safety,' red for 'danger,' and green for 'proceed with caution'—are open to grave objections. For the human eye at its best and without abnormality is liable to mistake the signal hues at night, especially when the outward conditions are anywise untoward, whether by the distance or the low-burning of the lamp, or by fog or smoke or storm. And even when the colors are perceived with perfect accuracy, the use of the common oil-light called 'white,' as one of the signal colors, throws a dangerous task upon the engineer, inasmuch as it requires him to take constant heed lest he regard some window-lamp, or other meaningless light along his course, as a sign that all is well, and in consequence rush onward to his train's destruction.

"That the color-sense is wholly unfit for the office it holds in railroading is hardly open to any doubt whatever. One must speak with less assurance, however, as to what should take its place. But even here the general principle that might guide the change is reasonably clear. Our eyesight detects two different features in objects—their color and their spatial character, such as shape, position and movement; and the sense of color is far less primitive and vital and masculine than is the rude sense of space. Nature seems to have held the sensitivity to color a cheap and slighted accomplishment, to be crowded out or postponed to the mere finishing school, like young ladies' French and dancing.

"In urging that we no longer rely upon the color faculty for the safety of our trains, I have spoken almost exclusively of those difficulties which color offers to eyes that are entirely normal and sound. And upon such facts the main objection to the present system may be based."

Recent Poetry

WE are accustomed to assume that science and poetry are antipathetic; that all poetry is, at the core, mysticism, and that exact knowledge is to the mystic what the glare of noon is to the owl. But in such assumptions we always make the mistake of regarding science in some of its petty details instead of in its entirety. When we stop to consider, we know that instead of lessening the wonder of the universe it is increasing it and that as it pushes back the darkness it is simply enlarging the periphery of the unknown that touches us on every side. We can see a whole solar system now in every molecule, and if we no longer marvel over the same things that aroused the awe of our fathers, we have an infinitely larger universe infinitely fuller of marvels. A writer in *The Contemporary Review* describes the situation as follows:

"It is no longer a question of a little clear space in which we can move and act without heeding the impenetrable mysteries that surround this narrow field of action. We are not surrounded by mysteries, but are mysteries; the solid earth affords us no indefeasible foothold, the gleaming stars no certain steering light, the responsive conscience no directive and undeviating compass. The Absolutes of yesterday are altered; but not by doubt or speculation, not by infidelity or pessimism or evil, not by any subjective disclaimer of doctrine or the mind-searchings of pure philosophy, or the notions of pure mathematics. They are altered by the accumulation and collation of phenomena, and the enunciation of principles flowing from endless observations. Earth-stuff and Mind-stuff and Soul-stuff are in the laboratory in order that men may probe for the secret springs of things. As Jacob wrestled with the angel, so man to-day is wrestling with Nature, and till she answers our 'obstinate questionings' we will not let her go. . . .

"It remains for the New Poetry to awaken and give voice in song to the thoughts of the New Age. That a school of poets with such an epic to make will appear we dare not doubt, for the human intellect has never before soared in such daring flights as those in which it soars to-day; and the song accompanies the worker."

In the meantime neither science nor the new thought has altered the stuff of which the great poems have been made. The rapture of love and the mystery of death, for instance, are as great as ever. In reprinting the following beautiful poem, *The Bibelot* (June) calls attention to the fact that the same authentic utterance is found in it as in the oldest English elegy extant, writ-

ten five hundred years ago. The writer of "Mimma Bella" ("Beautiful Baby") died in Florence last October. We doubt if many of our readers ever heard his name. Yet this sonnet-sequence (of which we print but a part) will rank high in the best elegiac verse of the world, and is another evidence that it is not singers but audiences we lack in these days.

MIMMA BELLA

(IN MEMORY OF A LITTLE LIFE.)

BY EUGENE LEE-HAMILTON

Have dark Egyptians stolen thee away,
Oh Baby, Baby, in whose cot we peer
As down some empty gulf that opens sheer
And fathomless, illumined by no ray?
And wilt thou come, on some far distant day,
With unknown face, and say, "Behold! I'm
here,
The child you lost;" while we in sudden fear,
Dumb with great doubt, shall find no word to
say?
One darker than dark gipsy holds thee fast;
One whose strong fingers none has forced
apart
Since first they closed on things that were too
fair;
Nor shall we see thee other than thou wast,
But such as thou art printed in the heart,
In changeless baby loveliness still there.

Two springs she saw—two radiant Tuscan
springs,
What time the wild red tulips are afame
In the new wheat, and wreaths of young vine
frame
The daffodils that every light breeze swings;
And the anemones that April brings
Make purple pools, as if Adonis came
Just there to die; and Florence scrolls her
name
In every blossom Primavera flings.
Now, when the scented iris, straight and tall,
Shall hedge the garden gravel once again
With pale blue flags, at May's exulting call,
And when the amber roses, wet with rain,
Shall tapestry the old grey villa wall,
We, left alone, shall seek one bud in vain.

If we could know the silent shapes that pass
Across our lives, we should perchance have
seen
God's Messenger with dusky pinions lean
Above the cot, and scan as in the glass
Of some clear forest water, framed in grass,
The likeness of his own seraphic mien;
And heard the call, implacably serene,
Of Him who is, who will be, and who was.
Oh, Azraël, why tookest thou the child
'Neath thy great wings, that lock as in a vice,
From all that is alive and warm and fond,

To where a rayless sun that never smiled
Looks down on his own face in the pale ice
Of vast and lifeless seas in the Beyond?

Oh, rosy as the lining of a shell
Were the wee hands that now are white as
snows;
And like pink coral, with their elfin toes,
The feet that on life's brambles never fell.
And with its tiny smile, adorable
The mouth that never knew life's bitter woes;
And like the incurved petal of a rose
The little ear, now deaf in Death's strong spell.
Now, while the seasons in their order roll,
And sun and rain pour down from God's great
dome,
And deathless stars shine nightly overhead,
Near other children, with her little doll,
She waits the wizard that will never come
To wake the sleep-struck playground of the dead.

What wast thou, little baby, that art dead—
A one day's blossom that the hoar-frost nips?
A bee that's crushed, the first bright day it
sips?
A small dropped gem that in the earth we tread?
Or cherub's smiling gold-encircled head,
That Death from out Life's painted missal rips?
Or murmured prayer that barely reached the
lips?
Or sonnet's fair first line—the rest unsaid?
Oh, 'tis not hard to find what thou wast like;
The world is full of fair unfinished things
That vanish like a dawn-admonished elf.
Life teems with opening forms for Death to
strike;
The woods are full of unfledged broken wings;
Enough for us, thou wast thy baby self.

Oh, bless the law that veils the Future's face;
For who could smile into a baby's eyes,
Or bear the beauty of the evening skies,
If he could see what cometh on apace?
The ticking of the death-watch would replace
The baby's prattle for the over-wise;
The breeze's murmur would become the cries
Of stormy petrels where the breakers race.
We live as moves the walker in his sleep,
Who walks because he sees not the abyss
His feet are skirting as he goes his way:
If we could see the morrow from the steep
Of our security, the soul would miss
Its footing, and fall headlong from to-day.

O little ship that passed us in the night,
What sunrise wast thou bound for, as we
sailed
Our longer voyage in the wind that wailed,
Across dark waves, with few great stars in sight?
Or wast thou bound for where, in dim half light,
The Isles that None Return From lie thick-
veiled
In their eternal mist; and shrunk and paled,
The sun of Ghostland shines from changeless
height?
We had but time to hail and ask her name.
It sounded faint, like "Persis," and we heard
"God's haven" as the port from which she came;
Bound for . . . But in the sobbing of the
wind,

And clash of waves, we failed to catch the
word,
And she was gone; and we were left behind.

Do you recall the scents, the insect whirr,
Where we had laid her in the chestnut shade?
How discs of sunlight through the bright leaves
played
Upon the grass, as we bent over her?
How roving breezes made the bracken stir
Beside her, while the bumble-bee, arrayed
In brown and gold, hummed round her, and
the glade
Was strewn with last year's chestnuts' prickly
fur?
There in the forest's ripe and fragrant heat
She lay and laughed, and kicked her wee bare feet,
And stretched wee hands to grasp some wood-
land bell;
And played her little games; and when we said
"Cuckoo," would lift her frock, and hide her head,
Which now, God knows, is hidden but too well.

Lo, through the open window of the room
That was her nursery, a small bright spark
Comes wandering in, as falls the summer dark,
And with a measured flight explores the gloom,
As if it sought, among the things that loom
Vague in the dusk, for some familiar mark,
And like a light on some wee unseen bark,
It tacks in search of who knows what or whom.
I know 'tis but a fire-fly, yet its flight,
So straight, so measured, round the empty bed,
Might be a little soul's that night sets free;
And as it nears, I feel my heart grow tight
With something like a superstitious dread,
And watch it breathless, lest it should be she.

What alchemy is thine O little Child,
Transmuting all our thoughts, thou that art
dead,
And making gold of all the dross of lead
That leaves the soul's pure crucible defiled;
A vaporous gold, which I would fain have piled
Upon my palette, and with light brush spread
On Death's dark background, that thy baby
head
Might wear a nimbus where the angels smiled?
Thus had I given back what thou hast wrought
In my own soul, and placed thee high among
The cherubs that are aureoled in glow;
Rimming thy brow with fine red gold of thought,
In such fair pictures as the English tongue
Shrines in its sanctuaries while ages flow.

What essences from Idumean palm,
What ambergris, what sacerdotal wine,
What Arab myrrh, what spikenard would be
thine
If I could swathe thy memory in such balm!
Oh, for wrecked gold, from depths for ever calm,
To fashion for thy name a fretted shrine;
Oh, for strange gems, still locked in virgin
mine
To stud the pyx, where thought would bring
sweet psalm!
I have but this small rosary of rhyme,—
No rubies but heart's drops, no pearls but tears,
To lay upon the altar of thy name,
O Mimma Bella;—on the shrine that Time
Makes ever holier for the soul, while years
Obliterate the rolls of human frame.

Robert Underwood Johnson is one of the few who keep alive in song the best traditions of our past. The modern anarchic spirit finds no encouragement in his well-ordered lines and well-poised mind. He looks backward as well as forward, and if he never startles us he seldom disappoints. Very few living American poets have to their credit as large an amount of poetical production as one may find in his late volume "Poems" (Century Co.). The poem that likes us best is the one on Keats:

THE NAME WRIT IN WATER

(PIAZZA DI SPAGNA, ROME)

BY ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON

The Spirit of the Fountain Speaks:

Yonder's the window my poet would sit in
While my song murmured of happier days;
Mine is the water his name has been writ in,
Sure and immortal my share in his praise.
Gone are the pilgrims whose green wreaths here
hung for him,—
Gone from their fellows like bubbles from
foam;
Long shall outlive them the songs have been sung
for him;
Mine is eternal—or Rome were not Rome.
Far on the mountain my fountain was fed for
him,
Bringing soft sounds that his nature loved
best.
Sighing of pines that had fain made a bed for
him;
Seafaring rills, on their musical quest.
Bells of the fairies at eve, that I rang for him;
Nightingale's glee, he so well understood;
Chant of the dryads at dawn, that I sang for him;
Swish of the snake at the edge of the wood.
Little he knew 'twixt his dreaming and sleeping,
The while his sick fancy despaired of his fame,
What glory I held in my loverly keeping:
Listen! my waters will whisper his name.

In the London *Athenaeum* is a charming little pastoral poem that purports to be a reproduction of an old Welsh milking song entitled "Yr Hufen Melyn"—The Yellow Cream:

A WELSH MILKING SONG.

BY ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

The winter through
I loved her true,
But tarried;
Till, when the blossom laughed upon the boughs,
In shadow cool
Her milking stool
I carried,
While Gwen went calling, calling home the cows.
Then as they ran
Around her can
In riot,
I hooshed them, hooshed them all into the shed—
With buck and bellow, black and yellow, dun and
sallow, white and red—
On litter good

To chew the cud
In quiet,
Then to the milking each in turn be led.
Her touch of silk
Had eased of milk
Each udder;
Yet beating, beating on in wild unrest,
My heart of doubt—
A boat without
A rudder—
Still rode the sighing billow of my breast;
Till Gwen, her eyes
With soft surprise
Upturning,
Read all the trouble written in mine own,
And lucky fellow, lucky fellow, lucky fellow that
I'd grown—
Her pride forsook,
Gave back my look
Of yearning,
Then, brightly blushing, from my arms had flown!

There is both power and originality in the following poem in *The American Magazine*, and the name of the writer is a new one to us.

THE BREAKING.

(THE LORD GOD SPEAKS TO A YOUTH.)

BY MARGARET STEELE ANDERSON.

Bend now thy body to the common weight:
(But oh, that vine-clad head, those limbs of
morn!
Those proud young shoulders, I myself made
straight!
How shall ye wear the yoke that must be
worn?)

Look thou, my son, what wisdom comes to thee:
(But oh, that singing mouth, those radiant eyes!
Those dancing feet—that I myself made free!
How shall I sadden them to make them wise?)

Nay, then, thou shalt! Resist not—have a care!
(Yea, I must work my plans who sovereign sit;
Yet do not tremble so! I cannot bear—
Tho I am God—to see thee so submit!)

There is the universal note in Mr. Viereck's fine poem in *The Smart Set*. As printed there, one line was marred by a superfluous word and another by the inadvertent omission of a word. The lines have been corrected for us by the author in the version below.

THE CANDLE AND THE FLAME.

BY GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK.

Thy hands are like cool herbs that bring
Balm to men's hearts upon them laid;
Thy lovely-petaled lips are made
As any flower of the Spring,
But in thine eyes there is a thing,
O Love, that makes me half afraid.

For they are old, those eyes. They gleam
Between the waking and the dream
With secret wisdom, like a bright
Torch from behind the temple's veil
That beckons to the acolyte
Who prays with trembling lips and pale
In the long watches of the night.

They are as old as life. They were
When proud Gomorrah reared its head
A new-born city. They were there
When in the places of the dead
They swathed the body of the Lord.
They gazed on Pa-Wak raise the wall
Of China. They saw Carthage fall,
And grim Attila lead his horde.

There is no secret anywhere
Nor any grief or shame that lies
Not writ somehow in those child eyes
Of thine, O Love, in some strange wise.
Thou art the lad Endymion,
And that great queen with spice and myrrh
From Araby, whom Solomon
Delighted, and the lust of her.

The warriors marching from the sea
With Caesar's cohorts sang of thee,
How thy fair head was more to him
Than all the land of Brittany.
Yea, in the old days, thou wast she
Who lured Mark Antony from home
To death in Egypt, seeing he
Lost love when he lost Rome.

Thou saw'st old Tubal strike the lyre,
Yea, first for thee the poet hurled
Defiance at God's starry choir;
Thou art the romance and the fire,
Thou art the pageant and the strife,
The clamor mounting high and higher
From all the lovers in the world
To all the lords of love and life.

Oft through thine exquisite long lashes
Across the pallor of thy face,
The fire of primal passion flashes
That is as ancient as the race,
But we, that live a little space,
Which, when beholding, feel in it
The horror of the Infinite.

Perhaps the passions of mankind
Are but the torches mystical
Lit by some spirit hand to find
The presence of the Master Mind
That knows the secret of it all
In the great darkness and the wind.

We are the candle, Love the flame.
Each separate living light burns out—
Love, being deathless, is the same.
When of life's fever we shall tire
It will desert us, and the fire
Rekindle new in prince or lout.

Twin-born of knowledge and of lust
It was before us. It shall be
Indifferent still of thee and me
When shattered is life's golden cup,
When thy young limbs are shriveled up,
And when my heart is turned to dust.

Nay, sweet, smile not, to know at last
That thou or I or knave or fool
Are but the involuntier tool
Of some world purpose vague and vast.
No bar to passion's fury set,
With monstrous poppies spice the wine,
For only drunk are we divine,
And only mad shall we forget!

Mr. Viereck's poem is one of the philosophy of love. Florence Brooks, who is now Mrs. John Marone, writes a sonnet sequence which voices the ecstasies of love. The sequence consists of thirty-three sonnets, which are published in book form. The ecstatic note is a little too intense and too prolonged to suit the measure of our capacity for response; but the work is rather notable for its sustained power and the variety of its imagery. Here is a fair specimen:

I AM A PILGRIM OF THE WITHERED STAFF.

By FLORENCE BROOKS.

I am a pilgrim of the withered staff
Wandering the world, and thou my godlike love;
Thou art the dizzy universe above
My gaze illuminate; and fruit or chaff
Are naught, but pour me tears of rain to quaff,
Send sunny winds to please, make oceans move
For my great wonder, O my poet love,
And I will care not if I weep or laugh.

To thy sweet moods I would be like a flower
Soft in the flowing wind, or like a pool
Beneath the purple rain; from hour to hour
Thou swayest, I am thine, priestess or fool.

I care not if my life be song or sob
So in the night I hear thy strong heart throb.

Let us get back again to Death. Mr. Going gives us in *Everybody's* a poem treating the subject from a novel and striking point of view:

THE HIDDEN THRESHOLD.

By CHARLES BUXTON GOING.

Within the shadowed Under Land
Two figures met, and for a space
Each held the other by the hand—
Each looked into the other's face.

Then he who last had entered, brake
His clasp and stood in sudden fear,
And, as he made The Sign, he spake.
"You are my friend who died last year!"

"Yea, truly, I am he who died;
Why do you quail?" the other said:
"I do not know," the first replied,
"But I have always feared the dead."

"I feared their hands were cold and thin,
Their ghosts like pallid flame would shine;
But now I see I erred therein—
Your body seems alike to mine."

The other heard him to the end;
Then, very pitiful, he said:
"Nay—fear the dead no more, dear friend;
Did you not know you, too, are dead?"

Mr. Le Gallienne is but seldom heard from in these days and when we do hear from him it is

nearly always in the way of something slight and almost incidental in its character. The following is from *The Broadway Magazine*

THE TRAVELER.

By RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

'Twas moonrise on the tenth of May,
I met a traveler walking fast—
I called his name, and bade him stay:
"Old friend, we meet at last!"

All strange and dark and tall he seemed
Under the rising moon—
He turned and said: "I never dreamed
That we would meet so soon!"

"You are too young to be my friend—
All hope and boyish breath—
Are you quite sure you know my name?"
"Your name," I said, "is Death."

Julian Hawthorne has done many kinds of literary work in his time—too many kinds, perhaps, for the health of his reputation while he lives. After he dies, of course, his reputation will rest, as it should, upon the best that he has done. In *The Newsbook* (that Kansas City weekly which is making some stir as the propagandist organ of Dr. Charles Ferguson's idea of the militant university) Mr. Hawthorne publishes a poem entitled "Adam's Prayer," which consists not only of the prayer but of the Creator's response. The response, however, has more of the perfunctory about it than the prayer itself, which alone we reproduce:

ADAM'S PRAYER.

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

Lord, my God, behold how small and poor I stand amidst Thy all!
Thou hast made Thy universe sound and full in heart and purse;
I, alone, who image Thee, am impoverished and unfree;
I, alone, time's mendicant, 'mid Thy plenty pine in want!
Thou, who gav'st me will and thought and dreams with boundless glory fraught,
With these gifts didst me deny power, their promise to supply!
Save me, all things are adequate to their function, life and fate;
Heat and cold are prompt and pure, hill and sea are strong and sure,
Stars their ancient orbits keep, winds are free to roam or sleep,
Effortless each circling season sings its rhyme and proves its reason,
Rock, flower, beast, their order know, errorless they come and go,—
I alone am ignorant how to gain the goal I want;

Boundless power is my desire, beyond Orion I aspire,
Would govern nature as her master, abolish death, defy disaster,
Be as free as is my thought, find all treasure that I sought,
Solve the secret of the spheres, live my hopes and lose my fears!
Thou, O Lord, who bad'st my spirit longings infinite inherit,
Denied fruition to my will and curbed each half-grown good with ill!
If then my talents rust unused, shall I with justice be accused?
Liefer I'd live as soulless beast than thus, half bound and half released!
How shall I have faith in Thee if Thou keep no faith with me?
But grant me power to do my will, and Thine own will I fulfil;
Grant me power to know and win!—only my prison is my sin!

Mr. Oppenheim's verses in *The Outlook* have the same note of sincerity that characterizes all his poetry; but the theme is different from that he has been essaying of late and their singing quality is much better than that of his verses on the tragedies of the common life in the factories and marts of the city.

IN THE FOREST.

By JAMES OPPENHEIM.

Cover me over, forest wild,
Wind me about with windy boughs,
Make me, O Mother, your broken child
Who strayed from the beautiful house—

Who strayed from the path with pine-needles brown,
From pool and clearing, wild rose and brier,
And in the stone-kiln of the terrible Town
Was burnt in the Human Fire!

Take me! my torn heart fitfully beats
Even at your touch, with its ancient pity—
Hush in the Brain the crowded streets,
The million eyes of the city!

But dream not now, O Mother of me,
Your child will bide in your strange wild beauty—
No, he has tasted Eternity,
Whose awful tide is Duty!

He knows the Sorrow of Man; he knows
His is the World where the Man-tides drift—
But oh, to-night, with wind and wild rose,
Mother, he is uplift!

But oh, to-night, with the brown wild dusk,
Bluebird and chipmunk, dusk dimmed, night starred,
Let his shattered hands your glories pluck,
Mother, till he sees God!

Recent Fiction and the Critics



HE letter "C," it seems, is regarded with superstition by Mr. Winston Churchill, the New Hampshire novelist and politician. The title of every book he has written so far begins (or at least its chief substantive begins) with that letter: "Coniston," "The Crisis,"

"Richard Carvel," etc. His latest

MR. CREWE'S novel* is no exception to this

CAREER peculiar rule. In other respects, however, if we may believe re-

viewers outside of New York, it compares unfavorably with the author's previous productions. In his new novel, remarks the intrepid "A. Non." in *The Musical Leader and Concert Goer*, Mr. Churchill sinks to a level he has never known before. "Here is one of the most inane stories ever written of contemporary American life." The *St. Louis Mirror*, a somewhat more judicious journal, observes that, judging by selections from the reviews presented by the publisher, "Mr. Crewe's Career" is the long-awaited great American story. "We have read the story," it goes on to say; "it is long, and in the main leaden. It has a political thesis in which a very slight incident in a political situation is worked out with much tenuousness to nothing at all of a conclusion." The essential weakness of the novel, it seems to us, lies in its duality of heroes; the ironic titular hero, Mr. Crewe, and the actual predominating character, Austen Vane. In "Coniston" Mr. Churchill portrayed New Hampshire politics of two decades ago. In "Mr. Crewe's Career" he gives us the story of New Hampshire politics to-day, enriched by his own experience. Mr. Crewe represents in external detail Mr. Churchill. In actual personality, the *New York Herald* affirms, he is the very opposite of Mr. Churchill. "For a more or less vivid reflection of Mr. Churchill as Mr. Churchill sees him we must take the real hero of the book, Austen Vane. Here you get autobiography; in the other character you get environment, but not the man."

"Obviously Mr. Churchill has drawn an imaginary character in the midst of the perplexities surrounding the scholar in politics, which he himself has experienced. But the suave, versatile, and yet absolutely incompetent Mr. Crewe represents only the baser side of Mr. Churchill, if you concede to the author the recognition of a baser side."

MR. CREWE'S CAREER. By Winston Churchill. Macmillan & Company.

"Mr. Crewe, under the stress of similar temptation to that which presumably afflicted Mr. Churchill, did the sort of thing that Mr. Churchill himself would have rebelled against, just as Austen Vane rebels against it in the present book. He tried to evade the storm which Mr. Vane essays to stem, as Mr. Churchill in real life has always sought to stem it. But he meets the fate that Mr. Churchill himself met in being beaten by the forces which he antagonized."

The story turns on the domination of an unnamed, easily identifiable state, by a great railway. The executive and the legislature are under the thumb of Flint, the suave railroad president, whose character is contained in his name. His representative, the railroad attorney Hilary Vane, is the boss of the state. He is a man of impeccable reputation who looks upon his service to the corporation as a species of patriotism. A similar view prevails in the state, but at the opening of the story the sentiment is changing, and Mr. Crewe, a rich dilettante, attempts to gain the governorship by riding on the crest of the movement against the railroad. The real leader, however, is the son of Hilary Vane, who succeeds even in converting his father to his point of view. Mr. Crewe, remarks *The Evening Post*, is a figure of irony. "He is a millionaire, but this, we realize at once, has nothing to do with his character."

"Persons as busy, as knowing, as self-sufficient, are to be found on the peddler's cart, or behind the counter of the corner grocery. He is the jack-of-all-trades, raised by education and wealth to a large power; an egotist with an eye to the main chance as keen as that of any huckster on a smaller scale. His ardent, and in the end unsuccessful, pursuit of political office is an amusing and edifying spectacle; and it testifies to the good-humor of Mr. Churchill's portrayal, that one is left with rather a kindly feeling toward this undeniably blatant and offensive ass."

The fact that Mr. Crewe's career is not properly the theme of the book is confessed by the author's prompt abandonment of him when he begins to be in the way. Austen Vane's position is complicated by the introduction of the inevitable love-story. The lady who wins his heart is, of course, Flint's daughter, Victoria. The latter, the reviewer tells us, is the most charming of Mr. Churchill's heroines. Both Mr. Crewe and Mr. Vane succumb in the fight with the octopus as Mr. Churchill has succumbed, but in the mouth of the latter the author puts his own optimistic interpretation of the combat: "It doesn't mat-

ter," exclaims Vane, "whether the Northeastern Railroads have succeeded in nominating and electing a governor to whom they can dictate, and who will reappoint commissioners and other state officials in their interests. The practices by which you have elected governors and councillors and state and national senators are doomed." He goes on to say:

"However necessary these practices may have been from your point of view, they violated every principle of free government, and were they to continue, the nation to which we belong would inevitably decay and become the scorn of the world. Those practices depended for their success on one condition—which in itself is the most serious of ills in a republic—the ignorance and disregard of the voter. You have but to read the signs of the times to see clearly that the day of such conditions is past, to see that the citizens of this state and this country are thinking for themselves as they should, are alive to the danger and determined to avert it. You may succeed in electing one more governor and one more senate, or two, before the people are able to destroy the machinery you have built up and repeal the laws you have made to sustain it. I repeat, it doesn't matter in the long run. The era of political domination by a corporation, and mainly for the benefit of a corporation, is over."

Thus, observes Mr. Temple Scott, in the *New York American*, speaks the literary idealist."

"It is good to read and it is inspiring to believe. We confess, however, that the material foundation on which corporations are based and the material-loving spirit to which they appeal will not be so easily overcome. It requires even more than a high intelligence to withstand the appeal the corporations can make. That quality of mind is the growth of many generations and is as yet by no means common in the State of New Hampshire. But Mr. Churchill has tried the suffrages of his State, and may know better. We sincerely hope he is right."

It is needless to say that Mr. Vane is more successful in love than he is in politics. We find it hard to take much interest in his private fortunes, neither are his political fortunes depicted with absorbing power. Of piquant interest, however, is the key to the novel furnished by a despatch from New Hampshire in *The Herald*:

"President Flint, of the Northeastern Railroads, a 'holdover' from 'Coniston,' will be popularly identified with President Tuttle, of the Boston and Maine system, especially as each rises from a humble beginning on a small road to the head of the great combination. And Mr. Tuttle is on record in some public speeches with views much like those expressed by Flint in the story as to the duties of railroad presidents.

"The most interesting figure in the story, Hilary Vane, chief counsel in New Hampshire for Mr. Flint's railroad and the head of its political machine, is a composite. In personal appearance

he does not depart much, as described, from Ira Colby, of Claremont, was on his deathbed in his seventy-seventh year, and for half a century the railroad's legal representative in his section. Mr. Colby, too, has a young lawyer son, as had Vane in the story, who left the railroad ranks and followed Mr. Churchill's reform movement of two years ago.

"The career of Mr. Crewe, which gives its title to the book, is a piquant blend of two actual careers in New Hampshire politics, those of Mr. Churchill himself and of George B. Leighton, of Los Angeles, Cal., St. Louis, Mo., and Dublin, N. H.

"It was Mr. Churchill who was elected to the Legislature and went there with a sheaf of bills on forestry, good roads and other improvements, only to see such of them as survived the ordeal of the lower house killed in the Senate.

"It was Mr. Churchill who, drawing a seat in a far corner of the House, was taken under the wing of the veterans of the machine and given a snug chair between two of them in the very front row. It was Mr. Churchill who invaded the secrets of the 'railroad room,' successor to Coniston's 'throne room' at the Pelican (Eagle Hotel).

"On the other hand, the campaign of Mr. Leighton for the United States Senatorship in 1906-7 undoubtedly furnished many suggestions for the career of Mr. Crewe.

"Mr. Leighton is a very wealthy young man, son of the late George E. Leighton, of St. Louis, capitalist and lawyer, who makes his legal residence in Dublin, N. H., where he has a splendid estate known as Monadnock Farms. He joined the Churchill reform movement at its inception, but, against the desires of Mr. Churchill and others of its leaders, presented himself to the New Hampshire Legislature of 1907 as a candidate for United States Senator. He is credited with having spent \$40,000 in his canvass, or almost \$1,500 each for the twenty-eight votes (out of a total of 273) which he received in the party caucus.

"Mr. Leighton took his defeat good naturally, and since then has become a favorite of some of the 'machine' managers, who propose to start him up the State political ladder at the next election by choosing him to the State Senate. Mr. Churchill, however, has no liking for his erstwhile lieutenant, and certainly he 'hands him a few' in 'Mr. Crewe's Career.'

New York reviewers are, on the whole, favorably impressed with the book. *The Times* renders an adverse verdict, but *World*, *Evening Post*, *Herald* and *Sun* are delighted with Mr. Churchill's story. "Thanks above all," jubilates the *World*, "that one author is minded to write his tale of the hour into a wholesome tale that all may read and feel, instead of spreading it across a muck-raker's repellent pages." And *The Evening Post* asserts that "the Mr. Churchill's style is quite without distinction, and often slovenly, his people are people, and the atmosphere in which they move is that of a ripened and really admirable humor."

Mr. Howells's new novel* is not, on the whole, received with much enthusiasm by fresh-minded critics. We should not be concerned with it here at all were it not for its author's enviable reputation and for the interesting fact that by some reviewers the book is looked upon as typical of American fiction.

The story deals with a fine point in ethics, so fine that, in the opinion of some, it is no point at all. It is a tale of a writer, Verrian, who discovers that a correspondent, purely in a spirit of fun, is trying to trick him into a premature revelation of his plot. He writes her a sharp letter that has almost disastrous effects on its tender recipient; when later he meets her another catastrophe caused by a trivial resurrection of the old story takes place. He begins to realize his lack of magnanimity, and also that the girl is the only woman who could give meaning to his life; but here a plain man steps in whose manly simplicity puts to shame his fastidiousness and humiliates the priggishness of his attitude. "Yes," he remarks, "such a man as he, tho he ground me in the dirt and stamped on me, I will say it, is worthy of any woman. He can believe in a woman, and that's the first thing that's needed to make a woman like her true." It is all subtle and rather superfluous. It is manifestly in less relation to life, *The Athenaeum* remarks in its review, "than the tales of adventure which Mr. Howells has contemned as the products of an effete insularism." "Mr. Howells's wit and sense of character," the reviewer goes on to say, "nowadays seem attenuated, and as lovers of his work in other days we regret to find the persons of this small drama bloodless creatures, splitting ethical hairs. We regret," he concludes, "that nothing is left here of the old Mr. Howells except the manner."

In view of this scorching verdict, it is hardly complimentary to our literature to find that the London *Times* looks upon the novel as a sort of epitome of the American mind. "The problems involved," it says, "are throughout mental and ethical, and they are set forth with all the American acuteness, the sensitiveness to fine moral distinctions, the preoccupation with the essential rights and wrongs of a given case." To quote further:

"There is, at the same time, the American tendency to magnify a perfectly genuine question until it looms almost grotesquely portentous; the characters thread their way among mountains which the British *homme moyen sensuel* might very likely look upon as mere molehills to be trampled over. He would be inclined to smile at

the almost ponderous gravity and caution with which Verrian and his mother discuss every development of events. Psychologically, these people are so mature and sophisticated, yet so curiously childish—or, shall we say, girlish?—in their general outlook on everyday life. The childishness is manifested in the very trivialities of social intercourse, in the *mise-en-scène* of the country house party, at which all the guests seem to be boys and girls and a fresh 'surprise' to be provided for their entertainment every evening, as at a sumptuous and carefully-devised children's party. In the case of a writer so keen and fully-equipped as Mr. Howells, it is superfluous to add that he is conscious of all the egotism, petty vanity, and triviality which will strike the reader. Verrian is, within the narrow scope of the story, an achievement, with his complexities of uprightness and meanness, his combined delicacy and vulgarity of mind. Only at times we ask ourselves whether Mr. Howells, in spite of his perfect appreciation of individual things, does see the situation really in focus; whether he, too, is not in danger of what seems to be an American pitfall—the lack of a complete sense of proportion."

The London *Chronicle* takes an even more unfavorable point of view. "Why fennel? Why rue?" it exclaims. "Why anything? It is all so slight, and, if we dare say it, so unimportant. No writer we know of is such an expert as Mr. Howells in taking a really insignificant thing and hedging it around with such a mass of argument and analysis as to render it, in its finished elaborateness, something apparently great."

The New York Times Saturday Review admits the unusual degree of attenuation of Mr. Howells's novel, and assents in a sense to the verdict of its London namesake in pronouncing "Fennel and Rue" to be a typically American product. "The novel," it tells us, "is fiercely representative in a manner of a type of literature which has many claims to be regarded as the best modern product of American fiction. Literary quality it has. Facility in analysis, ingenuity in pursuit of motive it displays. It is graceful, reserved, not lacking in humor (we do not speak so much specifically of Mr. Howells's story as of the type of which it is an example); it is tolerant and genial, and in its way pleasant enough. But it lacks—it lacks size and force. It isn't big, and it isn't strong."

The reviewer goes on to say that he is not concerned especially as to Mr. Howells. The latter has done this sort of thing always, and it would be absurd to be vexed because he does not do it differently. "Probably," he adds, by way of an afterthought, "it would be a pity if he did. But," he goes on to say, "there is just ground for being vexed with half a score other American writers of fiction who do what Mr. Howells does—because he does it; with scores of others who have yielded (if not altogether, at least in too great a degree) to an influence which, however genial

*FENNEL & RUE. By W. D. Howells. Harper & Brothers.

and gracious, has yet been one of the chief obstacles to the development of imaginative art in this country."

"It would be to say that which would meet scant acknowledgment to affirm that Americans are afraid of life. It is true, nevertheless. We are not mentally adventurous; morally, we are none too well grounded, but we are cautious and afraid. Unconventional morality has no standing with us. We are distrustful of our own experiences; pretending to worship liberty, we are suspicious of all that has not behind it the sanction of authority.

"As a matter of fact, we have lived and are living a singularly full and splendid life—the circumstances of our age and a developing continent, a meeting point of diverse civilizations such as history never before contrived, make our life inevitably strange and rich. But it has not begun to be mirrored in our fiction, or, for the matter of that, in our poetry. We don't write poetry, however; we do write novels by the thousand. What have they to do with life? Do they not, the very best of them, seem as if they were doing their level best to evade life? The

very best of them are the very worst in this respect; there is occasionally some red blood in an impossible book, but the novels of skill, of talent, seem by common consent to shirk the real issues of living. Their writers dwell in the pale lands of gentle emotion or none; of love without passion, of conviction without zeal, of faith without rapture. The generation has not brought into literary being a single magnificent storm-swept soul. Zeal, passion, rapture are here among us; living in tumultuous and tragic; sorrow walks the earth, and ambition mounts more daringly perhaps than ever it did elsewhere or before. Nothing is wan—but our literature."

It seems to us that the writer in the *New York Times* overshoots the mark, when, in the condemnation of Mr. Howells's mannerisms and of the wan spirits of his imitators, he includes the whole of American fiction. The term "wan" is hardly applicable to Mr. Jack London and Mr. Sinclair; it is not true of that remarkable short story writer Gouverneur Morris, of vivacious Gertrude Atherton, and strong-minded Edith Wharton.

The *New York Times* remarked the other day that nobody took Mr. Oppenheim's books seriously,

**THE GREAT
SECRET**

ly, and then proceeded quite seriously to hurl critical thunders at his head. We doubt whether we would have taken up Mr. Oppenheim's latest book* at all, but for

the fact that it is a relief to turn from treatises and political novels to a story that entertains. The plot is thrilling enough to make one's hair stand on end. The Kaiser, it seems, has concocted a plan to invade England and conquer the country. Thousands of German residents are banded together in London under the guise of trade-unions, and at a given signal they are to rise and take possession of the heart of the enemy's country. The British fleet is to be lured to Kiel, there to be destroyed by torpedoes. Meanwhile the Kaiser's army is to land in England. The conspiracy is to be sprung without warning while the two countries are enjoying the most cordial relations. A gay young Englishman discovers indications of "the great secret" and risks his life in unraveling it, thereby winning the hand of a fair American lady. A most delightful touch in the plot is the determination on the part of title-mad American millionaires and their wives to restore the monarchy in France by collecting twelve million dollars for a mysterious fund. Most American reviewers have found difficulty in

swallowing Oppenheim's yarn. Views of his literary accomplishments vary widely.

"Mr. Oppenheim," asserts the *Philadelphia Ledger*, "has never written a tale of mystery and adventure so compelling as this one. It is so far above his last, 'The Lost Leader,' as to seem to be the work of another author. From beginning to end the excitement is intense and, whether the situations are possible or not, the reader runs on from chapter to chapter in a state of almost breathless interest."

The *Brooklyn Eagle* takes a less complimentary view. It says:

"The demand for the tale of bricks must have been heavy, and the supply of straw unusually scant, when E. Phillips Oppenheim produced his latest romance. When a novelist devotes himself to the production of sensational romances, and aims to write three or four of them every year, it is to be expected that he will sometimes fall below his average standard. That is just what Mr. Oppenheim has done in this instance."

"Now, Mr. Oppenheim is a skilled craftsman; he has written some strikingly good stories of the adventure and mystery sort—stories that hold the reader's absorbed attention, and make him sit up nights until the book is read. Because he can do such good work, it is all the more inexcusable that he should put out a thing so crudely conceived and executed as 'The Great Secret.'

"Obviously, the book was concocted with an eye solely to the demands of the English market, for the central idea is an appeal to British prejudice of the sort that pervades the uncultivated public—the prejudice against Germany. Also he introduces an American feature so fantastic that it would be broadly ludicrous if it were not so absolutely mendacious."

***THE GREAT SECRET.** By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Little, Brown and Company.

THE CHRISTMAS BETROTHAL--BY COPPÉE

The death of Francois Coppée, one of the most charming and wholesome of the writers of modern France, was chronicled a few days ago. This story (translated for us by Edward Tuckerman Mason) is very characteristic of his style. He deals for the most part with simple people of simple qualities, in whom, however, he discerns something that ennobles and charms. The racy and *risqué* story which we are apt to associate with French literature is to a great extent a product manufactured for the export trade. That was not Coppée's forte. He is a lyrist even when writing prose, and his humor is delicious and without a trace of bitterness or malice.



ÉSIRÉ MUGUET, designer and engraver of anatomical plates, he who has reproduced so many brains, lungs, hearts, livers, spleens, and intestines for the publications of Testevinde & Co., the famous publishers of medical works in the Rue Antoine-Dubois, did not embrace the artistic career (you may be very sure) with the preconceived idea of choosing that useful but disagreeable specialty. When, a young pupil at the School of Design, at the evening course, charcoal or stump in hand, he worked at Houdon's skinless figure, in front of this terrible old fellow showing his muscles bare and peeled like an orange, he had not had even the slightest presentiment of his destiny. On the contrary, he had little liking for this skinless figure. A timid and well brought-up child, he thought that this personage carried undress a great deal too far. When, having made some progress, he was authorized by the master to leave the man without epidermis or skin, and to attack the Apollo Belvedere and the Venus de Medici, he felt a genuine relief and copied with great pleasure those two divinities, who, altho unprovided with floating draperies or vine-leaves, had at least the decency to keep on their skins.

Like so many others, Désiré, in his youth as an artist, had dreamed of fame. But at the present price of butter those dreams must be abandoned. I formerly knew, in the obscurity of a little café at Batignolles, a poet who shrugged his shoulders when the name of Victor Hugo was mentioned in his presence, and who now earns his forty sous a day by composing every morning, before his shaving-glass, a two-stanza advertisement in praise of a soap. And he is not to be pitied. A franc a line is a very fine price. But the introducer of the soap accepts only two stanzas per day, no more, because of the very high rate of publication in the newspapers. Once the unfortunate poet, having risked four stanzas, came very near losing his wages.

Désiré Muguet who had raised some hopes in his springtime and who had been taken very seriously for a short time at the School of Fine Arts, would have asked no better than to sell his

paintings, like the late Meissonier, at three or four thousand francs the square inch. But there! Admitted to his private room at twenty-nine years old—the age-limit—he had failed to take his Roman prize. A fine subject, however: *Themisto imploring the hospitality of Admetus, King of the Molossians*. His composition was good; only—what an oversight!—he had forgotten the dogs, the Molossian dogs! The jury concluded that he lacked imagination and favored Pétraz, who (for having at that time thought of the famous dogs) has made his way superbly, with large orders, the Institute, a skewerful of decorations, everything which heart could desire, and to-day paints the portraits of our most illustrious contemporaries, all so pallid, upon such a gloomy background, that it seems as if they had been painted with starch at the bottom of a cellar.

"No luck!" That is the motto which Désiré Muguet might have had printed in black, glazed letters upon his letter-paper, if the poor fellow had not been content, for his rare correspondence, with the quarter of a quire of paper for two sous, bought at the grocer's, opposite.

The good fellow, however, upon coming into the world had had one piece of very great good fortune, the greatest, even, according to my humble opinion. His father and mother were virtuous people.

What do you say? That this is ordinary, commonplace? Not so much so as you think. And do not smile, you materialist over there! You have overpowered us long enough with your laws of heredity. Why should you not admit that the love of goodness transmits itself like the gout, and that one may be at the same time, by reversion, gouty and virtuous? Further than this I do not defend my theory; it is not infallible. But what is certain is that Désiré inherited from his parents a conscience of good and substantial stuff, woven of honor and of kindness, something not to be worn-out, all wool, which ought to keep his heart warm through all his life.

Désiré Muguet's father, an old soldier, followed the modest but respectable calling of receiving-teller in a banking-house. Is there a natural relation between scrupulous honesty, upon the one

side, and, upon the other side, the clothes of gray-blue cloth, with the broad skirts, and the two-cornered hats? It is probable. For you can trust a pocket-book swollen with thousand-franc notes to any man so dressed, altho, in general, he has but very few sous in his pocket-book for his private pleasures; and you can let him run from morning till night among all the temptations of Paris, without the man in gray-blue cloth ever (or, at least, an accident is very rare) having the idea of running off to Brussels on the express-train. A consoling proof, after all, that the sons of Adam are a great deal less disreputable than folks like to say. As to Father Muguet, he was the model of the bank clerks, and, more than that, he was such a good sort of husband and father that he bravely gave up his tobacco when he saw his wife, an excellent worker upon underclothing, toiling until midnight and losing her eyes under the lamp in order to meet the increased expenses caused by the birth of their little Désiré.

This mother, altho she was only a simple work-woman, had transmitted to her son an extreme sensibility, a delicate—let us say the word, an aristocratic—manner of feeling and of thinking. Women of such natures are not rare among the lower classes of Paris. She was very happy when her boy showed a remarkable taste for design. "Perhaps he will be a great artist!" she said to Father Muguet, who was a little troubled by the child's vocation, but quite proud, nevertheless, when the little one presented him, for his birthday, two pages of noses and ears, and a *Vitellius*, drawn from the cast, in two crayons.

The poor household imposed all sorts of privations upon itself so that Désiré might pursue his art studies, and this during long years. The father's moustache became quite gray, and wrinkles furrowed the mother's fine face, altho Désiré remained a simple pupil and did not earn his living. The good boy suffered from this, and reproached himself for forcing his parents to this life and sacrifices. Twenty times he proposed to them to abandon his hopes and to take to a trade. But the kind people bravely refused, having confidence in their son, being deceived by his successes at school.

Naturally modest, Désiré distrusted himself soon enough. The truth was that he had not the least genius, no originality. At the very best he might have succeeded, after a long time, with a great deal of effort and determination, in acquiring a little talent, of a very moderate kind; for instance, to paint good and conscientious portraits. But as his drawing was irreproachably correct, his master, a pupil of Ingres, surnamed by the pupils, "Colonel of the firemen," constantly held him up as an example to his comrades. He was

not at all intoxicated by these praises, he almost blushed at them. They gave him, however, some illusions, they kept him back, they froze him in the mediocre triumph of strong routine work, in the satisfaction of being a good scholar, contented with an honorable place in the competition, an encouraging medal, the "very good" of the professor.

He was not entirely a burden to his family, and, full of good will, he constantly sought and found here and there a piece of ill-paid work, a portrait, some lessons. He also tried to work for the illustrated newspapers, where he scarcely ever succeeded, lacking facility, incapable of quickly improvising a sketch.

A sad youth, after all. An exemplary son, he saw his beloved parents growing old in poverty for his sake; from a sense of duty he abstained from all pleasure, from all recreation, and he sometimes asked himself, with a great shudder, if he had not missed his life, and what he was going to become.

A catastrophe gave him his answer.

His father died suddenly, and his mother, attacked by a disease of the eyes, which in a few months rendered her nearly blind, was forced to give up all work. Désiré was then thirty years old and had just lost his Roman prize, from having forgotten the Molossian king's dogs. All the troubles came at the same time. But adversity gives a famous cut of the whip to folks whose heart is in the right place.

Désiré renounced at once his artistic ambition, his dreams of fame, which, besides—let us own it—had not overpowered him. Before everything else, he must devote himself to his mother, must he not? He must do no matter what to earn his day's wages as a workman. They had already proposed to him to draw and to engrave (he handled the burin a little) some anatomical plates. Here his ability as an exact draughtsman became valuable. So he accepted the offer of Testevinde and Co. Poor Désiré Muguet, who bore the name of a flower, who had the soul of a flower, and who formerly thought he should faint at the sight of blood when he cut his thumb in sharpening his pencil, bravely overcame his repugnance, went every day to the amphitheatres, installed himself, his cardboard on his knees, near the dissecting-tables, and copied, after nature, all this tripe-shop.

It was horrible, but now Désiré earned his twelve or fifteen francs a day. From eight o'clock until eleven he was in the scientific charnel-houses, in front of a heart broken by an aneurism, a stomach gnawed by a cancer or a pair of lungs riddled by tubercles. He applied himself to his drawing, conscientiously, minutely, as he used to

do formerly at the Museum of Antiques, when he drew Polymnia or the Discobolus. Then, upon returning home to Rue de la Harpe, in the little fourth-floor lodging, the poor fellow, after breakfast, bending over his plate of copper before his paper transparency, engraved until evening another enlarged heart, another cancerous stomach, another pair of consumptive lungs. Gay? No this was not gay! But by it he had charcoal in the stove and bread in the cupboard; a stew boiled quietly upon the kitchen-stove; and close beside the hard-working, devoted son, seated in her old arm-chair, the mother, with her eyes protected by a green shade, peacefully knitted a woollen stocking.

Had the sentiment of duty performed overcome all regret for the past in Désiré Muguet's mind? Not entirely, it must be owned. For in giving up high art and in setting up in business as the portrayer of viscera and intestines, he had not only renounced his little successes at the School of Fine Arts and the periodical compliments of the "Colonel of the firemen"; he had also been forced—and this was far more sad—to remove a growing love from his heart.

It was at the Louvre that he had made the acquaintance of Mademoiselle Clara, a poor artist, like himself, who lived by copies and by lessons, with an old paralytic father, a former employee of the Treasury, who nibbled a wretched retiring pension in a ground-floor, with a little garden, at the bottom of Neuilly. When Désiré Muguet had noticed that Mademoiselle Clara had pretty eyes, she had placed her easel in front of the *Dropsical Woman*. But he was so timid that she had finished reproducing—Oh, very imperfectly!—Gérard Dow's masterpiece, before the pupil dared to address a word to her, and she had already prepared to work upon a new canvas, at Titian's *Entombment*, when Désiré, under the pretext of borrowing a tube of Verona green from her, entered into conversation with the young girl. Their idyll was slow, and it had always a famous picture for a background. They said that they loved each other before Ruysdaël's *Thicket*; he made her accept a little engagement-ring in front of the *Joconde*; and Clara had just undertaken a *Broken Pitcher*, after Greuze, when Désiré told her of the misfortune which had overwhelmed him, the death of father Muguet, his mother's disease of the eyes; and they were forced to own to each other that they were too poor and that they had too many responsibilities to marry. Then they said farewell to each other, the good children avoiding looking in each other's eyes so as not to see the tears; and ten years had passed since then without Désiré's forgetting the pretty copyist, of whom, however, he had only vague tidings, merely knowing that she had lost her father and that she was now a drawing-teacher in boarding-schools for young ladies.

Finally, to all the sorrows of Désiré's life there had just been added an absurd trouble. Altho he was scarcely forty years old, his beard had turned white. If it had whitened like other beards he would not have paid any attention to it. But, by

a curious phenomenon, it grew white upon one side only, the left side—that of the heart—so that, with his beard parted in the middle, like the parti-colored hose of a person of the fifteenth century, the unfortunate fellow looked like the advertisement of a perfumer, an inventor of a wash, or a pomade for dyeing the hair. Désiré, who from economy made his felt hats and his jackets last three years, Désiré, who, upon looking at himself in the glass, had never found the least charm in his sickly and melancholy face, was without any pretension. But this physical peculiarity which gave him two profiles, on the right that of a youth, on the left that of an old man, provoked him. He had somewhat the sensation of being a monster. Everybody looked at him in the streets; it made him nervous and he surprised himself wishing for some new cares which would at last whiten the rest of his beard.

However, little by little, his life became more comfortable. They were very well pleased with him at the publishing house of Testevinde and Co. His last plates, a tumor of the kidneys and a lupus on the face, had won for him the compliments of the publisher. Now he had a little hoard, and could make some presents to his dear old mother, whose eyes did not become any worse. But what a sad life, all the same! So upon that evening, Christmas-eve, in the lodging in the Rue de la Harpe, where he had lived for twenty years, after having remained until eleven o'clock, bending under his shade, engraving a lunatic's brain, Désiré turned toward his mother, who was dozing before the stove, and, knowing her to be very devout and somewhat fond of dainties, he said to her:

"If you have the courage, mama, I will take you to Saint-Séverin, to the midnight mass. And, upon returning—you know that the pork-butchers will not close this evening—well, we will buy something truffled, and make ourselves a little midnight supper."

But the good woman did not feel equal to it, and dared not go out.

"Go there all alone, my good Désiré. You will pray for both of us and I will read the mass before the fire while I wait for your return. And bring back, all the same, a little boned turkey and a bag of chestnuts."

And as he kissed her forehead before going out, she kissed him and drew him to her heart.

"My poor child," she murmured, "Christmas ought to bring you a little good fortune!"

Frightful weather! A black cold, damp, penetrating. The great flakes of snow fell and melted into mud upon the pavement. But in the little medieval streets which wind around the old church, more than one shop blazed because of the midnight supper, and the quarter had a holiday air. The housekeepers moved about quickly, their baskets upon their arms, going into the grocer's and the cook-shop. At the doors of the public-houses, where singing was heard, there were land-slides of oyster-shells. And in his good heart Désiré rejoiced in the happiness of the poor.

But a big girl with bold eyes, in a plumed hat,

passing on a student's arm, stared at the draughtsman.

"Look there, look at him!" she cried, bursting out laughing. "Why has it only snowed on one side of his beard?"

And quickly saddened by the recollection of his physical oddity, Désiré Muguet went into Saint-Séverin.

The church, one of the gothic jewels of old Paris, was swarming with a crowd of common people, and the innumerable candles dotted it with drops of gold. While from the midst of the shining choir burst forth the gladness of the "Come let us adore Him," Désiré Muguet, standing near a pillar, in one of the side-aisles, tried to remember a prayer. For if, for a long time, he had not attended service, this simple, submissive man still kept a little faith and hope. Then he recalled his mother's words.

Yes, Christmas really ought to bring him some good surprise, like the cornucopia of sugar-plums which he found in his shoe in the morning when he was little. Was he really fated to grow old and to die without having known anything of life except work and duty? He was not exacting, no; he knew that the greater part of mortals receive fewer larks falling into the mouth all roasted than tiles falling upon the head. But frankly, as to pleasures, he had been put upon short commons, and the good God was his debtor.

He had had nothing—not even a little love. And then he remembered Mademoiselle Clara and their poor little romance in front of the masterpieces of the Louvre, and the day when, all trembling, and under the severe eye of Géricault's *Wounded Cuirassier*, he had slipped his first love-letter into the young girl's color-box. Alas! After the avowal, after the gift of the engagement-ring, they had been forced to give up their tender plans because of family duties. And afterwards, when Désiré, surprised in tears by his mother, had owned his sacrifice, the good woman had also wept, but had said: "After all, my poor child, you have done right. It was not reasonable."

What had become of pretty Clara? One day he learned that she was an orphan, that she gave drawing-lessons, running through the mud of Paris. Ah, she must have poverty on her side as well. Poor girl! She had loved him all the same, he was quite sure of it, and upon his entreaties, at the time of their separation, from friendship she had kept his ring, a poor band of gold for twelve francs, which he had bought, he remembered it still, from a little Jewish jeweler in the Rue Rambuteau.

This outburst of remembrance distressed poor Désiré. He went out of the church and entered the pork-butcher's, where he made them cut him a slice of boned turkey; afterwards he bought from the Auvergnat at the corner a pound of chestnuts, hot enough to burn his pocket, and again climbed his four floors.

But what is happening at home? The door is half open and he hears the voices of two women, and sobs. At one o'clock in the morning! Good heavens! There is some accident. Perhaps his mother is ill. He goes in quickly, and pauses, overwhelmed.

In the old arm-chair is seated a very pale woman, in black rags, and at her knees, upon a stool, mother Muguet holds the poor woman's

hands as if to warm them. But is this a dream? Now he recognizes her, the unfortunate creature! These wasted features, but so pure, these eyes so hollow but so sweet, they are the features, they are the eyes, of Clara, whom he has not seen for ten years, but whom he has never forgotten.

Désiré uttered a loud cry:

"Clara!"

But mother Muguet has already risen and placed her hands upon her son's shoulders:

"Yes, Clara, your poor Clara," the good woman said to him in a trembling voice, "your Clara, who has just told me her life, her life as a brave and virtuous girl. Clara, who lost her father two years ago, who has vainly tried to earn her bread by giving lessons, who has suffered the worst poverty, who for three days (Oh, this breaks one's heart!) slept at the Night Shelter, and who, not being admitted there this evening (you know they only take you in there for three days), came near throwing herself into the Seine! Clara, who, in her despair has still had a good inspiration, has remembered that this is Christmas, the time when the God of love was born, and she came to ask help from her former lover's mother, from the old woman who, without knowing it or wishing it, had separated you, my poor children! Désiré, is she not at home now, and shall we not take good care of her, the darling? And will she not share my bed, after having supped with us?"

Ah! Désiré no longer knows where he is. There it is, the Christmas surprise! He kisses his mother, and falls at Clara's feet. He takes her hand, covers it with tears, and suddenly sees a ring shining there.

Overcome by emotion, he raises his eyes toward his sad sweetheart. Then, trying to smile—Oh, the painful smile which shows the teeth—she murmurs in a feeble voice:

"Yes—I would have died of hunger rather than have parted with it."

Needless to say that Désiré did not sleep a minute the rest of that Christmas night, thinking of poor Clara, who was there on the other side of the partition, on the same pillow with his old mother. Oh! How glad he was that he had fifteen hundred francs in the savings-bank, and three louis in his money-box. That would pay for the wedding, when Clara's cheeks were little filled out. And afterwards? Well, afterwards he would work for three, that was all. For some time he had scarcely kept up with his orders from Testevinde. Ah! Now they might show Désiré the brains, the lungs, the hearts, the livers, the spleens, and the intestines! And, also, eaten by frightful diseases! He would draw and engrave for you as many as you want, and he would not even make any more grimaces at the dissection-tables of the medical school!

Happy Désiré! Certainly, Christmas meant to overload him. For the next morning, looking at himself in the glass, before washing, he saw that the right side of his beard had turned white during that night of emotion; and when he came out, giving his arm to his mother, Clara already much rested, not too greatly changed, not grown too old, indeed almost like the Clara of former days in spite of so much suffering, he could show her a face which no longer resembled a hair-dyer's sign, a good and cordial face, with a white beard, but where there sparkled eyes full of youth and of love.

Humor of Life

ONE COW'S MILK.

"You must let the baby have one cow's milk to drink every day," said the doctor.

"Very well, if you say so, doctor," said the perplexed young mother; "but I really don't see how he is going to hold it all."—*Exchange*.

A KIND LADY.

TRAMP—Can you assist me along the road, mum?

LADY OF THE HOUSE—Personally I cannot; but I will unchain my dog, and I know he will be most pleased to do so!—*Exchange*.

WHAT THE DOCTOR WANTED.

DOCTOR (politely, but looking at his watch with visible impatience)—Pardon me, madam, but my time is not my own. You have given me all your symptoms in sufficient detail, and now, perhaps, you will kindly—er—ah—"

HUSBAND (not so considerate)—Maria, he doesn't want to hear your tongue any more; he wants to look at it.—*Exchange*.

THE FUNERAL CAME TOO LATE.

Billy Martin, aged four, came to his mother and in great ecstasy exclaimed, "Oh, mother! Louise and Carberry found such a nice dead cat, and they are going to have a funeral, and can I go?"

Permission was given, and when Billy returned home he was questioned as to the outcome of the funeral.

"They did not have it at all."

"And why not?"

"Mother," was the answer, "the cat was too dead."—*Success*.

JOHNNIE'S FEAR.

Little Johnnie, aged six, had been to church and had displayed more than usual interest in the sermon, in which the origin of Eve had been dwelt on at some length. On his return from the services, there being company to dinner, he had also displayed a good deal of interest in the eatables, especially the mince pie and cakes. Some time afterward, being missed, he was found sitting quietly in a corner with his hands pressed tightly over his ribs and an expression of awful anxiety on his face.

"Why, what on earth is the matter?" asked his mother, in alarm.

"Mamma, I'm afraid I'm going to have a wife."—*Everybody's*.

A SAVINGS BANK.

An Irishman describes a savings bank as a place where you can deposit money to-day, and draw it out to-morrow by giving a week's notice.—*Exchange*.



Aunty. "Tommy, I put three pies in here yesterday, and now there is only one. How is that?"
Tommy. "Please, it was so dark, Aunty, I didn't see that one!"—*Punch*.

ACCOMPlices.

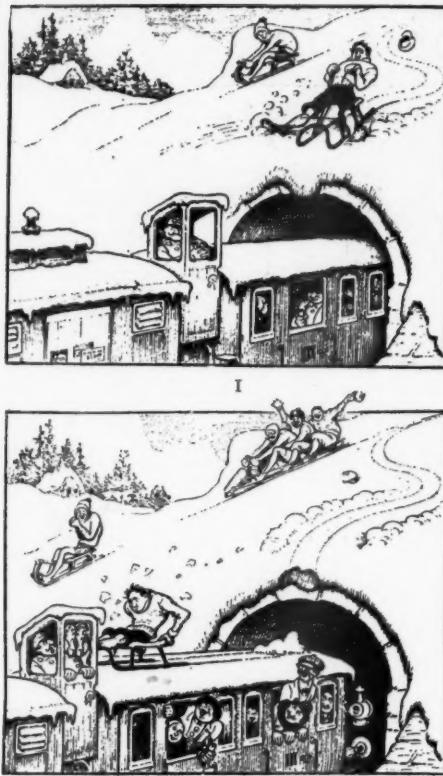
DOCTOR—I think I shall have to call in some other physicians for consultation.

PATIENT—That's right; go ahead. Get as many accomplices as you can.—*Exchange*.

TOO MUCH FOR "UNCLE JOE."

By the side of a certain Illinois suburban railway stands a fertilizer factory, which gives out a particularly offensive smell. A lady who frequently has occasion to travel on this line always carries with her a bottle of lavender smelling salts. One morning Speaker Cannon took the seat beside her. As the train neared the factory, the lady opened her bottle of salts. Soon the car was filled with the horrible odor of the fertilizer. The Speaker stood it as long as he could, then addressing himself to the lady, whom he saw holding the bottle to her nose, he said:

"Madam, would you mind putting the cork in that bottle?"—*Success*.



THE COASTER SURPRISE PARTY.
—*Fliegende Blatter.*

HE KNEW MULES.

A number of Representatives were facetiously discussing the resources of the State of Missouri one afternoon, when McCall, of Massachusetts, observed to Mr. Lloyd, of the first-named State:

"Lloyd, I am told that Missouri stands at the head in raising mules."

"It seems to me," retorted Lloyd, "that is the only safe place to stand in the circumstances."—*Lippincott's.*

VERY APPROPRIATE.

"My hair is falling out," admitted the timid man in a drug store. "Can you recommend something to keep it in?"

"Certainly," replied the obliging clerk. "Get a box."—*Lippincott's.*

DAMAGED GOODS.

Small Grace viewed the new baby with open scorn and indignation.

"Why, mamma, you surely won't keep it? You know you always exchange damaged goods, and this one has no teeth, no hair, and its skin doesn't fit at all!"—*Lippincott's.*

A HOME THRUST.

Years ago Mark Twain used to be fond of telling this story:

At the dinner table one day there was a party of guests for whom Mark was doing his best in the way of entertainment. A lady turned to the daughter of the humorist, then a little girl, and said: "Your father is a very funny man."

"Yes," responded the child, "when we have company!"—*Life.*

THE CAPTAIN AND HIS AUDIENCE.

The ship upon clearing the harbor ran into a half-pitching, half-rolling sea, that became particularly noticeable about the time the twenty-five passengers at the captain's table sat down to dinner.

"I hope that all twenty-five of you will have a pleasant trip," the captain told them as the soup appeared, "and that this little assemblage of twenty-four will reach port much benefited by the voyage. I look upon these twenty-two smiling faces much as a father does upon his family, for I am responsible for the safety of this group of seventeen. I hope that all thirteen of you will join me later in drinking to a merry trip. I believe that we seven fellow-passengers are most congenial and I applaud the judgment which chose from the passenger list these three persons for my table. You and I, my dear sir, are—here, steward! Bring on the fish and clear away these dishes."—*Everybody's.*

TWO HAPPY WIVES.

"I am told that your husband plays billiards every night at the clubs—plays for money, too," said the anxious mother to her newly married daughter.

"That's all right, mother," cheerfully responded the young wife. "He gives me all his winnings—"

"What? Do you—"

"And he always plays with Mr. Nextdoor."

"What difference can that make?"

"Mrs. Nextdoor makes her husband give her his winnings, too, and then she gives the money to me, and I hand her what my husband won from hers, and so we both have about twice as much money as we could get out of them otherwise."—*Exchange.*

A COLD LUNCH.

The pupils of a distinguished professor of zoölogy, a man well known for his eccentricities, noted one day two tidy parcels lying on their instructor's desk as they passed out at the noon hour. On their return to the laboratory for the afternoon lecture, they saw but one. This the professor took carefully up in his hand as he opened his lecture.

"In the study of vertebrata we have taken the frog as a type. Let us now examine the gastrocnemius muscle of this dissected specimen."

So saying, the professor untied the string of his neat parcel and disclosed to view a ham sandwich and a boiled egg.

"But I have eaten my lunch," said the learned man, bewilderedly.—*Lippincott's.*

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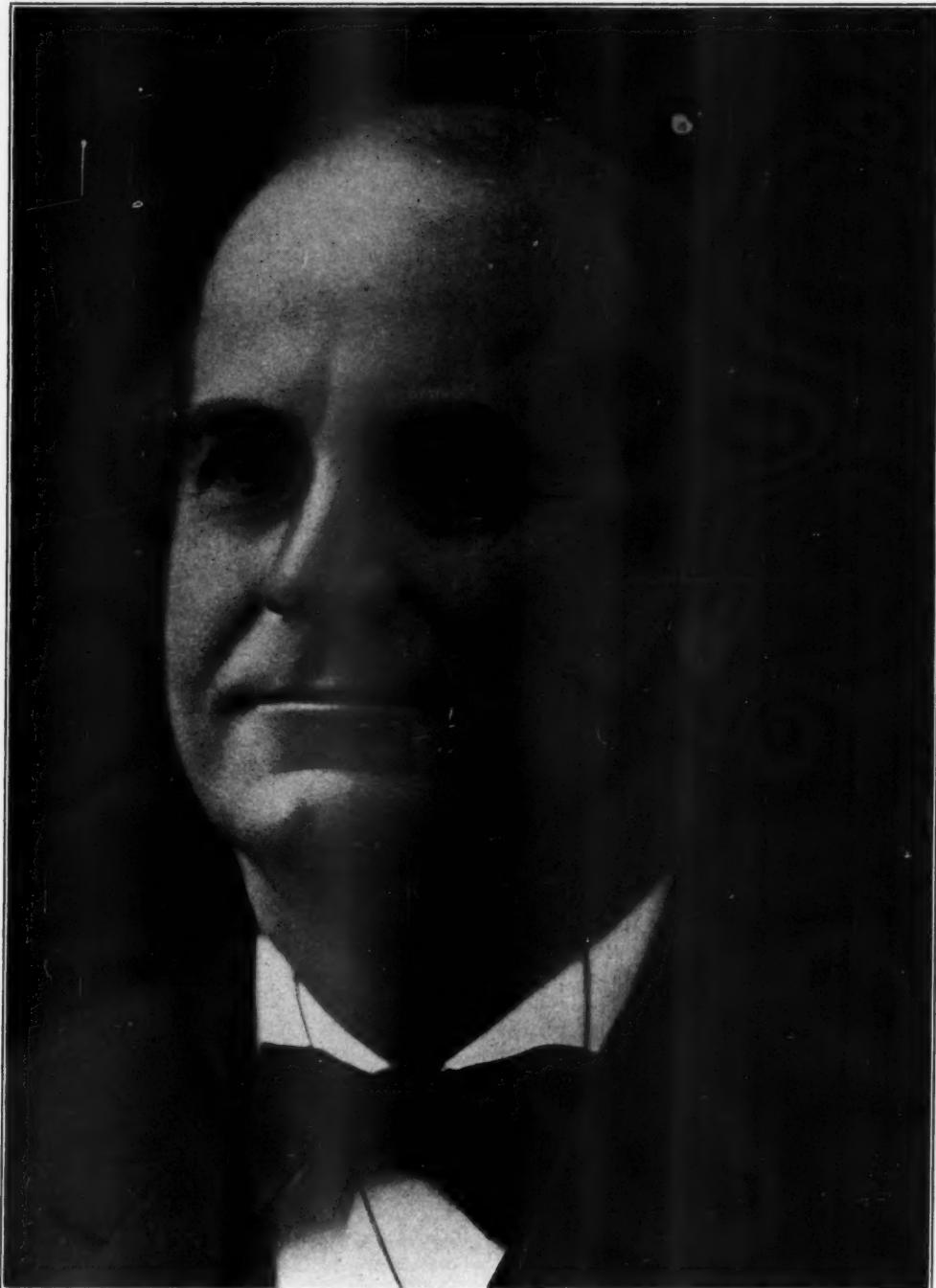
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"THE DEMOCRATS HAVE BEEN VERY GOOD TO ME."

The nomination of William Jennings Bryan for President, after two defeats, is a record-breaking event. His domination of the Denver convention was as complete as Mr. Roosevelt's domination of the Chicago convention. It was even more remarkable, in that the latter had the prestige of many victories behind him, while Mr. Bryan, since his election to Congress for a second term fifteen years ago, has scored three defeats (one for senator, two for President) and not a victory.